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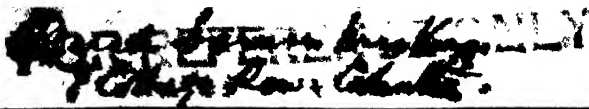
*Ex his ceterisque Sectione dignis Auctoribus et Verborum
 sumenda Copia est et Varietas, figurarum et componendi Ratio,
 tum ad exemplum, et statum omnium. Mens dirigenda: neque enim
 dubitari potest quin illis par, magis continetur IMITATIONE. Quam*

L O N D O N

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

BOOK THE THIRD.

ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, AND LETTERS.

§ 1. *The first Oration against Philip : pronounced in the Archonship of Aristodemus, in the first year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the ninth of Philip's Reign.*

INTRODUCTION.

WE have seen Philip opposed in his design of passing into Greece, through Thermopylæ; and obliged to retire. The danger they had thus escaped deeply affected the Athenians. So daring an attempt, which was, in effect, declaring his purposes, filled them with astonishment: and the view of a power, which every day received new accessions, drove them even to despair. Yet their aversion to public business was still predominant. They forgot that Philip might renew his attempt; and thought they had provided sufficiently for their security, by posting a body of troops at the entrance of Attica, under the command of Menelaus, a foreigner. They then proceeded to convene an assembly of the people, in order to consider what measures were to be taken to check the progress of Philip. On which occasion Demosthenes, for the first time, appeared against that prince; and displayed those abilities, which proved the greatest obstacle to his designs.

At Athens, the whole power and management of affairs were placed in the people. It was their prerogative

to receive appeals from the courts of justice, to abrogate and enact laws, to make what alterations in the state they judged convenient; in short, all matters, public or private, foreign or domestic, civil, military, or religious, were determined by them.

Whenever there was occasion to deliberate, the people assembled early in the morning, sometimes in the forum or public place, sometimes in a place called Pnyx, but most frequently in the theatre of Bacchus. A few days before each assembly there was a Προγραμμα or Placart fixed on the statues of some illustrious men erected in the city, to give notice of the subject to be debated. As they refused admittance into the assembly to all persons who had not attained the necessary age, so they obliged all others to attend. The Lexiarchs stretched out a cord dyed with scarlet, and by it pushed the people towards the place of meeting. Such as received the stain were fined; the more diligent had a small pecuniary reward. These Lexiarchs were the keepers of the register, in which were enrolled the names of such citizens as had a right of voting. And all had this right who were of age, and not excluded by a personal fault. Undutiful children, cowards, brutal debauchees, prodigals, debtors to the public, were all excluded. Until the time of Cecrops, women had a right of suffrage, which

they were said to have lost, on account of their partiality to Minerva, in her dispute with Neptune, about giving a name to the city.

In ordinary cases, all matters were first deliberated in the *senate of five hundred*, composed of fifty senators chosen out of each of the ten tribes. Each tribe had its turn of presiding, and the fifty senators in office were called Prytanes. And, according to the number of the tribes, the Attic year was divided into ten parts, the four first containing thirty-six, the other thirty-five days; in order to make the Lunar year complete, which, according to their calculation, contained one hundred and fifty-four days. During each of these divisions, ten of the fifty Prytanes governed for a week, and were called Proedri: and, of these, he who in the course of the week presided for one day, was called the Epistate: three of the Proedri being excluded from this office.

The Prytanes assembled the people: the Proedri declare the occasion; and the Epistatæ demand their voices. This was the case in the ordinary assemblies: the extraordinary were convened as well by the generals as the Prytanes; and sometimes the people met of their own accord, without waiting the formalities.

The assembly was opened by a sacrifice; and the place was sprinkled with the blood of the victim. Then an imprecation was pronounced, conceived in these terms: "May the gods pursue that man to destruction, with all his race, who shall act, speak, or contrive, any thing against this state!" This ceremony being finished, the Proedri declared the occasion of the assembly, and reported the opinion of the senate. If any doubt arose, an herald, by commission from the Epistatæ, with a loud voice, invited any citizen, first of those above the age of fifty, to speak his opinion: and then the rest according to their ages. This right of precedence had been granted by a law of Solon, and the order of speaking determined entirely by the difference of years. In the time of Demosthenes, this law was not in force. It is said to have been repeated by it fifty years before the date of this oration. Yet the custom

still continued, out of respect to reasonable and decent purpose which the law was originally enacted. When a speaker has delivered sentiments, he generally called a officer, appointed for that purpose, read his motion, and propounded form. He then sat down, or rested his discourse, and enforced his motion by additional arguments: sometimes the speech was introduced by his motion thus propounded. When all the speakers had ended, the people gave their opinion, by stretching their hands to him whose proposition pleased them most. And Xenophon reports, that, night having come when the people were engaged in an important debate, they were obliged to defer their determination till the next day, for fear of confusion, when their hands were to be raised.

Porrexerunt manus, saith Cicero (Flacco) & *Psephisma natum est*. To constitute this Psephisma or decree, six thousand citizens at least were required. When it was drawn up, the name of its author, or that person whose opinion has prevailed, was fixed: whence, in speaking of it, they call it his decree. The date contained the name of the Archon that of the day and month, and of the tribe then presiding. The business being over, the Prytanes dissolved the assembly.

The reader who chuses to be more minutely informed in the customs, manner of procedure in the public assemblies of Athens, may consult *Archæologia* of Archbishop Potter, *Antiquities* of the Concionatrices of *Attica* & *tophanea*.

HAD we been convened, Athens on some new subject of debate, I had declared, until most of the usual persons had declared their opinions. If I had approved of any thing proposed by them, I have continued silent: If not, I have attempted to speak my sentiments, since those very points on which these persons have oftentimes been heard already at this time, to be considered; though arisen first, I presume I may expect pardon; for if they on former occasions advised the necessary measures, yet not have found it needful to consult the people.

First then, Athenians! these our affairs must not be thought desperate; no, though their situation seems intirely deplorable. For the most shocking circumstance of all our past conduct is really the most favourable to our future expectations. And what is this? That our own total indolence hath been the cause of all our present difficulties. For were we thus distressed, in spite of every vigorous effort which the honour of our state demanded, there were then no hope of a recovery.

In the next place, reflect (you who have been informed by others, and you who can yourselves remember) how great a power the Lacedemonians not long since possessed; and with what resolution, with what dignity you disdained to act unworthy of the state, but maintained the war against them for the rights of Greece. Why do I mention these things? That ye may know, that ye may see, Athenians! that if duly vigilant, ye cannot have any thing to fear; that if once sunk, not any thing can happen agreeable to your desires: witness the then powerful arms of Lacedemon, which a just attention to your interests enabled you to vanquish: and this man's late insolent attempt, which our infensibility to all our great concerns hath made the cause of this confusion,

If there be a man in this assembly who thinks that we must find a formidable enemy in Philip, while he views, on one hand, the numerous armies which attend him; and, on the other, the weakness of the state thus despoiled of its dominions; he thinks justly. Yet let him reflect on this: there was a time, Athenians! when we possessed Pydna, and Potidaea, and Methone, and all that country round: when many of those states now subjected to him were free and independent; and more inclined to our alliance than to his. Had then Philip reasoned in the same manner, "How shall I dare to attack the Athenians, whose garrisons command my territory, while I am destitute of all assistance!" He would not have engaged in those enterprizes which are now crowned with success; nor could he have raised himself to this pitch of greatness. No, Athenians! he knew this well, that all these places are but prizes, laid between the combatants, and ready for the conqueror: that the dominions of the absent devolve naturally to those who are in the field; the possessions of the supine to the active and intrepid. Animated by these

sentiments, he overturns whole countries; he holds all people in subjection: some, as by the right of conquest; others, under the title of allies and confederates: for all are willing to confederate with those whom they see prepared and resolved to exert themselves as they ought.

And if you (my countrymen!) will now at length be persuaded to entertain the like sentiments; if each of you, renouncing all evasions, will be ready to approve himself an useful citizen, to the utmost that his station and abilities demand; if the rich will be ready to contribute, and the young to take the field; in one word, if you will be yourselves, and banish those vain hopes which every single person entertains, that while so many others are engaged in public business, his service will not be required; you then (if Heaven so pleases) shall regain your dominions, recall those opportunities your supineness hath neglected, and chastise the insolence of this man. For you are not to imagine, that, like a god, he is to enjoy his present greatness for ever fixed and unchangeable. No, Athenians! there are, who hate him, who fear him, who envy him, even among those seemingly the most attached to his cause. These are passions common to mankind: nor must we think that his friends only are exempted from them. It is true they lie concealed at present, as our indolence deprives them of all resource. But let us shake off this indolence! for you see how we are situated; you see the outrageous arrogance of this man, who does not leave it to your choice whether you shall act, or remain quiet; but braves you with his menaces; and talks (as we are informed) in a strain of the highest extravagance: and is not able to rest satisfied with his present acquisitions, but is ever in pursuit of further conquests; and while we sit down, inactive and irresolute, incloses us on all sides with his tools.

When, therefore, O my countrymen! when will you exert your vigour? When roused by some event? When forced by some necessity? What then are we to think of our present condition? To freemen, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or, say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each enquiring of the other, "What new advices?" Can any thing be more new, than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? "Is Philip

"dead? No, but in great danger." How are you concerned in those rumours? Suppose he should meet some fatal stroke: you would soon raise up another Philip, if your interests are thus regarded. For it is not to his own strength that he so much owes his elevation, as to our supineness. And should some accident affect him; should fortune, who hath ever been more careful of the state than we ourselves, now repeat her favours (and may she thus crown them!) be assured of this, that by being on the spot, ready to take advantage of the confusion, you will every where be absolute masters; but in your present disposition, even if a favourable juncture should present you with Amphipolis, you could not take possession of it, while this suspense prevails in your designs and in your councils.

And now, as to the necessity of a general vigour and alacrity; of this you must be fully persuaded: this point therefore I shall urge no further. But the nature of the armament, which, I think, will extricate you from the present difficulties, the numbers to be raised, the subsidies required for their support, and all the other necessities; how they may (in my opinion) be best and most expeditiously provided; these things I shall endeavour to explain. But here I make this request, Athenians! that you would not be precipitate, but suspend your judgment till you have heard me fully. And if, at last, I seem to propose a new kind of armament, let it not be thought that I am delaying your affairs. For it is not they who cry out "Instantly!" "This moment!" whose counsels suit the present juncture (a. it is not possible to repel violences already committed by any occasional detachment) but he who will shew you of what kind that armament must be, how great, and how supported, which may subvert until we yield to peace, or till our enemies sink beneath our arms; for thus only can we be secured from future dangers. These things, I think, I can point out; not that I would prevent any other person from declaring his opinion: thus far am I engaged. How I can acquit myself, will immediately appear: to your judgments I appeal.

First then, Athenians! I say that you should fit out fifty ships of war; and then resolve, that on the first emergency you will embark yourselves. To these I insist that you must add transport, and other necessary vessels sufficient for half our horse.

Thus far we should be provided against those sudden excursions from his own kingdom to Thermopylæ, to the Chersonesus, to Olynthus, to whatever places he thinks proper. For of this he should necessarily be persuaded, that possibly you may break out from this immoderate indolence, and fly to some scene of action: as you did to Eubœa, and formerly, as we are told, to Haliartus, and, but now, to Thermopylæ. But although we should not act with all this vigour, (which yet I must regard as our indispensable duty) still the measures I propose will have their use: as his fears may keep him quiet, when he knows we are prepared (and this he will know, for there are too many among ourselves who inform him of every thing): or, if he should despise our armament, his security may prove fatal to him; as it will be absolutely in our power, at the first favourable juncture, to make a descent upon his own coasts.

These then are the resolutions I propose; these the provisions it will become you to make. And I pronounce it still farther necessary to raise some other forces which may harass him with perpetual incursions. Talk not of your ten thousands, or twenty thousands of foreigners; of those armies which appear so magnificent on paper; but let them be the natural forces of the state: and if you chuse a single person, if a number, if this particular man, or whomever you appoint as general, let them be entirely under his guidance and authority. I also move you that subsistence be provided for them. But as to the quality, the numbers, the maintenance of this body: how are these points to be settled? I now proceed to speak of each of them distinctly.

The body of infantry therefore—But here give me leave to warn you of an error which hath often proved injurious to you. Think not that your preparations never can be too magnificent: great and terrible in your decrees; in execution weak and contemptible. Let your preparations, let your supplies at first be moderate, and add to these if you find them not sufficient. I say then that the whole body of infantry should be two thousand; of these, that five hundred should be Athenians, of such an age as you shall think proper; and with a stated time for service, not long, but such as that others may have their turn of duty. Let the rest be formed of foreigners. To these you are to add two hundred horse, fifty of them at least Athenians, to serve

in the same manner as the foot. For these you are to provide transports. And now, what farther preparations? Ten light galleys. For as he hath a naval power, we must be provided with light vessels, that our troops may have a secure convoy.

But whence are these forces to be subsisted? This I shall explain, when I have first given my reasons why I think such numbers sufficient, and why I have advised that we should serve in person. As to the numbers, Athenians! my reason is this: it is not at present in our power to provide a force able to meet him in the open field; but we must harraß him by depredations: thus the war must be carried on at first. We therefore cannot think of raising a prodigious army (for such we have neither pay nor provisions), nor must our forces be absolutely mean. And I have proposed, that citizens should join in the service, and help to man our fleet; because I am informed, that some time since, the state maintained a body of auxiliaries at Corinth, which Polytratus commanded, and Iphicrates, and Chabrias, and some others; that you yourselves served with them; and that the united efforts of these auxiliary and domestic forces gained a considerable victory over the Lacedæmonians. But, ever since our armies have been formed of foreigners alone, their victories have been over our allies and confederates, while our enemies have arisen to an extravagance of power. And these armies, with scarcely the slightest attention to the service of the state, sail off to fight for Artabazus, or any other person; and their general follows them: nor should we wonder at it; for he cannot command, who cannot pay his soldiers. What then do I recommend? That you should take away all pretences both from generals and from soldiers, by a regular payment of the army, and by incorporating domestic forces with the auxiliaries, to be as it were inspectors into the conduct of the commanders. For at present our manner of acting is even ridiculous. If a man should ask, "Are you at peace, Athenians?" the answer would immediately be, "By no means! we are at war with Philip. Have not we chosen the usual generals and officers both of horse and foot?" And of what use are all these, except the single person whom you send to the field? The rest attend your priests in their processions. So that, as if you formed so many men of clay, you make your officers for shew, and

not for service. My countrymen! should not all these generals have been chosen from your own body; all these several officers from your own body, that our force might be really Athenian? And yet, for an expedition in favour of Lemnos, the general must be a citizen, while troops, engaged in defence of our own territories, are commanded by Menelaus. I say not this to detract from his merit; but to whomsoever this command hath been intrusted, surely he should have derived it from your voices.

Perhaps you are fully sensible of these truths; but would rather hear me upon another point; that of the supplies; what we are to raise, and from what funds. To this I now proceed.—The sum therefore necessary for the maintenance of these forces, that the soldiers may be supplied with grain, is somewhat above ninety talents. To the ten galleys, forty talents, that each vessel may have a monthly allowance of twenty mina. To the two thousand foot the same sum, that each soldier may receive ten drachmæ a month for corn. To the two hundred horse, for a monthly allowance of thirty drachmæ each, twelve talents. And let it not be thought a small convenience, that the soldiers are supplied with grain: for I am clearly satisfied, that if such a provision be made, the war itself will supply them with every thing else, so as to complete their appointment, and this without an injury to the Greeks or allies: and I myself am ready to sail with them, and to answer for the consequence with my life, should it prove otherwise. From what funds the sum which I propose may be supplied, shall now be explained. * * * *

[Here the secretary of the assembly reads a scheme for raising the supplies, and proposes it to the people in form, in the name of the orator.]

These are the supplies, Athenians! in our power to raise. And, when you come to give your voices, determine upon some effectual provision, that you may oppose Philip, not by decrees and letters only, but by actions. And, in my opinion, your plan of operation, and every thing relating to your armament, will be much more happily adjusted, if the situation of the country, which is to be the scene of action, be taken into the account; and if you reflect, that the winds and seasons have greatly contributed to the rapidity of Philip's conquests; that he watches the blowing

ing of the Eteſians, and the ſeverity of the winter, and forms his ſieges when it is impoſſible for us to bring up our forces. It is your part then to conſider this, and not to carry on the war by occasional detachments, (they will ever arrive too late) but by a regular army conſtantly kept up. And for winter-quarters you may command Lemnos, and Thafſus, and Sciathus, and the adjacent iſlands; in which there are ports and provisions, and all things neceſſary for the foldiery in abundance. As to the ſeaſon of the year, in which we may land our forces with the greateſt eaſe, and be in no danger from the winds, either upon the coaſt to which we are bound, or at the entrance of thoſe harbours where we may put in for provisions—this will be eaſily diſcovered. In what manner, and at what time our forces are to act, their general will determine, according to the junctures of affairs. What you are to perform, on your part, is contained in the decree I have now propoſed. And if you will be perſuaded, Athenians! firſt, to raiſe theſe ſupplies which I have recommended, then, to proceed to your other preparations, your infantry, navy, and cavalry; and, laſtly, to conſue your forces, by a law, to that ſervice which is appointed to them; reſerving the care and diſtribution of their money to yourſelves, and ſtrictly examining into the conduct of the general; then, your time will be no longer waſted in continual debates upon the ſame ſubject, and ſcarcely to any purpoſe; then, you will deprive him of the moſt conſiderable of his revenues. For his arms are now ſupported, by ſeiſing and making prizes of thoſe who paſs the ſea.—But is this all?—No.—You ſhall alſo be ſecure from his attempts: not as when ſome time ſince he fell on Lemnos and Imbrus, and carried away your citizens in chains: not as when he ſurprized your veſſels at Gerafus, and ſpoiled them of an unſpeakable quantity of riches: not as when lately he made a deſcent on the coaſt of Marathon, and carried off our ſacred galley: while you could neither oppoſe theſe inſults, nor detach your forces at ſuch junctures as were thought convenient.

And now, Athenians! what is the reaſon (think ye) that the public feſtivals in honour of Minerva and of Bacchus are always celebrated at the appointed time, whether the direction of them falls to the lot of men of eminence, or of perſons leſs diſtinguiſhed: (feſtivals which coſt more trea-

ſure than is uſually expended upon a whole navy; and more numbers and greater preparations, than any one perhaps ever coſt) while your expeditions have been all too late, as that to Methonè, that to Pegafæ, that to Potidæa. The reaſon is this: every thing relating to the former is aſcertained by law; and every one of you knows long before, who is to conduct the ſeveral entertainments in each tribe; what he is to receive, when, and from whom, and what to perform. Not one of theſe things is left uncertain, not one undetermined. But in affairs of war, and warlike preparations, there is no order, no certainty, no regulation. So that, when any accident alarms us, firſt, we appoint our trierarchs; then we allow them the exchange; then the ſupplies are conſidered. Theſe points once ſettled, we reſolve to man our fleet with ſtrangers and foreigners; then find it neceſſary to ſupply their place ourſelves. In the miſt of theſe delays, what we are failing to defend, the enemy is already maſter of: for the time of action we ſpend in preparing: and the junctures of affairs will not wait our ſlow and irresolute meaſures. Theſe forces too, which we think may be depended on, until the new levies are raiſed, when put to the proof plainly diſcover their inſufficiency. By theſe means hath he arrived at ſuch a pitch of infolence, as to ſend a letter to the Eubœans, conceived in ſuch terms as theſe:

* * * *The LETTER is read.*

What hath now been read, is for the moſt part true, Athenians! too true! but perhaps not very agreeable in the recital. But if, by ſuppreſſing things ungrateful to the ear, the things themſelves could be prevented, then the ſole concern of a public ſpeaker ſhould be to pleaſe. If, on the contrary, theſe unſeaſonably pleaſing ſpeeches be really injurious, it is ſhameful, Athenians, to deceive yourſelves, and, by deſerring the conſideration of every thing diſagreeable, never once to move until it be too late; and not to apprehend that they who conduct a war with prudence, are not to follow, but to direct events; to direct them with the ſame abſolute authority, with which a general leads on his forces: that the courſe of affairs may be determined by them, and not determine their meaſures. But you, Athenians, although poſſeſſed of the greateſt power of all kinds, ſhips, infantry, cavalry, and treaſure;

treasure; yet, to this day, have never employed any of them seasonably, but are ever last in the field. Just as barbarians engage at boxing, so you make war with Philip: for, when one of them receives a blow, that blow engages him: if struck in another part, to that part his hands are shifted: but to ward off the blow, or to watch his antagonist—for this, he hath neither skill nor spirit. Even so, if you hear that Philip is in the Chersonesus, you resolve to send forces thither; if in Thermopylae, thither; if in any other place, you hurry up and down, you follow his standard. But no useful scheme for carrying on the war, no wise provisions are ever thought of, until you hear of some enterprise in execution, or already crowned with success. This might have formerly been pardonable, but now is the very critical moment, when it can by no means be admitted.

It seems to me, Athenians, that some divinity, who, from a regard to Athens, looks down upon our conduct with indignation, hath inspired Philip with this restless ambition. For were he to sit down in the quiet enjoyment of his conquests and acquisitions, without proceeding to any new attempts, there are men among you, who, I think, would be unmoved at those transactions, which have branded our state with the odious marks of infamy, cowardice, and all that is base. But as he still pursues his conquests, as he is still extending his ambitious views, possibly, he may at last call you forth, unless you have renounced the name of Athenians. To me it is astonishing, that none of you look back to the beginning of this war, and consider that we engaged in it to challenge the insolence of Philip; but that now it is become a defensive war, to secure us from his attempts. And that he will ever be repeating these attempts is manifest, unless some power rises to oppose him. But, if we wait in expectation of this, if we send our armaments composed of empty galleys, and those hopes with which some speaker may have flattered you; can you then think your interests well secured? shall we not embark? shall we not sail, with at least a part of our domestic force, now, since we have not hitherto?—But where shall we make our descent?—Let us but engage in the enterprise, and the war itself, Athenians, will shew us where he is weakest. But if we sit at home, listening to the mutual invectives and accusations of our ora-

tors; we cannot expect, no, not the least success, in any one particular. Wherever a part of our city is detached, although the whole be not present, the favour of the gods and the kindness of fortune attend to fight upon our side; but when we send out a general, and an insignificant decree, and the hopes of our speakers, misfortune and disappointment must ensue. Such expeditions are to our enemies a sport, but strike our allies with deadly apprehensions. For it is not, it is not possible for any one man to perform every thing you desire. He may promise, and harangue, and accuse this or that person: but to such proceedings we owe the ruin of our affairs. For, when a general who commanded a wretched collection of unpaid foreigners, hath been defeated; when there are persons here, who, in arraigning his conduct, dare to advance falsehoods, and when you lightly engage in any determination, just from their suggestions; what must be the consequence? How then shall these abuses be removed?—By offering yourselves, Athenians, to execute the commands of your general, to be witnesses of his conduct in the field, and his judges at your return: so as not only to hear how your affairs are transacted, but to inspect them. But now, so shamefully are we degenerated, that each of our commanders is twice or thrice called before you to answer for his life, though not one of them dared to hazard that life; by once engaging his enemy. No; they chuse the death of robbers and pilferers, rather than to fall as becomes them. Such malefactors should die by the sentence of the law. Generals should meet their fate bravely in the field.

Then, as to your own conduct—some wander about, crying, Philip hath joined with the Lacedaemonians, and they are concerting the destruction of Thebes, and the dissolution of some free states. Others assure us he hath sent an embassy to the king; others, that he is fortifying places in Illyria. Thus we all go about framing our several tales. I do believe indeed, Athenians! he is intoxicated with his greatness, and does entertain his imagination with many such visionary prospects, as he sees no power rising to oppose him, and is elated with his success. But I cannot be persuaded that he hath so taken his measures, that the weakest among us know what he is next to do: (for it is the weakest among us who spread these rumours).—Let us disregard them; let us be persuaded of this,

this, that he is our enemy, that he hath spoiled us of our dominions, that we have long been subject to his insolence, that whatever we expected to be done for us by others, hath proved against us, that all the resource left is in ourselves, that, if we are not inclined to carry our arms abroad, we may be forced to engage here—let us be persuaded of this, and then we shall come to a proper determination, then shall we be freed from those idle tales. For we are not to be solicitous to know what particular events will happen; we need but be convinced nothing good can happen, unless you grant the due attention to affairs, and be ready to act as becomes Athenians.

I, on my part, have never upon any occasion chosen to court your favour, by speaking any thing but what I was convinced would serve you. And, on this occasion, I have freely declared my sentiments, without art, and without reserve. It would have pleased me indeed, that, as it is for your advantage to have your true interest laid before you, so I might be assured that he who layeth it before you, would share the advantages: for then I had spoken with greater alacrity. However, uncertain as is the consequence with respect to me, I yet determined to speak, because I was convinced that these measures, if pursued, must have their use. And, of all those opinions which are offered to your acceptance, may that be chosen, which will best advance the general weal!

Leland.

§ 2. *The first Olynthiac Oration: pronounced four Years after the first Philippic, in the Archonship of Callimachus, the fourth Year of the Hundred and Seventh Olympiad, and the twelfth of Philip's Reign.*

INTRODUCTION.

The former Oration doth not appear to have had any considerable effect. Philip had his creatures in the Athenian assembly, who probably recommended less vigorous measures, and were but too favourably heard. In the mean time, this prince pursued his ambitious designs. When he found himself shut out of Greece, he turned his arms to such remote parts, as he might reduce without alarming the states of Greece. And, at the same time, he revenged himself upon the Athenians, by making himself master of some places which they laid claim to. At length his success emboldened him to declare those inten-

tions which he had long entertained secretly against the Olynthians.

Olynthius (a city of Thrace possessed by Greeks originally from Chalcis,—a town of Eubœa and colony of Athens) commanded a large tract called the Chalcidian region, in which there were thirty-two cities. It had arisen by degrees to such a pitch of grandeur, as to have frequent and remarkable contests both with Athens and Lacedemon. Nor did the Olynthians shew great regard to the friendship of Philip when he first came to the throne, and was taking all measures to secure the possession of it. For they did not scruple to receive two of his brothers by another marriage, who had fled to avoid the effects of his jealousy; and endeavoured to conclude an alliance with Athens, against him, which he, by secret practices, found means to defeat. But as he was yet scarcely secure upon his throne, instead of expressing his resentment, he courted, or rather purchased, the alliance of the Olynthians, by the cession of Anthemus, a city which the kings of Macedon had long disputed with them, and afterwards, by that of Pydna and Potidæa; which their joint forces had besieged and taken from the Athenians. But the Olynthians could not be influenced by gratitude towards such a benefactor. The rapid progress of his arms, and his glaring acts of perfidy, alarmed them exceedingly. He had already made some inroads on their territories, and now began to act against them with less reserve. They therefore dispatched ambassadors to Athens to propose an alliance, and request assistance against a power which they were equally concerned to oppose.

Philip affected the highest resentment at this step; alledged their mutual engagements to adhere to each other in war and peace; inveighed against their harbouring his brothers, whom he called the conspirators; and, under pretence of punishing their infractions, pursued his hostilities with double vigour, made himself master of some of their cities, and threatened the capital with a siege.

In the mean time, the Olynthians pressed the Athenians for immediate succours.

cours. Their ambassadors opened their commission in an assembly of the people, who had the right either to agree to, or to reject their demand. As the importance of the occasion increased the number of speakers, the elder orators had debated the affair before Demosthenes arose. In the following oration therefore he speaks as to a people already informed, urges the necessity of joining with the Olynthians, and confirms his opinion by powerful arguments; lays open the designs and practices of Philip, and labours to remove their dreadful apprehensions of his power. He concludes with recommending to them to reform abuses, to restore ancient discipline, and to put an end to all domestic dissensions.

IN many instances (Athenians!) have the gods, in my opinion, manifestly declared their favour to this state: nor is it least observable in this present juncture. For that an enemy should arise against Philip, on the very confines of his kingdom, of no inconsiderable power, and, what is of most importance, so determined upon the war, that they consider any accommodation with him, first, as insidious, next, as the downfall of their country: this seems no less than the gracious interposition of Heaven itself. It must, therefore, be our care (Athenians!) that we ourselves may not frustrate this goodness. For it must reflect disgrace, nay, the foulest infamy upon us, if we appear to have thrown away not those states and territories only which we once commanded, but those alliances and favourable incidents, which fortune hath provided for us.

To begin on this occasion with a display of Philip's power, or to press you to exert your vigour, by motives drawn from hence, is, in my opinion, quite improper. And why? Because whatever may be offered upon such a subject, sets him in an honourable view, but seems to me, as a reproach to our conduct. For the higher his exploits have arisen above his former estimation, the more must the world admire him: while your disgrace hath been the greater, the more your conduct hath proved unworthy of your state. These things therefore I shall pass over. He indeed, who examines justly, must find the source of all his greatness here, not in himself. But the services he hath here re-

ceived, from those whose public administration hath been devoted to his interest; those services which you must punish, I do not think it seasonable to display. There are other points of more moment for you all to hear; and which must excite the greatest abhorrence of him, in every reasonable mind.—These I shall lay before you.

And now, should I call him perjured and perfidious, and not point out the instances of this his guilt, it might be deemed the mere virulence of malice, and with justice. Nor will it engage too much of your attention to hear him fully and clearly convicted, from a full and clear detail of all his actions. And this I think useful upon two accounts: first, that he may appear, as he really is, treacherous and false; and then, that they who are struck with terror, as if Philip was something more than human, may see that he hath exhausted all those artifices to which he owes his present elevation; and that his affairs are now ready to decline. For I myself (Athenians!) should think Philip really to be dreaded and admired, if I saw him raised by honourable means. But I find, upon reflection, that at the time when certain persons drove out the Olynthians from this assembly, when desirous of conferring with you, he began with abusing our simplicity by his promise of surrendering Amphipolis, and executing the secret article of his treaty, then so much spoken of: that, after this, he courted the friendship of the Olynthians by seizing Potidæa, where we were rightful sovereigns, despoiling us his former allies, and giving them possession: that, but just now, he gained the Thessalians, by promising to give up Magnesia; and, for their ease, to take the whole conduct of the Phocian war upon himself. In a word, there are no people who ever made the least use of him, but have suffered by his subtlety: his present greatness being wholly owing to his deceiving those who were unacquainted with him, and making them the instruments of his success. As these states therefore raised him, while each imagined he was promoting some interest of theirs; these states must also reduce him to his former meanness, as it now appears that his own private interest was the end of all his actions.

Thus then, Athenians! is Philip circumstanced. If not, let the man stand forth, who can prove to me, I should have said

said to this assembly, that I have asserted these things falsely; or that they whom he hath deceived in former instances, will confide in him for the future; or that the Thessalians, who have been so basely, so undeservedly enslaved, would not gladly embrace their freedom.—If there be any one among you, who acknowledges all this, yet thinks that Philip will support his power, as he hath secured places of strength, convenient ports, and other like advantages; he is deceived. For when forces join in harmony and affection, and one common interest unites the confederating powers, then they share the toils with alacrity, they endure the distresses, they persevere. But when extravagant ambition, and lawless power (as in his case) have aggrandised a single person; the first pretence, the slightest accident, overthrows him, and all his greatness is dashed at once to the ground. For it is not, no, Athenians! it is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice, perjury, and treachery. These may perhaps succeed for once; and borrow for a while, from hope, a gay and flourishing appearance. But time betrays their weakness; and they fall into ruin of themselves. For, as in structures of every kind, the lower parts should have the greatest firmness, so the grounds and principles of actions should be just and true. But these advantages are not found in the actions of Philip.

I say then, that you should dispatch succours to the Olynthians: (and the more honourably and expeditiously this is proposed to be done, the more agreeably to my sentiments) and send an embassy to the Thessalians, to inform some, and to enliven that spirit already raised in others: (for it hath actually been resolved to demand the restitution of Pagasæ, and to assert their claim to Magnesia.) And let it be your care, Athenians, that our ambassadors may not depend only upon words, but give them some action to display, by taking the field in a manner worthy of the state, and engaging in the war with vigour. For words, if not accompanied by actions, must ever appear vain and contemptible; and particularly when they come from us, whose prompt abilities, and well-known eminence in speaking, make us to be always heard with the greater suspicion.

Would you indeed regain attention and confidence, your measures must be greatly changed, your conduct totally reformed;

your fortunes, your persons, must appear devoted to the common cause; your utmost efforts must be exerted. If you will act thus, as your honour and your interest require; then, Athenians! you will not only discover the weakness and insincerity of the confederates of Philip, but the ruinous condition of his own kingdom will also be laid open. The power and sovereignty of Macedon may have some weight indeed, when joined with others. Thus, when you marched against the Olynthians, under the conduct of Timotheus, it proved an useful ally; when united with the Olynthians against Potidæa, it added something to their force; just now, when the Thessalians were in the midst of disorder, sedition, and confusion, it aided them against the family of their tyrants: (and in every case, any, even a small accession of strength, is, in my opinion, of considerable effect.) But of itself, unsupported, it is infirm, it is totally distempered: for by all those glaring exploits, which have given him this apparent greatness, his wars, his expeditions, he hath rendered it yet weaker than it was naturally. For you are not to imagine that the inclinations of his subjects are the same with those of Philip. He thirsts for glory: this is his object, this he eagerly pursues, through toils and dangers of every kind; despising safety and life, when compared with the honour of achieving such actions as no other prince of Macedon could ever boast of. But his subjects have no part in this ambition. Harassed by those various excursions he is ever making, they groan under perpetual calamity; torn from their business, and their families, and without opportunity to dispose of that pittance which their toils have earned; as all commerce is shut out from the coast of Macedon by the war.

Hence one may perceive how his subjects in general are affected to Philip. But then his auxiliaries, and the soldiers of his phalanx, have the character of wonderful forces, trained completely to war. And yet I can affirm, upon the credit of a person from that country, incapable of falsehood, that they have no such superiority. For, as he assures me, if any man of experience in military affairs should be found among them, he dismisses all such, from an ambition of having every great action ascribed wholly to himself: (for, besides his other passions, the man hath this ambition in the highest degree.) And if any per-

son, from a sense of decency, or other virtuous principle, betrays a dislike of his daily intemperance, and riotings, and obscenities, he loses all favour and regard; so that none are left about him, but wretches, who subsist on rapine and flattery, and who, when heated with wine, do not scruple to defend to such instances of revelry, as it would shock you to repeat. Nor can the truth of this be doubted: for they whom we all conspired to drive from hence, as infamous and abandoned, Callias the public servant, and others of the same stamp; buffoons, composers of lewd songs, in which they ridicule their companions: these are the persons whom he entertains and caresses. And these things, Athenians, trifling as they may appear to some, are to men of just discernment great indications of the weakness both of his mind and fortune. At present, his successes cast a shade over them; for prosperity hath great power to veil such baseness from observation. But let his arms meet with the least disgrace, and all his actions will be exposed. This is a truth, of which he himself, Athenians! will, in my opinion, soon convince you, if the gods favour us, and you exert your vigour. For as in our bodies, while a man is in health, he feels no effect of any inward weakness; but, when disease attacks him, every thing becomes sensible, in the vessels, in the joints, or in whatever other part his frame may be disordered; so in states and monarchies, while they carry on a war abroad, their defects escape the general eye: but when once it approaches their own territory, then they are all detected.

If there be any one among you who, from Philip's good fortune, concludes that he must prove a formidable enemy; such reasoning is not unworthy a man of prudence. Fortune hath great influence, nay, the whole influence, in all human affairs: but then, were I to chuse, I should prefer the fortune of Athens (if you yourselves will assert your own cause, with the least degree of vigour) to this man's fortune. For we have many better reasons to depend upon the favour of Heaven, than this man. But our present state is, in my opinion, a state of total inactivity; and he who will not exert his own strength, cannot apply for aid, either to his friends or to the gods. It is not then surprising, that he who is himself ever amidst the dangers and labours of the field; who is every-

where; whom no opportunity escapes; to whom no season is unfavourable; should be superior to you, who are wholly engaged in contriving delays, and framing decrees, and enquiring after news. I am not surprised at this, for the contrary must have been surprising: if we, who never act in any single instance, as becomes a state engaged in war, should conquer him, who, in every instance, acts with an indefatigable vigilance. This indeed surprises me; that you, who fought the cause of Greece against Lacedæmon, and generously declined all the many favourable opportunities of aggrandizing yourselves; who, to secure their property to others, parted with your own, by your contributions; and bravely exposed yourselves in battle; should now decline the service of the field, and delay the necessary supplies, when called to the defence of your own rights: that you, in whom Greece in general, and each particular state, hath often found protection, should sit down quiet spectators of your own private wrongs. This I say surprises me: and one thing more; that not a man among you can reflect how long a time we have been at war with Philip, and in what measures, this time hath all been wasted. You are not to be informed, that, in delaying, in hoping that others would assert our cause, in accusing each other, in impeaching, then again entertaining hopes, in such measures as are now pursued, that time hath been intirely wasted. And are you so devoid of apprehension, as to imagine, when our state hath been reduced from greatness to wretchedness, that the very same conduct will raise us from wretchedness to greatness? No! this is not reasonable, it is not natural; for it is much easier to defend, than to acquire dominions. But, now, the war hath left us nothing to defend: we must acquire. And to this work you yourselves alone are equal.

This, then, is my opinion, You should raise supplies; you should take the field with alacrity. Prosecutions should be all suspended until you have recovered your affairs; let each man's sentence be determined by his actions: honour those who have deserved applause; let the iniquitous meet their punishment: let there be no pretences, no deficiencies on your part; for you cannot bring the actions of others to a severe scrutiny, unless you have first been careful of your own duty. What indeed can be the reason, think ye, that every

every man whom ye have sent out at the head of an army, hath deserted your service, and fought out some private expedition? (if we must speak ingenuously of these our generals also,) the reason is this: when engaged in the service of the state, the prize for which they fight is yours. Thus, should Amphipolis be now taken, you instantly possess yourselves of it: the commanders have all the danger, the rewards they do not share. But, in their private enterprises, the dangers are less; the acquisitions are all shared by the generals and soldiers; as were Lampachus, Sigaum, and those vessels which they plundered. Thus are they all determined by their private interest. And, when you turn your eyes to the wretched state of your affairs, you bring your generals to a trial; you grant them leave to speak; you hear the necessities they plead; and then acquit them. Nothing then remains for us, but to be distracted with endless contests and divisions: (some urging these, some those measures) and to feel the public calamity. For in former times, Athenians, you divided into classes, to raise supplies. Now the business of these classes is to govern; each hath an orator at its head, and a general, who is his creature; the THREE HUNDRED are assistants to these, and the rest of you divide, some to this, some to that party. You must rectify these disorders: you must appear yourselves: you must leave the power of speaking, of advising, and of acting, open to every citizen. But if you suffer some persons to issue out their mandates, as with a royal authority; if one set of men be forced to fit out ships, to raise supplies, to take up arms; while others are only to make decrees against them, without any charge, any employment besides; it is not possible that any thing can be effected seasonably and successfully: for the injured party ever will desert you; and then your sole resource will be to make them feel your resentment instead of your enemies.

To sum up all, my sentiments are these:—That every man should contribute in proportion to his fortune; that all should take the field in their turns, until all have served; that whoever appears in this place, should be allowed to speak: and that, when you give your voices, your true interest only should determine you, not the authority of this or the other speaker. Pursue this course, and then your applause will not be lavished on some orator, the

moment he concludes; you yourselves will share it hereafter, when you find how greatly you have advanced the interests of your state.

Leland.

§ 3. *The second Olynthiac Oration: pronounced in the same Year.*

INTRODUCTION.

To remove the impression made on the minds of the Athenians by the preceding oration, Demades and other popular leaders in the interests of Philip rose up, and opposed the propositions of Demosthenes, with all their eloquence. Their opposition, however, proved ineffectual: for the assembly decreed, that relief should be sent to the Olynthians: and thirty galleys and two thousand forces were accordingly dispatched, under the command of Chares. But these succours, consisting entirely of mercenaries, and commanded by a general of no great reputation, could not be of considerable service: and were besides suspected, and scarcely less dreaded by the Olynthians than the Macedonians themselves. In the mean time, the progress of Philip's arms could meet with little interruption. He reduced several places in the region of Chalcis, razed the fortresses of Zeira, and, having twice defeated the Olynthians in the field, at last shut them up in their city. In this emergency, they again applied to the Athenians, and pressed for fresh and effectual succours. In the following oration, Demosthenes endeavours to support this petition; and to prove that both the honour and the interest of the Athenians demanded their immediate compliance. As the expence of the armament was the great point of difficulty, he recommends the abrogation of such laws, as prevented the proper settlement of the funds necessary for carrying on a war of such importance. The nature of these laws will come immediately to be explained.

It appears, from the beginning of this oration, that other speakers had arisen before Demosthenes, and inveighed loudly against Philip. Full of the national prejudice, or disposed to flatter the Athenians in their notions of the dignity and importance of their state,

Rate, they breathed nothing but indignation against the enemy, and possibly, with some contempt of his present enterprises, proposed to the Athenians to correct his arrogance, by an invasion of his own kingdom. Demosthenes, on the contrary, insists on the necessity of self-defence; endeavours to rouse his hearers from their security, by the terror of impending danger; and affects to consider the defence of Olynthus, as the last and only means of preserving the very being of Athens.

I AM by no means affected in the same manner, Athenians! when I review the state of our affairs, and when I attend to those speakers, who have now declared their sentiments. They insist, that we should punish Philip: but our affairs, situated as they now appear, warn us to guard against the dangers with which we ourselves are threatened. Thus far therefore I must differ from these speakers, that I apprehend they have not proposed the proper object of your attention. There was a time indeed, I know it well, when the State could have possessed her own dominions in security, and sent out her armies to inflict chastisement on Philip. I myself have seen that time when we enjoyed such power. But, now, I am persuaded we should confine ourselves to the protection of our allies. When this is once effected, then we may consider the punishment his outrages have merited. But, till the first great point be well secured, it is weakness to debate about our more remote concerns.

And now, Athenians, if ever we stood in need of mature deliberation and counsel, the present juncture calls loudly for them. To point out the course to be pursued on this emergency, I do not think be greatest difficulty: but I am in doubt in what manner to propose my sentiments; for all that I have observed, and all that I have heard, convinces me, that most of your misfortunes have proceeded from a want of inclination to pursue the necessary measures, not from ignorance of them.—Let me intreat you, that, if I now speak with an unusual boldness, ye may bear it: considering only, whether I speak truth, and with a sincere intention to advance your future interests: for you now see, that by some orators, who study but

to gain your favour, our affairs have been reduced to the extremity of distress.

I think it necessary, in the first place, to recal some late transactions to your thoughts. You may remember, Athenians, that, about three or four years since, you received advice that Philip was in Thrace, and had laid siege to the fortress of Herma. It was then the month of November. Great commotions and debates arose. It was resolved to send out forty galleys; that all citizens, under the age of five-and-forty, should themselves embark; and that sixty talents should be raised. Thus it was agreed; that year passed away; then came in the months July, August, September. In this last month, with great difficulty, when the mysteries had first been celebrated, you sent out Charidemus, with just ten vessels unmanned, and five talents of silver. For when reports came of the sickness, and the death of Philip, (both of these were affirmed) you laid aside your intended armament, imagining, that at such a juncture, there was no need of succours. And yet this was the very critical moment; for, had they been dispatched with the same alacrity with which they were granted, Philip would not have then escaped, to become that formidable enemy he now appears.

But what was then done, cannot be amended. Now we have the opportunity of another war: that war I mean, which hath induced me to bring these transactions into view, that you may not once more fall into the same errors. How then shall we improve this opportunity? *This is the only question.* For, if you are not resolved to assist with all the force you can command, you are really serving under Philip, you are fighting on his side. The Olynthians are a people, whose power was thought considerable. Thus were the circumstances of affairs: Philip could not confide in them; they looked with equal suspicion upon Philip. We and they then entered into mutual engagements of peace and alliance: this was a grievous embarrassment to Philip, that we should have a powerful state confederated with us, spies upon the incidents of his fortune. It was agreed, that we should, by all means, engage this people in a war with him: and now, what we all so earnestly desired, is effected; the manner is of no moment. What then remains for us, Athenians, but to send immediate and effectual succours,

I cannot see. For besides the disgrace that must attend us, if any of our interests are supinely disregarded, I have no small apprehensions of the consequence, (the Thebans affected as they are towards us, and the Phocians exhausted of their treasures) if Philip be left at full liberty to lead his armies into these territories, when his present enterprises are accomplished. If any one among you can be so far immersed in indolence as to suffer this, he must chuse to be witness of the misery of his own country, rather than to hear of that which strangers suffer; and to seek assistants for himself, when it is now in his power to grant assistance to others. That this must be the consequence, if we do not exert ourselves on the present occasion, there can scarcely remain the least doubt among us.

But, as to the necessity of sending succours, this, it may be said, we are agreed in; this is our resolution. But how shall we be enabled? that is the point to be explained. Be not surprised, Athenians, if my sentiments on this occasion seem repugnant to the general sense of this assembly. Appoint magistrates for the inspection of your laws: not in order to enact any new laws; you have already a sufficient number; but to repeal those, whose ill effects you now experience. I mean the laws relating to the theatrical funds (thus openly I declare it) and some about the soldiery. By the first, the soldier's pay goes as theatrical expences to the useless and inactive; the others screen those from justice, who decline the service of the field, and thus damp the ardour of those disposed to serve us. When you have repealed these, and rendered it consistent with safety to advise you justly, then seek for some person to propose that decree, which you all are sensible the common good requires. But, till this be done, expect not that any man will urge your true interest, when, for urging your true interest, you repay him with destruction. Ye will never find such zeal; especially since the consequence can be only this; he who offers his opinion, and moves for your concurrence, suffers some unmerited calamity; but your affairs are not in the least advanced: nay, this additional inconvenience must arise, that for the future it will appear more dangerous to advise you, than even at present. And the authors of these laws should also be the authors of their repeal. For it is not just that the public favour should be

bestowed on them who, in framing these laws, have greatly injured the community; and that the odium should fall on him, whose freedom and sincerity are of important service to us all. Until these regulations be made, you are not to think any man so great that he may violate the laws with impunity; or so devoid of reason, as to plunge himself into open and foreseen destruction.

And be not ignorant of this, Athenians, that a decree is of no significance, unless attended with resolution and alacrity to execute it. For were decrees of themselves sufficient to engage you to perform your duty, could they even execute the things which they enact; so many would not have been made to so little, or rather to no good purpose; nor would the influence of Philip have had so long a date. For, if decrees can punish, he hath long since felt all their fury. But they have no such power: for, though proposing and resolving be first in order, yet, in force and efficacy, action is superior. Let this then be your principal concern; the others you cannot want; for you have men among you capable of advising, and you are of all people most acute in apprehending: now, let your interest direct you, and it will be in your power to be as remarkable for acting. What season indeed, what opportunity do you wait for, more favourable than the present? Or when will you exert your vigour, if not now, my countrymen? Hath not this man seized all those places that were ours? Should he become master of this country too, must we not sink into the lowest state of infamy? Are not they whom we have promised to assist, whenever they are engaged in war, now attacking themselves? Is he not our enemy? Is he not in possession of our dominions? Is he not a barbarian? Is he not every base thing words can express? If we are insensible to all this, if we almost aid his designs; heavens! can we then ask to whom the consequences are owing? Yes, I know full well, we never will impute them to ourselves. Just as in the dangers of the field: not one of those who fly will accuse himself; he will rather blame the general, or his fellow-soldiers: yet every single man that fled was accessory to the defeat. He who blames others might have maintained his own post; and, had every man maintained his, successes must have ensued. Thus then, in the present case, is there a man whose counsel seems liable to objection?

son? Let the next rise, and not inveigh against him, but declare his own opinion. Doth another offer some more salutary counsel? Pursue it, in the name of Heaven. But then it is not pleasing." This is not the fault of the speaker, unless in that he hath neglected to express his affection in prayers and wishes. To pray is easy, Athenians; and in one petition may be collected as many instances of good fortune as we please. To determine justly, when affairs are to be considered, is not so easy. But what is most useful should ever be preferred to that which is agreeable, where both cannot be obtained.

But if there be a man who will leave us the theatrical funds, or propose other subsidies for the service of the war, are we not rather to attend to him? I grant it, Athenians! if that man can be found. But I should account it wonderful, if it ever did, if it ever can happen to any man on earth, that while he lavishes his present possessions on unnecessary occasions, some future funds should be procured to supply his real necessities. But such proposals find a powerful advocate in the breast of every hearer. So that nothing is so easy as to deceive one's self; for what we wish, that we readily believe; but such expectations are oftentimes inconsistent with our affairs. On this occasion, therefore, let your affairs direct you; then will you be enabled to take the field; then you will have your full pay. And men, whose judgments are well directed, and whose souls are great, could not support the infamy which must attend them, if obliged to desert any of the operations of a war, from the want of money. They could not, after snatching up their arms, and marching against the Corinthians and Megareans, suffer Philip to invade the states of Greece, through the want of provisions for their forces. I say not this wantonly, to raise the resentment of some among you. No; I am not so unhappily perverse as to study to be hated, when no good purpose can be answered by it: but it is my opinion, that every honest speaker should prefer the interest of the state to the favour of his hearers. This (I am assured, and perhaps you need not be informed) was the principle which actuated the public conduct of those of our ancestors who spoke in this assembly (men, whom the present set of orators are ever ready to applaud, but whose example they by no means imitate): such were Aristides, Nicias, the former Demosthenes, and Pe-

ricles. But since we have had speakers, who, before their public appearance, ask you, "What do you desire? What shall I propose? How can I oblige you?" The interest of our country hath been sacrificed to momentary pleasure, and popular favour. Thus have we been distressed; thus have these men risen to greatness, and you sunk into disgrace.

And here let me intreat your attention to a summary account of the conduct of your ancestors, and of your own. I shall mention but a few things, and these well known, (for, if you would pursue the way to happiness, you need not look abroad for leaders) our own countrymen point it out. These our ancestors, therefore, whom the orators never courted, never treated with that indulgence with which you are flattered, held the sovereignty of Greece with general consent, five and forty years; deposited above ten thousand talents in our public treasury; kept the king of this country in that subjection, which a barbarian owes to Greeks; erected monuments of many and illustrious actions, which they themselves achieved by land and sea; in a word, are the only persons who are transmitted to posterity such glory as is superior to envy. Thus great do they appear in the affairs of Greece. Let us now view them within the city, both in their public and private conduct. And, first, the edifices which their administrations have given us, their decorations of our temples, and the offerings deposited by them, are so numerous and so magnificent, that all the efforts of posterity cannot exceed them. Then, in private life, so exemplary was their moderation, their adherence to the ancient manners so scrupulously exact, that if any of you ever discovered the house of Aristides, or Miltiades, or any of the illustrious men of those times, he must know that it was not distinguished by the least extraordinary splendor. For they did not so conduct the public business as to aggrandise themselves; their sole great object was to exalt the state. And thus, by their faithful attachment to Greece, by their piety to the gods, and by that equality which they maintained among themselves, they were raised (and no wonder) to the summit of prosperity.

Such was the state of Athens at that time, when the men I have mentioned were in power. But what is your condition under these indulgent misers who now direct us? Is it the same, or nearly the same?

Other things I shall pass over, though I might expatiate on them. Let it only be observed, that we are now, as you all see, left without competitors; the Lacedæmonians lost; the Thebans engaged at home; and not one of all the other states of consequence sufficient to dispute the sovereignty with us. Yet, at a time when we might have enjoyed our own dominions in security, and been the umpires in all disputes abroad; our territories have been wrested from us; we have expended above one thousand five hundred talents to no purpose; the allies which we gained in war have been lost in time of peace; and to this degree of power have we raised an enemy against ourselves. (For let the man stand forth who can shew, whence Philip hath derived his greatness, if not from us.)

"Well! if these affairs have but an unfavourable aspect, yet those within the city are much more flourishing than ever." Where are the proofs of this? The walls which have been whitened? the ways we have repaired? the supplies of water, and such trifles? Turn your eyes to the men, of whose administrations these are the fruits. Some of whom, from the lowest state of poverty, have arisen suddenly to affluence; some from meanness to renown: others have made their own private houses much more magnificent than the public edifices. Just as the state hath fallen, their private fortunes have been raised.

And what cause can we assign for this? How is it that our affairs were once so flourishing, and now in such disorder? Because formerly, the people dared to take up arms themselves; were themselves masters of those in employment, disposed themselves of all emoluments: so that every citizen thought himself happy to derive honours and authority, and all advantages whatever from the people. But now, on the contrary, favours are all dispensed, affairs all transacted by the ministers; while you, quite enervated, robbed of your riches, your allies, stand in the mean rank of servants and assistants: happy if these men grant you the theatrical appointments, and send you scraps of the public meal. And, what is of all most fordid, you hold yourselves obliged to them for that which is your own, while they confine you within these walls, lead you on gently to their purposes, and soothe and tame you to obedience. Nor is it possible,

that they who are engaged in low and grovelling pursuits, can entertain great and generous sentiments. No! such as their employments are, so must their dispositions prove.—And now I call Heaven to witness, that it will not surprise me, if I suffer more by mentioning this your condition, than they who have involved you in it! Freedom of speech you do not allow on all occasions; and that you have now admitted it, excites my wonder.

But if you will at length be prevailed on to change your conduct; if you will take the field, and act worthy of Athenians; if these redundant sums which you receive at home be applied to the advancement of your affairs abroad; perhaps, my countrymen! perhaps some instance of consummate good fortune may attend you, and ye may become so happy as to despise those pitaunces, which are like the morsels that a physician allows his patient. For these do not restore his vigour, but just keep him from dying. So, your distributions cannot serve any valuable purpose, but are just sufficient to divert your attention from all other things, and thus increase the indolence of every one among you.

But I shall be asked, "What then! is it your opinion that these sums should pay our army?"—And besides this, that the state should be regulated in such a manner, that every one may have his share of public business, and approve himself an useful citizen, on what occasion soever his aid may be required. Is it in his power to live in peace? He will live here with greater dignity, while these supplies prevent him from being tempted by indigence to any thing dishonourable. Is he called forth by an emergency like the present? Let him discharge that sacred duty which he owes to his country, by applying these sums to his support in the field. Is there a man among you past the age of service? Let him, by inspecting and conducting the public business, regularly merit his share of the distributions which he now receives, without any duty enjoined, or any return made to the community. And thus, with scarcely any alteration, either of abolishing or innovating, all irregularities are removed, and the state completely settled; by appointing one general regulation, which shall entitle our citizens to receive, and at the same time oblige them to take arms, to administer justice, to act in all cases as their time of life, and our affairs require.

require. But it never hath, nor could it have been moved by me, that the rewards of the diligent and active should be bestowed on the useless citizen : or that you should sit here, supine, languid, and irresolute, listening to the exploits of some general's foreign troops (for thus it is at present)—not that I would reflect on him who serves you in any instance. But you yourselves, Athenians, should perform those services, for which you heap honours upon others, and not recede from that illustrious rank of virtue, the price of all the glorious toils of your ancestors, and by them bequeathed to you.

Thus have I laid before you the chief points in which I think you interested. It is your part to embrace that opinion, which the welfare of the state in general, and that of every single member, recommends to your acceptance. *Leland.*

§ 4. *The third Olynthiac Oration: pronounced in the same year.*

INTRODUCTION.

The preceding oration had no further effect upon the Athenians, than to prevail on them to send orders to Charidemus, who commanded for them at the Hellespont, to make an attempt to relieve Olynthus. He accordingly led some forces into Chalcis, which, in conjunction with the forces of Olynthus, ravaged Pallene, a peninsula of Macedonia, towards Thrace and Bottia, a country on the confines of Chalcis, which among other towns contained Pella, the capital of Macedonia.

But these attempts could not divert Philip from his resolution of reducing Olynthus, which he had now publicly avowed. The Olynthians, therefore, found it necessary to have once more recourse to Athens: and to request, that they would send troops, composed of citizens, animated with a sincere ardor for their interest, their own glory, and the common cause.

Demosthenes, in the following oration, insists on the importance of saving Olynthus; alarms his hearers with the apprehension of the war, which actually threatened Attica, and even the capital; urges the necessity of personal service; and returns to his charge of the misapplication of the public money; but in such a manner,

as sheweth, that his former remonstrances had not the desired effect.

I AM persuaded, Athenians! that you would account it less valuable to possess the greatest riches, than to have the true interest of the state on this emergency clearly laid before you. It is your part, therefore, readily and cheerfully to attend to all who are disposed to offer their opinions. For your regards need not be confined to those, whose counsels are the effect of premeditation: it is your good fortune to have men among you, who can at once suggest many points of moment. From opinions, therefore, of every kind, you may easily chuse that most conducive to your interest.

And now, Athenians, the present juncture calls upon us; we almost hear its voice, declaring loudly, that you yourselves must engage in these affairs, if you have the least attention to your own security. You entertain I know not what sentiments, on this occasion: my opinion is, that the reinforcements should be instantly decreed; that they should be raised with all possible expedition; that so our succours may be sent from this city, and all former inconveniences be avoided; and that you should send ambassadors to notify these things, and to secure our interests by their presence. For as he is a man of consummate policy, complete in the art of turning every incident to his own advantage; there is the utmost reason to fear, that partly by concessions, where they may be seasonable; partly by menaces, (and his menaces may be believed) and partly by rendering us and our absence suspected; he may tear from us something of the last importance, and force it into his own service.

Those very circumstances, however, which contribute to the power of Philip, are happily the most favourable to us. For that uncontrolled command, with which he governs all transactions public and secret; his intire direction of his army, as their leader, their sovereign, and their treasurer; and his diligence, in giving life to every part of it, by his presence; these things greatly contribute to carrying on a war with expedition and success, but are powerful obstacles to that accommodation, which he would gladly make with the Olynthians. For the Olynthians see plainly, that they do not now fight for glory, or for part of their territory, but to defend

defend their state from dissolution and slavery. They know how he rewarded those traitors of Amphipolis, who made him master of that city; and those of Pydna, who opened their gates to him. In a word, free states, I think, must ever look with suspicion on an absolute monarchy: but a neighbouring monarchy must double their apprehensions.

Convinced of what hath now been offered, and possessed with every other just and worthy sentiment; you must be resolved, Athenians! you must exert your spirit; you must apply to the war, now, if ever; your fortunes, your persons, your whole powers, are now demanded. There is no excuse, no pretence left, for declining the performance of your duty. For that which you were all ever urging loudly, that the Olympians should be engaged in a war with Philip, hath now happened of itself; and this in a manner most agreeable to our interest. For, if they had entered into this war at our persuasion, they must have been precarious allies, without steadiness or resolution: but, as their private injuries have made them enemies to Philip, it is probable that enmity will be lasting, both on account of what they fear, and what they have already suffered. My countrymen! let not so favourable an opportunity escape you: do not repeat that error which hath been so often fatal to you. For when, at our return from assisting the Eubœans, Therax, and Stratocles, citizens of Amphipolis, mounted this gallery, and pressed you to send out your navy, and to take their city under your protection; had we discovered that resolution in our own cause, which we exerted for the safety of Eubœa; then had Amphipolis been yours, and all those difficulties had been avoided, in which you have been since involved. Again, when we received advice of the sieges of Pydaa, Potidea, Methone, Pegase, and other places, (for I would not detain you with a particular recital) had we ourselves marched with a due spirit and alacrity to the relief of the first of these cities, we should now find much more compliance, much more humility in Philip. But by still neglecting the present, and imagining our future interests will not demand our care: we have aggrandized our enemy, we have raised him to a degree of eminence, greater than any king of Macedon hath ever yet enjoyed.—Now we have another opportunity. That which the Olympians, of themselves, present to the state: one no less considerable than any of the former.

And, in my opinion, Athenians! if a man were to bring the dealings of the gods towards us to a fair account, though many things might appear not quite agreeable to our wishes, yet he would acknowledge that we had been highly favoured by them; and with great reason: for that many places have been lost in the course of war, is truly to be charged to our own weak conduct. But that the difficulties, arisen from hence, have not long affected us; and that an alliance now presents itself to remove them, if we are disposed to make the just use of it; this I cannot but ascribe to the divine goodness. But the same thing happens in this case, as in the use of riches. If a man be careful to save those he hath acquired, he readily acknowledges the kindness of fortune: but if by his imprudence they be once lost; with them he also loses the sense of gratitude. So in political affairs, they who neglect to improve their opportunities, forget the favours which the gods have bestowed; for it is the ultimate event which generally determines mens judgment of every thing precedent. And, therefore, all affairs hereafter should engage your strictest care; that, by correcting our errors, we may wipe off the inglorious stain of past actions. But should we be deaf to these men too, and should he be suffered to subvert Olympus; say, what can prevent him from marching his forces into whatever territory he pleases.

Is there not a man among you, Athenians! who reflects by what steps, Philip, from a beginning so inconsiderable, hath mounted to this height of power? First, he took Amphipolis: then he became master of Pydna; then Potidea fell; then Methone: then came his march into Thessaly: after this, having disposed affairs at Phœæ, at Pegase, at Magnesia, justly as he pleased, he marched into Thrace. Here, while engaged in expelling some, and establishing other princes, he fell sick. Again, recovering, he never turned a moment from his course to ease or indulgence, but instantly attacked the Olympians. His expeditions against the Illyrians, the Pæonians, against Arymbas, I pass all over.—But I may be asked, why this recital, now? That you may know and see your own error, in ever neglecting some part of your affairs, as if beneath your regard: and that active spirit with which Philip pursueth his designs: which ever fires him; and which never can permit him to rest satisfied with those things he hath already accom-

accom-

accomplished. If then he determines firmly and invariably to pursue his conquests: and if we are obstinately resolved against every vigorous and effectual measure: think, what consequences may we expect! In the name of Heaven, can any man be so weak, as not to know, that by neglecting this war, we are transferring it from that country to our own! And should this happen, I fear, Athenians, that as they who inconsiderably borrow money upon high interest, after a short-lived affluence are deprived of their own fortunes; so we, by this continued indolence, by consulting only our ease and pleasure, may be reduced to the grievous necessity of engaging in affairs the most shocking and disgraceable, and of exposing ourselves in the defence of this our native territory.

To censure, some one may tell me, is easy, and in the power of every man: but the true counsellor should point out that conduct which the present exigence demands—Sensible as I am, Athenians, that when your expectations have in any instance been disappointed, your resentment frequently falls not on those who merit it, but on him who hath spoken last; yet I cannot, from a regard to my own safety, suppress what I deem of moment to lay before you. I say then, this occasion calls for a twofold argument. First, we are to defend the cities of the Olynthians, and for this purpose to detach a body of forces: in the next place, in order to infest his kingdom, we are to send out our navy manned with other levies. If you neglect either of these, I fear your expedition will be fruitless. For, if you content yourselves with infesting his dominions, this he will endure, until he is master of Olynthus, and then he can with ease repel the invasion; or, if you only send succours to the Olynthians, when he sees his own kingdom free from danger, he will apply with constancy and vigilance to the war, and at length weary out the besieged to a submission. Your levies therefore must be considerable enough to serve both purposes.—These are my sentiments with respect to our armament.

And now, as to the expence of these preparations. You are already provided for the payment of your forces better than any other people. This provision is distributed among yourselves in the manner most agreeable; but if you restore it to the army, the supplies will be complete without any addition; if not, an addition will be necessary, or the whole, rather, will remain to

be raised. “How then (I may be asked) do you move for a decree to apply those “funds to the military service?” By no means! it is my opinion indeed, that an army must be raised; that this money really belongs to the army; and that the same regulation which entitles our citizens to receive, should oblige them also to act. At present you expend these sums on entertainments, without regard to your affairs. It remains then that a general contribution be raised: a great one, if a great one be required: a small one, if such may be sufficient. Money must be found: without it nothing can be effected: various schemes are proposed by various persons: do you make that choice which you think most advantageous; and, while you have an opportunity, exert yourselves in the care of your interests.

It is worthy your attention to consider, how the affairs of Philip are at this time circumstanced. For they are by no means so well disposed, so very flourishing, as an inattentive observer would pronounce. Nor would he have engaged in this war at all, had he thought he should have been obliged to maintain it. He hoped that, the moment he appeared, all things would fall before him. But these hopes were vain. And this disappointment, in the first place, troubles and spirits him. Then the Thessalians alarm him; a people remarkable for their perfidy on all occasions, and to all persons. And just as they have ever proved, even so he finds them now. For they have resolved in council to demand the restitution of Pegasus, and have opposed his attempt to fortify Magnesia: and I am informed, that for the future he is to be excluded from their ports and markets, as these conveniencies belong to the states of Thessaly, and are not to be intercepted by Philip. And, should he be deprived of such a fund of wealth, he must be greatly frightened to support his foreign troops. Besides this, we must suppose that the Pæonian and the Illyrian, and all the others, would prefer freedom and independence to a state of slavery. They are not accustomed to subjection, and the insolence of this man, it is said, knows no bounds; nor is this improbable: for great and unexpected success is apt to hurry weak minds into extravagancies. Hence it often proves much more difficult to maintain acquisitions, than to acquire. It is your part, therefore, to regard the time of his distress as your most favourable opportunity: improve it to the

utmost; send out your embassies; take the field yourselves, and excite a general ardor abroad; ever considering how readily Philip would attack us, if he were favoured by any incident like this, if a war had broken out on our borders. And would it not be shameful to want the resolution to bring that distress on him, which, had it been equally in his power, he certainly would have made you feel?

This too demands your attention, Athenians! that you are now to determine whether it be most expedient to carry the war into his country, or to fight him here. If Olynthus be defended, Macedon will be the seat of war: you may harass his kingdom, and enjoy your own territories free from apprehensions. But, should that nation be subdued by Philip, who will oppose his marching hither? will the Thébans? let it not be thought severe when I affirm, that they will join readily in the invasion. Will the Phocians? a people scarcely able to defend their own country, without your assistance. Will any others?—"But, Sir," cries some one, "he would make no such attempt."—This would be the greatest of absurdities; not to execute those threats, when he hath full power, which, now when they appear so idle and extravagant, he yet dares to utter. And I think you are not yet to learn how great would be the difference between our engaging him here, and there. Were we to be only thirty days abroad, and to draw all the necessities of the camp from our own lands, even were there no enemy to ravage them, the damage would, in my opinion, amount to more than the whole expence of the late war. Add then the presence of an enemy, and how greatly must the calamity be increased: but, further, add the infamy; and to those who judge rightly, no distress can be more grievous than the scandal of misconduct.

It is incumbent therefore, upon us all, (justly influenced by these considerations) to unite vigorously in the common cause, and repel the danger that threatens this territory. Let the rich exert themselves on this occasion; that, by contributing a small portion of their affluence, they may secure the peaceful possession of the rest. Let those who are of the age for military duty; that, by learning the art of war in Philip's dominions, they may become formidable defenders of their native land. Let our orators, that they may safely submit their conduct to the public inspection. For

your judgment of their administrations will ever be determined by the event of things. And may we all contribute to render that favourable! *Leland.*

§ 5. Oration against Catiline.

THE ARGUMENT.

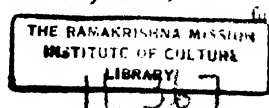
L. Sergius Catiline was of Patrician extraction, and had sided with Sylla, during the civil wars between him and Marius. Upon the expiration of his prætorship, he was sent to the government of Africa; and after his return, was accused of mal-administration by P. Clodius, under the consulship of M. Emilius Lepidus, and L. Volcatius Tullus. It is commonly believed, that the design of the conspiracy was formed about this time, three years before the oration Cicero here pronounces against it. Catiline, after his return from Africa, had sued for the consulship, but was rejected. The two following years he likewise stood candidate, but still met with the same fate. It appears that he made a fourth attempt under the consulship of Cicero, who made use of all his credit and authority to exclude him, in which he succeeded to his wish. After the picture Sallust has drawn of Catiline, it were needless to attempt his character here; besides that the four following orations will make the reader sufficiently acquainted with it. This first speech was pronounced in the senate, convened in the temple of Jupiter Stator, on the eighth of November, in the six hundred and ninth year of the city, and forty-fourth of Cicero's age. The occasion of it was as follows: Catiline, and the other conspirators, had met together in the house of one Marcus Lecca; where it was resolved, that a general insurrection should be raised through Italy, the different parts of which were assigned to different leaders; that Catiline should put himself at the head of the troops in Etruria; that Rome should be fired in many places at once, and a massacre begun at the same time of the whole senate and all their enemies, of whom none were to be spared except the sons of Pompey, who were to be kept as hostages of their peace and reconciliation with their father; that in the consternation

of the fire and massacre, Catiline should be ready with his Tuscan army to take the benefit of the public confusion, and make himself master of the city; where Lentulus in the mean while, as first in dignity, was to preside in their general councils; Calfius to manage the affair of firing it; Cethegus to direct the massacre. But the vigilance of Cicero being the chief obstacle to all their hopes, Catiline was very desirous to see him taken off before he left Rome; upon which two knights of the company undertook to kill him the next morning in his bed, in an early visit on pretence of business. They were both of his acquaintance, and used to frequent his house; and knowing his custom of giving free access to all, made no doubt of being readily admitted, as C. Cornelius, one of the two, afterwards confessed. The meeting was no sooner over, than Cicero had information of all that passed in it: for by the intrigues of a woman named Fulvia, he had gained over Curius her gallant, one of the conspirators of senatorian rank, to send him a punctual account of all their deliberations. He presently imparted his intelligence to some of the chiefs of the city, who were assembled that evening, as usual, at his house, informing them not only of the design, but naming the men who were to execute it, and the very hour when they would be at his gate: all which fell out exactly as he foretold; for the two knights came before break of day, but had the mortification to find the house well guarded, and all admittance refused to them. Next day Cicero summoned the senate to the temple of Jupiter in the capitol, where it was not usually held but in times of public alarm. There had been several debates before this on the same subject of Cataline's treasons, and his design of killing the consul; and a decree had passed at the motion of Cicero, to offer a public reward to the first discoverer of the plot; if a slave, his liberty, and eight hundred pounds; if a citizen, his pardon, and sixteen hundred. Yet Cataline, by a profound dissimulation, and the constant professions of his innocence, still deceived many of all ranks; repre-

senting the whole as the fiction of his enemy Cicero, and offering to give security for his behaviour, and to deliver himself to the custody of any whom the senate would name; of M. Lepidus, of the prator Metellus, or of Cicero himself: but none of them would receive him; and Cicero plainly told him, that he should never think himself safe in the same house, when he was in danger by living in the same city with him. Yet he still kept on the mask, and had the confidence to come to this very meeting in the capitol; which so shocked the whole assembly, that none even of his acquaintance durst venture to salute him; and the consular senators quitted that part of the house in which he sat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Cicero was so provoked by his impudence, that instead of entering upon any business, as he designed, addressing himself directly to Catiline, he broke out into the present most severe invective against him; and with all the fire and force of an incensed eloquence, laid open the whole course of his villainies, and the notoriety of his treasons.

HOW far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shall thy frantic rage baffle the efforts of justice? To what height meanest thou to carry thy daring insolence? Art thou nothing daunted by the nocturnal watch posted to secure the Palatium? nothing by the city guards? nothing by the consternation of the people? nothing by the union of all the wife and worthy citizens? nothing by the senate's assembling in this place of strength? nothing by the looks and countenances of all here present? Seest thou not that all thy designs are brought to light? that the senators are thoroughly apprized of thy conspiracy? that they are acquainted with thy last night's practices; with the practices of the night before; with the place of meeting, the company summoned together, and the measures concerted? Alas for our degeneracy! alas for the depravity of the times! the senate is apprized of all this, the consul beholds it; yet the traitor lives. Lives! did I say, he even comes into the senate; he shares in the public deliberations; he marks us out with his eye for destruction. While we, bold in our country's cause, think we have

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sufficiently discharged our duty to the state, if we can but escape his rage and deadly darts. Long since, O Catiline, ought the consul to have ordered thee for execution; and pointed upon thy own head that ruin thou hast been long meditating against us all. Could that illustrious citizen Publius Scipio, sovereign pontiff, but invested with no public magistracy, kill Tiberius Gracchus for raising some slight commotions in the commonwealth; and shall we consuls suffer Catiline to live, who aims at laying waste the world with fire and sword? I omit, as too remote, the example of Q. Servilius Ahala, who with his own hand slew Spurius Melius, for plotting a revolution in the state. Such, such was the virtue of this republic in former times, that her brave sons punished more severely a factious citizen, than the most inveterate public enemy. We have a weighty and vigorous decree of the senate against you, Catiline: the commonwealth wants not wisdom, nor this house authority: but we, the consuls, I speak it openly, are wanting in our duty.

A decree once passed in the senate, enjoining the consul L. Opimius to take care that the commonwealth received no detriment. The very same day Caius Gracchus was killed for some slight suspicions of treason, though descended of a father, grandfather, and ancestors, all eminent for their services to the state. Marcus Fulvius too, a man of consular dignity, with his children, underwent the same fate. By a like decree of the senate, the care of the commonwealth was committed to the consuls C. Marius and L. Valerius. Was a single day permitted to pass, before L. Saturninus, tribune of the people, and C. Servilius the prætor, satisfied by their death the justice of their country. But we, for these twenty days, have suffered the authority of the senate to languish in our hands. For we too have a like decree, but it rests among our records like a sword in the scabbard; a decree, O Catiline, by which you ought to have suffered immediate death. Yet still you live; nay more, you live, not to lay aside, but to harden yourself in your audacious guilt. I could with, conscript fathers, to be merciful; I could with too not to appear remiss when my country is threatened with danger; but I now begin to reproach myself with negligence and want of courage. A camp is formed in Italy, upon the very borders of Etruria, against the commonwealth. The

enemy increase daily in number. At the same time we behold their general and leader within our walls; nay, in the senate-house itself, plotting daily some intestine mischief against the state. Should I order you, Catiline, to be instantly seized and put to death: I have reason to believe, good men would rather reproach me with slowness than cruelty. But at present certain reasons restrain me from this step, which indeed ought to have been taken long ago. Thou shalt then suffer death, when not a man is to be found, so wicked, so desperate, so like thyself, as not to own it was done justly. As long as there is one who dares to defend thee, thou shalt live; and live so as thou now dost, surrounded by the numerous and powerful guards which I have placed about thee, so as not to suffer thee to stir a foot against the republic; whilst the eyes and ears of many shall watch thee, as they have hitherto done, when thou little thoughtest of it.

But what is it, Catiline, thou canst now have in view, if neither the obscurity of night can conceal thy traiterous assemblies, nor the walls of a private house prevent the voice of thy treason from reaching our ears? If all thy projects are discovered, and burst into public view? Quit then your detestable purpose, and think no more of massacres and conflagrations. You are beset on all hands; your most secret counsels are clear as noon-day; as you may easily gather, from the detail I am now to give you. You may remember that on the nineteenth of October last, I said publicly in the senate, that before the twenty-fifth of the same month, C. Manlius, the confederate and creature of your guilt, would appear in arms. Was I deceived, Catiline, I say not as to this enormous, this detestable, this improbable attempt; but, which is still more surprising, as to the very day on which it happened? I said likewise, in the senate, that you had fixed the twenty-sixth of the same month for the massacre of our nobles, which induced many citizens of the first rank to retire from Rome, not so much on account of their own preservation, as with a view to baffle your designs. Can you deny, that on that very same day you was so beset by my vigilance, and the guards I placed about you, that you found it impossible to attempt any thing against the state; though you had given out, after the departure of the rest, that you would never-

nevertheless content yourself with the blood of those who remained? Nay, when on the first of November, you confidently hoped to surprize Pianeſſe by night; did you not find that colony ſecured by my order, and the guards, officers, and garrifon I had appointed? There is nothing you either think, contrive, or attempt, but what I both hear, ſee, and plainly underſtand.

Call to mind only in conjunction with me, the tranſactions of laſt night. You will ſoon perceive, that I am much more active in watching over the preſervation, than you in plotting the deſtruction of the ſtate. I ſay then, and ſay it openly, that laſt night you went to the houſe of M. Lecca, in the ſtreet called the Gladiators: that you was met there by numbers of your associates in guilt and madnets. Dare you deny this? Why are you hſent? If you diſown the charge, I will prove it: for I ſee ſome in this very aſſembly, who were of your confederacy. Immortal gods! what country do we inhabit? what city do we belong to? what government do we live under? Here, here, conſcript fathers, within theſe walls, and in this aſſembly, the moſt awful and venerable upon earth, there are men who meditate my ruin and yours, the deſtruction of this city, and conſequently of the world itſelf. Myſelf, your conſul, behold theſe men, and aſk their opinions on public affairs; and inſtead of dooming them to immediate execution, do not to much as wound them with my tongue. You went then that night, Catiline, to the houſe of Lecca; you cattoned out all Italy; you appointed the place to which every one was to repair; you ſigled out thoſe who were to be left at Rome, and thoſe who were to accompany you in perſon; you marked out the parts of the city deſtined to conflagration; you declared your purpoſe of leaving it ſoon, and ſaid you only waited a little to ſee me taken off. Two Roman knights undertook to eafe you of that care, and aſſaſſinate me the ſame night in bed before day-break. Scarce was your aſſembly diſmiſſed, when I was informed of all this: I ordered an additional guard to attend, to ſecure my houſe from aſſault; I reſuſed admittance to thoſe whom you ſent to compliment me in the morning; and declared to many worthy perſons beforehand who they were, and at what time I expected them.

Since then, Catiline, ſuch is the ſtate of your affairs, finiſh what you have begun; quit the city; the gates are open; nobody oppoſes your retreat. The troops in Manlius's camp long to put themſelves under your command. Carry with you all your confederates; if not all, at leaſt as many as poſſible. Purge the city. It will take greatly from my fears, to be divided from you by a wall. You cannot pretend to ſtay any longer with us: I will not bear, will not ſuffer, will not allow of it. Great thanks are due to the immortal gods, and chiefly to thee Jupiter Stator, the ancient protector of this city, for having already to often preſerved us from this dangerous, thiſt deſtructive, thiſt poſſilent ſcourage of his country. The ſupreme ſafety of the commonwealth ought not to be again and again expoſed to danger for the ſake of a ſingle man. While I was only conſul elect, Catiline, I contented myſelf with guarding againſt your many plots, not by a public guard, but by my private vigilance. When at the laſt election of conſuls, you had reſolved to aſſaſſinate me, and your competitors, in the field of Mars, I defeated your wicked purpoſe by the aid of my friends, without diſturbſing the public peace. In a word, as often as you attempted my life, I ſingly oppoſed your fury; though I well ſaw, that my death would neceſſarily be attended with many ſignal calamities to the ſtate. But now you openly ſtrike at the very being of the republic. The temples of the immortal gods, the manſions of Rome, the olives of her citizens, and all the provinces of Italy, are doomed to ſlaughter and deſtation. Since therefore I dare not purſue that courſe, which is moſt agreeable to ancient diſcipline, and the genius of the commonwealth, I will follow another, leſs ſevere indeed as to the criminal, but more uſeful in its conſequences to the public. For ſhould I order you to be immediately put to death, the commonwealth would ſtill harbour in its boſom the other conſpirators; but by driving you from the city, I ſhall clear Rome of once of the whole baneful tribe of thy accomplices. How, Catiline! Do you heſitate to do at my command, what you was to lately about to do of your own accord? The conſul orders a public enemy to depart the city. You aſk whether this be a real baniſhment? I ſay not expreſſly ſo: but was I to adviſe in the caſe, it is the beſt courſe you can take.

For what is there, Catiline, that can now give you pleasure in this city? wherein, if we except the profligate crew of your accomplices, there is not a man but dreads and abhors you? Is there a domestic stain from which your character is exempted? Have you not rendered yourself infamous by every vice that can brand private life? What scenes of lust have not your eyes beheld? What guilt has not stained your hands? What pollution has not deiled your whole body? What youth, entangled by thee in the allurements of debauchery, hast thou not prompted by arms to deeds of violence, or seduced by incentives into the snares of sensuality? And lately, when by procuring the death of your former wife, you had made room in your house for another, did you not add to the enormity of that crime, by a new and unparalleled measure of guilt? But I pass over this, and chuse to let it remain in silence, that the memory of so monstrous a piece of wickedness, or at least of its having been committed with impunity, may not descend to posterity. I pass over too the entire ruin of your fortunes, which you are sensible must befall you the very next month; and shall proceed to the mention of such particulars as regard not the infamy of your private character, nor the distresses and turpitude of your domestic life; but such as concern the very being of the republic, and the lives and safety of us all. Can the light of life, or the air you breathe, be grateful to you, Catiline; when you are conscious there is not a man here present but knows, that on the last of December, in the consulship of Lepidus and Tullus, you appeared in the Comitium with a dagger? That you had got together a band of ruffians, to assassinate the consuls, and the most considerable men in Rome? and that this execrable and frantic design was defeated, not by any awe or remorse in you, but by the prevailing good fortune of the people of Rome. But I pass over those things, as being already well known: there are others of a later date. How many attempts have you made upon my life, since I was nominated consul, and since I entered upon the actual execution of that office? How many thrusts of thine, so well aimed that they seemed unavoidable, have I parried by an artful evasion, and, as they term it, a gentle deflection of body? You attempt, you contrive, you set on foot nothing, of which I have not timely information.

Yet you cease not to concert, and enterprize. How often has that dagger been wrested out of thy hands? How often, by some accident, has it dropped before the moment of execution? yet you cannot resolve to lay it aside. How, or with what rites you have consecrated it, is hard to say, that you think yourself thus obliged to lodge it in the bosom of a consul!

What are we to think of your present situation and conduct? For I will now address you, not with the detestation your actions deserve, but with a compassion to which you have no just claim. You came some time ago into the senate. Did a single person of this numerous assembly, not excepting your most intimate relations and friends, deign to salute you? If there be no instance of this kind in the memory of man, do you expect that I should embitter with reproaches, a doom confirmed by the silent detestation of all present? Were not the benches where you sit forsaken, as soon as you was observed to approach them? Did not all the consular senators, whose destruction you have so often plotted, quit immediately the part of the house where you thought proper to place yourself? How are you able to bear all this treatment? For my own part, were my slaves to discover such a deed of me, as your fellow-citizens express of you, I should think it necessary to abandon my own house: and do you hesitate about leaving the city? Was I even wrongfully suspected, and thereby rendered obnoxious to my countymen, I would sooner withdraw myself from public view, than be beheld with looks full of reproach and indignation. And do you, whose conscience tells you that you are the object of an universal, a just, and a long-merited hatred, delay a moment to escape from the looks and presence of a people, whose eyes and senses can no longer endure you among them? Should your parents dread and hate you, and be obstinate to all your endeavours to appease them, you would doubtless withdraw somewhere from their sight. But now your country, the common parent of us all, hates and dreads you, and has long regarded you as a parricide, intent upon the design of destroying her. And will you neither respect her authority, submit to her advice, nor stand in awe of her power? Thus does the reason with you, Catiline; and thus does she, in some measure, address you by her silence: not an enormity has happened these many years,

but

But has had thee for its author: not a crime has been perpetrated without thee: the murder of so many of our citizens, the oppression and plunder of our allies, has through thee alone escaped punishment, and been exercised with unrestrained violence: thou hast found means not only to trample upon law and justice, but even to subvert and destroy them. Though this past behaviour of thine was beyond all patience, yet have I borne with it as I could. But now, to be in continual apprehension from thee alone; on every alarm to tremble at the name of Catiline; to see no designs formed against me that speak not thee for their author, is altogether insupportable. Be gone then, and rid me of my present terror; that if just, I may avoid ruin; if groundless, I may at length cease to fear.

Should your country, as I said, address you in these terms, ought she not to find obedience, even supposing her unable to compel you to such a step? But did you not even offer to become a prisoner? Did you not say, that, to avoid suspicion, you would submit to be confined in the house of M. Lepidus? When he declined receiving you, you had the assurance to come to me, and request you might be secured at my house. When I likewise told you, that I could never think myself safe in the same house, when I judged it even dangerous to be in the same city with you, you applied to Q. Metellus the praetor. Being repulsed here too, you went to the excellent M. Marcellus, your companion; who, no doubt, you imagined would be very watchful in confining you, very quick in discerning your secret practices, and very resolute in bringing you to justice. How justly may we pronounce him worthy of irons and a jail, whose own conscience condemns him to restraint? If it be so then, Catiline, and you cannot submit to the thought of dying here, do you hesitate to retire to some other country, and commit to flight and solitude a lie, to often and to justly be forced to thy country? But, say you, not the question to the senate, (for to you I am to talk) and if it be their pleasure, let me go into banishment. I am not to be moved. I will put no such question to the senate contrary to my temper: yet you have an opportunity of knowing the mind of the senate with respect to me. Leave the city, Catiline; depart from its tears; go, if you will, by that word, into banishment.

Observe now, Catiline; mark the silence and composure of the assembly. Does a single senator remonstrate, or so much as offer to speak? Is it needful they should confirm by their voice, what they so expressly declare by their silence? But had I addressed myself in this manner to that excellent youth P. Sextius, or to the brave M. Marcellus, the senate would ere now have risen up against me, and laid violent hands upon their consul in this very temple; and justly too. But with regard to you, Catiline, their silence declares their approbation, their acquiescence amounts to a decree, and by saying nothing they proclaim their consent. Nor is this true of the senators alone, whose authority you affect to prize, while you make no account of their lives; but of these brave and worthy Roman knights, and other illustrious citizens, who guard the avenues of the senate; whose numbers you might have seen, whose sentiments you might have known, whose voices a little while ago you might have heard; and whose swords and hands I have for some time with difficulty restrained from your person: yet all these will I easily engage to attend you to the very gates, if you but consent to leave this city, which you have so long devoted to destruction.

But why do I talk, as if your resolution was to be shaken, or there was any room to hope you would reform! Can we expect you will ever think of flight, or entertain the design of going into banishment? May the immortal gods inspire you with that resolution! Though I clearly perceive, should my threats frighten you into exile, what a storm of envy will light upon my own head; if not at present, whilst the memory of thy crimes is fresh, yet surely in future times. But I little regard that thought, provided the calamity falls on myself alone, and is not attended with any danger to my country. But to feel the stings of remorse, to dread the rigour of the laws, to yield to the exigencies of the state, are things not to be expected from thee. Thou, O Catiline, art none of those, whom shame reclaims from dishonourable pursuits, fear from danger, or reason from madness. Be gone then, as I have already often said: and if you would sell the measure of popular odium against me, for being, as you give out, your enemy, depart directly into banishment. By this step you will bring upon me an insupportable load of censure;

nor

nor shall I be able to sustain the weight of the public indignation, shouldst thou, by order of the consul, retire into exile. But if you mean to advance my reputation and glory, march off with your abandoned crew of ruffians; repair to Manlius; rouse every desperate citizen to rebel; separate yourself from the worthy; declare war against your country; triumph in your impious depredations; that it may appear you was not forced by me into a foreign treason, but voluntarily joined your associates. But why should I urge you to this step, when I know you have already sent forward a body of armed men, to wait you at the Forum Aurelium? When I know you have concerted and fixed a day with Manlius? When I know you have sent off the silver eagle, that domestic shrine of your impieties, which I doubt not will bring ruin upon you and your accomplices? Can you absent yourself longer from an idol to which you had recourse in every bloody attempt? And from whose altars that impious right-hand was frequently transferred to the murder of your countrymen?

Thus will you at length repair, whither your frantic and unbridled rage has long been hurrying you. Nor does this issue of thy plots give thee pain; but, on the contrary, fills thee with inexpressible delight. Nature has formed you, inclination trained you, and fate reserved you, for this desperate enterprize. You never took delight either in peace or war, unless when they were flagitious and destructive. You have got together a band of ruffians and profligates, not only utterly abandoned of fortune, but even without hope. With what pleasure will you enjoy yourself? how will you exult? how will you triumph? when amongst so great a number of your associates, you shall neither hear nor see an honest man? To attain the enjoyment of such a life, have you exercised yourself in all those toils, which are emphatically stiled yours: your lying on the ground, not only in pursuit of lewd amours, but of bold and hardy enterprizes: your treacherous watchfulness, not only to take advantage of the husband's slumber, but to spoil the murdered citizen. Here may you exert all that boasted patience of hunger, cold, and want, by which however you will shortly find yourself undone. So much have I gained by excluding you from the consulship, that you can only attack your country as an exile, not oppress

her as a consul; and your impious treason will be deemed the efforts, not of an enemy, but of a robber.

And now, conscript fathers, that I may obviate and remove a complaint, which my country might with some appearance of justice urge against me; attend diligently to what I am about to say, and treasure it up in your minds and hearts. For should my country, which is to me much dearer than life, should all Italy, should the whole state thus accost me, What are you about, Marcus Tullius? Will you suffer a man to escape out of Rome, whom you have discovered to be a public enemy? whom you see ready to enter upon a war against the state? whose arrival the conspirators wait with impatience, that they may put themselves under his conduct? the prime author of the treason; the contriver and manager of the revolt; the man who enlists all the slaves and ruined citizens he can find? will you suffer him, I say, to escape; and appear as one rather sent against the city, than driven from it? will you not order him to be put in irons, to be dragged to execution, and to atone for his guilt by the most rigorous punishment? what restrains you on this occasion? is it the custom of our ancestors? But it is well known in this commonwealth, that even persons in a private station have often put pestilent citizens to death. Do the laws relating to the punishment of Roman citizens hold you in awe? Certainly traitors against their country can have no claim to the privileges of citizens. Are you afraid of the reproaches of posterity? A noble proof indeed, of your gratitude to the Roman people, that you, a new man, who without any recommendation from your ancestors, have been raised by them through all the degrees of honour to sovereign dignity, should, for the sake of any danger to yourself, neglect the care of the public safety. But if censure be that whereof you are afraid, think which is to be most apprehended, the censure incurred for having acted with firmness and courage, or that for having acted with sloth and pusillanimity? When Italy shall be laid desolate with war, her cities plundered, her dwellings on fire; can you then hope to escape the flames of public indignation?

To this most sacred voice of my country, and to all those who blame me after the same manner, I shall make this short reply; That if I had thought it the most advisable to put Catiline to death, I would

could not have allowed that gladiator the life of one moment's life. For if, in former days, our greatest men, and most illustrious citizens, instead of sullying, have done honour to their memories, by the destruction of Saturninus, the Gracchi, Flaccus, and many others; there is no ground to fear, that by killing this paricide, any envy would lie upon me with posterity. Yet if the greatest was sure to befall me, it was always my persuasion, that envy acquired by virtue was really glory, not envy. But there are some of this very order, who do not either see the dangers which hang over us, or else dissemble what they see; who, by the softness of their votes, cherish Catiline's hopes, and add strength to the conspiracy by not believing it; whose authority influences many, not only of the wicked, but the weak; who, if I had punished this man as he deserved, would not have failed to charge me with acting cruelly and tyrannically. Now I am persuaded, that when he is once gone into Manlius's camp, whether he actually designs to go, none can be so silly, as not to see that there is a plot; none so wicked, as not to acknowledge it: whereas by taking off him alone, though this pestilence would be somewhat checked, it could not be suppressed: but when he has thrown himself into rebellion, and carried off his friends along with him, and drawn together the profligate and desperate from all parts of the empire, not only has ripened plague of the republic, but the very root and stem of all our evils, will be extirpated with him at once.

It is now a long time, conscript fathers, that we have tread amidst the dangers and machinations of this conspiracy: but I know not how it comes to pass, the full maturity of all these crimes, and of this long ripening rage and insolence, has now broke out during the period of my consulship. Should he alone be removed from this powerful band of traitors, it may abate, perhaps, our fears and anxieties for a while; but the danger will still remain, and continue lurking in the veins and virals of the republic. For as men, oppressed with a severe fit of illness, and labouring under the raging heat of a fever, are often at first seemingly relieved by a draught of cold water, but afterwards find the disease return upon them with redoubled fury; in like manner, this distemper which has seized the commonwealth, eased a little by the punishment of this traitor, will

from his surviving associates soon assume new force. Wherefore, conscript fathers, let the wicked retire, let them separate themselves from the honest, let them rendezvous in one place. In fine, as I have often said, let a wall be between them and us: let them cease to lay snares for the consul in his own house, to beset the tribunal of the city praetor, to invest the senate-house with armed ruffians, and to prepare fire-balls and torches for burning the city: in short, let every man's sentiments with regard to the public be inscribed on his forehead. This I engage for and promise, conscript fathers, that by the diligence of the consuls, the weight of your authority, the courage and firmness of the Roman knights, and the unanimity of all the honest, Catiline being driven from the city, you shall behold all his treasons detected, exposed, crushed, and punished. With these omens, Catiline, of all prosperity to the republic, but of destruction to thyself, and all those who have joined themselves with thee in all kinds of parricide, go thy way then to this impious and abominable war: whilst thou, Jupiter, whose religion was established with the foundation of this city, whom we truly call Saviour, the stay and prop of this empire, will drive this man and his accomplices from thy altars and temples, from the houses and walls of the city, from the lives and fortunes of us all; and wilt destroy with eternal punishments, both living and dead, all the haters of good men, the enemies of their country, the plunderers of Italy, now confederated in this detestable league and partnership of villainy.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 6. Oration against Catiline.

THE ARGUMENT.

Catiline, astonished by the thunder of the last speech, had little to say for himself in answer to it; yet with downcast looks, and suppliant voice, he begged of the fathers, not to believe too hastily what was said against him by an enemy; that his birth and past life offered every thing to him that was hopeful; and it was not to be imagined, that a man of patrician family, whose ancestors, as well as himself, had given many proofs of their affection to the Roman people, should want to overturn the government; while Cicero, a stranger, and late

late inhabitant of Rome, was so zealous to preserve it. But as he was going on to give foul language, the senate interrupted him by a general outcry, calling him traitor and parricide: upon which, being furious and desperate, he declared again aloud what he had said before to Cato, that since he was circumvented and driven headlong by his enemies, he would quench the flame which was raised about him by the common ruin; and so rushed out of the assembly. As soon as he was come to his house, and began to reflect on what had passed, perceiving it in vain to dissemble any longer, he resolved to enter into action immediately, before the troops of the republic were increased, or any new levies made: so that after a short conference with Lentulus, Cethegus, and the rest, about what had been concerted in the last meeting, having given fresh orders and assurances of his speedy return at the head of a strong army, he left Rome that very night with a small retinue, to make the best of his way towards Etruria. He no sooner disappeared, than his friends gave out that he was gone into a voluntary exile at Marcellæ, which was industriously spread through the city the next morning, to raise an odium upon Cicero, for driving an innocent man into banishment, without any previous trial or proof of his guilt. But Cicero was too well informed of his motions, to entertain any doubt about his going to Manlius's camp, and into actual rebellion. He knew that he had sent thither already a great quantity of arms, and all the ensigns of military command, with that silver eagle, which he used to keep with great superstition in his house, for its having belonged to C. Marius, in his expedition against the Cimbri. But, lest the story should make an ill impression on the city, he called the people together into the forum, to give them an account of what passed in the senate the day before, and of Catiline's leaving Rome upon it. And this makes the subject of the oration now before us.

AT length, Romans, have we driven, discarded, and pursued with the keenest

reproaches to the very gates of Rome; L. Catiline, intoxicated with fury, breathing mischief, impiously plotting the destruction of his country, and threatening to lay waste this city with fire and sword. He is gone, he is fled, he has escaped, he has broke away. No longer shall that monster, that prodigy of mischief, plot the ruin of this city within her very walls. We have gained a clear conquest over this chief and ring-leader of domestic broils: His threatening dagger is no longer pointed at our breasts, nor shall we now any more tremble in the field of Mars, the forum, the senate-house, or within our domestic walls. In driving him from the city, we have forced his most advantageous post. We shall now, without opposition, carry on a just war against an open enemy. We have effectually ruined the man, and gained a glorious victory, by driving him from his secret plots into open rebellion. But how do you think he is overwhelmed and crushed with regret, at carrying away his dagger unbathed in blood, at leaving the city before he had effected my death, at seeing the weapons prepared for our destruction wrested out of his hands: in a word, that Rome is still standing, and her citizens safe. He is now quite overthrown, Romans, and perceives himself impotent and despised, often casting back his eyes upon this city, which he sees, with regret, rescued from his destructive jaws; and which seems to me to rejoice for having disgorged and rid herself of so pestilent a citizen.

But if there be any here, who blame me for what I am boasting of, as you all indeed justly may, that I did not rather seize than send away so capital an enemy: that is not my fault, citizens, but the fault of the times. Catiline ought long ago to have suffered the last punishment; the custom of our ancestors, the discipline of the empire, and the republic itself required it: but how many would there have been, who would not have believed what I charged him with? How many, who, through weakness, would never have imagined it? how many, who would even have defended him? how many, who, through wickedness, would have espoused his cause? But had I judged that his death would have put a final period to all your dangers, I would long ago have ordered him to execution, at the hazard not only of public censure, but even of my life. But when I saw, that by sentencing him to the death

again he deserved, and before you were all fully convinced of his guilt, I should have drawn upon myself such an odium, as would have rendered me unable to prosecute his accomplices; I brought the matter to this point, that you might then openly and vigorously attack Catiline, when he was apparently become a public enemy. What kind of an enemy I judge him to be, and how formidable in his attempt, you may learn from hence, citizens, that I am only sorry he went off with so few to attend him. I wish he had taken his whole forces along with him. He has carried off Tongillus indeed, the object of his criminal passion when a youth; he has likewise carried off Publicius and Munatius, whose tavern debts would never have occasioned any commotions in the state. But how important are the men he has left behind him? how oppressed with debt, how powerful, how illustrious by their descent?

When therefore I think of our Gallic legions, and the levies made by Metellus in Picenum and Lombardy, together with those troops we are daily raising; I hold in utter contempt that army of his, composed of wretched old men, of debauchees from the country, of rustic vagabonds, of such as have fled from their bail to take shelter in his camp: men ready to run away not only at the sight of an army, but of the prætor's edict. I could wish he had likewise carried with him those whom I see fluttering in the forum, sauntering about the courts of justice, and even taking their places in the senate; men sleek with perfumes, and shining in purple. If these still remain here, mark what I say, the deserters from the army are more to be dreaded than the army itself; and the more so, because they know me to be informed of all their designs, yet are not in the least moved by it. I behold the person to whom Apulia is allotted, to whom Etruria, to whom the territory of Picenum, to whom Cisalpine Gaul. I see the man who demanded the task of setting fire to the city, and filling it with slaughter. They know that I am acquainted with all the secrets of their last nocturnal meeting: I laid them open yesterday in the senate: Catiline himself was disheartened and fled: what then can these others mean? They are much mistaken if they imagine I shall always use the same lenity.

I have at last gained what I have hi-

ther to been waiting for, to make you all sensible that a conspiracy is openly formed against the state: unless there be any one who imagines, that such as resemble Catiline may yet refuse to enter into his designs. There is now therefore no more room for clemency, the case itself requires severity. Yet I will still grant them one thing; let them quit the city, let them follow Catiline, nor suffer their miserable leader to languish in their absence. Nay, I will even tell them the way; it is the Aurelian road: if they make haste, they may overtake him before night. O happy state, were it but once drained of this sink of wickedness! To me the absence of Catiline alone seems to have restored fresh beauty and vigour to the commonwealth. What villainy, what mischief can be devised or imagined, that has not entered into his thoughts? What prisoner is to be found in all Italy, what gladiator, what robber, what assassin, what parricide, what forger of wills, what sharper, what debauchee, what squanderer, what adulterer, what harlot, what corrupter of youth, what corrupted wretch, what abandoned criminal, who will not own an intimate familiarity with Catiline? What murder has been perpetrated of late years without him? What act of lewdness speaks not him for its author? Was ever man possessed of such talents for corrupting youth? To some he prostituted himself unnaturally; for others he indulged a criminal passion. Many were allured by the prospect of unbounded enjoyment, many by the promise of their parents death; to which he not only incited them, but even contributed his assistance. What a prodigious number of profligate wretches has he just now drawn together, not only from the city, but also from the country? There is not a person oppressed with debt, I will not say in Rome, but in the remotest corner of all Italy, whom he has not engaged in this unparalleled confederacy of guilt.

But to make you acquainted with the variety of his talents, in all the different kinds of vice; there is not a gladiator in any of our public schools, remarkable for being audacious in mischief, who does not own an intimacy with Catiline; not a player of distinguished impudence and guilt, but openly boasts of having been his companion. Yet this man, trained up in the continual exercise of lewdness and villainy, while he was waiting in riot and debau-

chery the means of virtue, and supplies of industry, was extolled by these his associates for his fortitude and patience in supporting cold, hunger, thirst, and watchings. Would his companions but follow him, would this profligate crew of desperate men but leave the city; how happy would it be for us, how fortunate for the commonwealth, how glorious for my consulship? It is not a moderate degree of depravity, a natural or supportable measure of guilt that now prevails. Nothing less than murders, rapines, and conflagrations employ their thoughts. They have squandered away their patrimonies, they have wasted their fortunes in debauchery; they have long been without money, and now their credit begins to fail them; yet still they retain the same desires, though deprived of the means of enjoyment. Did they, amidst their revels and gaming, affect no other pleasures than those of lewdness and feasting, however desperate their case must appear, it might still notwithstanding be borne with. But it is altogether insufferable, that the cowardly should pretend to plot against the brave, the foolish against the prudent, the drunken against the sober, the drowsy against the vigilant; who lolling at feasts, embracing mistresses, staggering with wine, stuffed with victuals, crowned with garlands, daubed with perfumes, wasted with intemperance, belch in their conversations of maffacring the honest, and firing the city. Over such, I trust, some dreadful fatality now hangs; and that the vengeance so long due to their villainy, baseness, guilt, and crimes, is either just breaking, or just ready to break upon their heads. If my consulship, since it cannot cure, should cut off all these, it would add no small period to the duration of the republic. For there is no nation, which we have reason to fear; no king, who can make war upon the Roman people. All disturbances abroad, both by land and sea, are quelled by the virtue of one man. But a domestic war still remains: the treason, the danger, the enemy is within. We are to combat with luxury, with madness, with villainy. In this war I profess myself your leader, and take upon myself all the animosity of the desperate. Whatever can possibly be healed, I will heal; but what ought to be cut off, I will never suffer to spread to the ruin of the city. Let them therefore depart, or be at rest; but if they are resolved both to remain in the

city, and continue their wonted practices, let them look for the punishment they deserve.

But some there are, Romans, who assert, that I have driven Catiline into banishment. And indeed, could words compass it, I would not scruple to drive them into exile too. Catiline, to be sure, was so very timorous and modest, that he could not stand the words of the consul; but being ordered into banishment, immediately acquiesced and obeyed. Yesterday, when I ran so great a hazard of being murdered in my own house, I assembled the senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator, and laid the whole affair before the conscript fathers. When Catiline came thither, did so much as one senator accost or salute him? In fine, did they regard him only as a desperate citizen, and nor rather as an outrageous enemy? Nay, the consular senators quitted that part of the house where he sat, and left the whole bench clear to him. Here I, that violent consul, who by a single word drive citizens into banishment, demanded of Catiline, whether he had not been at the nocturnal meeting in the house of M. Lecca. And when he, the most audacious of men, struck dumb by self-conviction, returned no answer, I laid open the whole to the senate; acquainting them with the transactions of that night; where he had been, what was reserved for the next, and how he had settled the whole plan of the war. As he appeared disconcerted and speechless, I asked what hindered his going upon an expedition, which he had so long prepared for; when I knew that he had already sent before him arms, axes, rods, trumpets, military ensigns, and that silver eagle, to which he had raised an impious altar in his own house. Can I be said to have driven into banishment a man who had already commenced hostilities against his country? Or is it credible that Manlius, an obscure centurion, who has pitched his camp upon the plains of Fesula, would declare war against the Roman people in his own name: that the forces under him do not now expect Catiline for their general: or that he, submitting to a voluntary banishment, has, as some pretend, repaired to Marseilles, and not to the before-mentioned camp? **II. 367.**

O wretched condition! not only of governing, but even of preserving the state. For should Catiline, discouraged and disconcerted by my counsels, vigilance, and strenuous

continuous care of the republic, be seized with a sudden dread, change his resolution, desert his party, quit his hostile designs, and alter his course of war and guilt, into that of flight and banishment; it will not then be said, that I have wrested out of his hands the weapons of infolence, that I have astonished and confounded him by my diligence, and that I have driven him from all his hopes and schemes: but he will be considered as a man innocent and uncondemned, who has been forced into banishment by the threats and violence of the consul. Nay there are, who in this regard, would think him not wicked, but unhappy; and me not a vigilant consul, but a cruel tyrant. But I little regard this storm of bitter and undeserved censure, provided I can screen you from the danger of this dreadful and impious war. Let him only go into banishment, and I am content it be ascribed to my threats. But believe me, he has no design to go. My desire of avoiding public envy, Romans, shall never induce me to wish you may hear of Catiline's being at the head of an army, and traversing, in a hostile manner, the territories of the republic. But assuredly you will hear it in three days; and I have much greater reason to fear being censured for letting him escape, than that I forced him to quit the city. But if men are so perverse as to complain of his being driven away, what would they have said if he had been put to death? Yet there is not one of those who talk of his going to Marseilles, but would be sorry for it if it was true; and with all the concern they express for him, they had much rather hear of his being in Manlius's camp. As for himself, had he never before thought of the project he is now engaged in, yet such is his particular turn of mind, that he would rather fall as a robber, than live as an exile. But now, as nothing has happened contrary to his expectation and desire, except that I was left alive when he quitted Rome; let us rather wish he may go into banishment, than complain of it.

But why do I speak so much about one enemy? An enemy too, who has openly proclaimed himself such; and whom I no longer dread, since, as I always wished, there is now a wall between us. Shall I say nothing of those who dissemble their reason, who continue at Rome, and mingle in our assemblies? With regard to these, indeed, I am less intent upon ven-

geance, than to reclaim them, if possible, from their errors, and reconcile them to the republic. Nor do I perceive any difficulty in the undertaking, if they will but listen to my advice. For first I will shew you, citizens, of what different sorts of men their forces consist, and then apply to each, as far as I am able, the most powerful remedies of persuasion and eloquence. The first sort consists of those, who having great debts, but still greater possessions, are so passionately fond of the latter, that they cannot bear the thought of infringing them. This, in appearance, is the most honourable class, for they are rich: but their intention and aim is the most infamous of all. Art thou distinguished by the possession of an estate, houses, money, slaves, and all the conveniences and superfluities of life; and dost thou scruple to take from thy possessions, in order to add to thy credit? For what is it thou expectest? Is it war? and dost thou hope thy possessions will remain unviolated, amidst an universal invasion of property? Is it new regulations about debts, thou hast in view? 'Tis an error to expect this from Catiline. New regulations shall indeed be proffered by my means, but attended with public auctions, which is the only method to preserve those who have estates from ruin. And had they consented to this expedient sooner, nor foolishly run out their estates in mortgages, they would have been at this day both richer men, and better citizens. But I have no great dread of this class of men, as believing they may be easily disengaged from the conspiracy; or, should they persist, they seem more likely to have recourse to imprecations than arms.

The next class consists of those, who though oppressed with debt, yet hope for power, and aspire at the chief management of public affairs; imagining they shall obtain those honours by throwing the state into confusion, which they despair of during its tranquillity. To these I shall give the same advice as to the rest, which is, to quit all hope of succeeding in their attempts. For first, I myself am watchful, active, and attentive to the interest of the republic; then there is on the side of the honest party, great courage, great unanimity, a vast multitude of citizens, and very numerous forces: in fine the immortal gods themselves will not fail to interpose in behalf of this unconquered people, this illustrious empire, this fair city,

city, against the daring attempts of guilty violence. And even supposing them to accomplish what they wish so much frantic rage desire, do they hope to spring up consuls, dictators, or kings, from the ashes of a city, and blood of her citizens, which with so much treachery and sacrilege they have conspired to spill? They are ignorant of the tendency of their own desires, and that, in case of success, they must themselves fall a prey to some fugitive or gladiator. The third class consists of men of advanced age, but hardened in all the exercises of war. Of this sort is Manlius, whom Catiline now succeeds. These come mostly from the colonies planted by Sylla at Fesulæ; which, I am ready to allow, consist of the best citizens, and the bravest men: but coming many of them to the sudden and unexpected possession of great wealth, they ran into all the excesses of luxury and profusion. These, by building fine houses, by affluent living, splendid equipages, numerous attendants, and sumptuous entertainments, have plunged themselves so deeply in debt, that, in order to retrieve their affairs, they must recal Sylla from his tomb. I say nothing of those needy indigent ruffic, whom they have gained over to their party, by the hopes of seeing the scheme of rapine renewed: for I consider both in the same light of robbers, and plunderers. But I advise them to drop their frantic ambition, and think no more of dictatorships and proscriptions. For so deep an impression have the calamities of those times made upon the state, that not only men, but the very beasts would not bear a repetition of such outrages.

The fourth is a mixt, motly, mutinous tribe, who have been long ruined beyond hopes of recovery; and, partly through indolence, partly through ill management, partly too through extravagance, droop beneath a load of ancient debt: who, persecuted with arrests, judgments, and confiscations, are said to resort in great numbers, both from city and country, to the enemy's camp. These I consider, not as brave soldiers, but dispirited bankrupts. If they cannot support themselves, let them even fall: yet so, that neither the city nor neighbourhood may receive any shock. For I am unable to perceive why, if they cannot live with honour, they should chuse to die with infamy: or why they should fancy it less painful to die in company with others, than to perish by themselves. The

fifth sort is a collection of parricides, assassins, and ruffians of all kinds; whom I ask not to abandon Catiline, as knowing them to be inseparable. Let these even perish in their robberies, since their number is so great, that no prison could be found large enough to contain them. The last class, not only in this enumeration, but likewise in character and morals, are Catiline's peculiar associates, his choice companions, and bosom friends; such as you see with curled locks, neat array, beardless, or with beards nicely trimmed; in full dress, in flowing robes, and wearing mantles instead of gowns; whose whole labour of life, and industry in watching, are exhausted upon midnight entertainments. Under this class we may rank all gamblers, whoremasters, and the lewd and lustful of every denomination. These slim delicate youths, practised in all the arts of raising and allaying the amorous fire, not only know to sing and dance, but on occasion can aim the murdering dagger, and administer the poisonous draught. Unless these depart, unless these perish, know, that was even Catiline himself to fall, we shall still have a nursery of Catilines in the state. But what can this miserable race have in view? Do they propose to carry their wenches along with them to the camp? Indeed, how can they be without them these cold winter nights? But have they considered of the Appennine frosts and snows? or do they imagine they will be the abler to endure the rigours of winter, for having learned to dance naked at revels? O formidable and tremendous war! where Catiline's prætorian guard consists of such a dissolute effeminate crew.

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garri- sons and armies: and first, to that battered and maimed gladiator, oppose your consuls and generals: next, against that out-cast miserable crew, lead forth the flower and strength of all Italy. The walls of our colonies and free towns will easily resist the efforts of Catiline's rustic troops. But I ought not to run the parallel farther, or compare your other resources, preparations, and defences, to the indigence and nakedness of that robber. But if omitting all those advantages of which we are provided, and he destitute, as the senate, the Roman knights, the people, the city, the treasury, the public revenues, all Italy, all the provinces, foreign states: I
say,

if omitting all these, we only compare the contending parties between themselves, it will soon appear how very low our enemies are reduced. On the one side modesty contends, on the other petulance: here chastity, there pollution: here integrity, there treachery: here piety, there profaneness: here resolution, there rage: here honour, there baseness: here moderation, there unbridled licentiousness: in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice. Lastly, the contest lies between wealth and indigence, sound and depraved reason, strength of understanding and frenzy; in short, between well-grounded hope, and the most absolute despair. In such a conflict and struggle as this, was even human aid to fail, will not the immortal gods enable such illustrious virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

Such, Romans, being our present situation, do you, as I have before advised, watch and keep guard in your private houses: for as to what concerns the public tranquillity, and the defence of the city, I have taken care to secure that, without tumult or alarm. The colonies and municipal towns, having received notice from me of Catiline's nocturnal retreat, will be upon their guard against him. The band of gladiators, whom Catiline always depended upon, as his best and surest support, though in truth they are better affected than some part of the patricians, are nevertheless taken care of in such a manner, as to be in the power of the republic. Quinctius Metellus the praetor, whom, foreseeing Catiline's flight, I sent into Gaul and the district of Picenum, will either wholly crush the traitor, or baffle all his motions and attempts. And to settle, ripen, and bring all other matters to a conclusion, I am now going to lay them before the senate, which you see now assembling. As for those therefore who continue in the city, who were left behind by Catiline, for the destruction of it and us all; though they are enemies, yet as by birth they are like fellow-citizens, I again and again admonish them, that my lenity, which to some have rather appeared remissness, has been waiting only for an opportunity of confrating the certainty of the plot. For the rest, I shall never forget that this is my country, that I am its consul, that I think it my duty either to live my countrymen, or die for them.

There is no guard upon the gates, none to watch the roads; if any one has a mind to withdraw himself, he may go wherever he pleases. But whoever makes the least stir within the city, so as to be caught not only in any overt act, but even in any plot or attempt against the republic; he shall know, that there are in it vigilant consuls, excellent magistrates, and a resolute senate; that there are arms, and a prison, which our ancestors provided as the avenger of manifest and atrocious crimes.

And all this shall be transacted in such a manner, citizens, that the greatest disorders shall be quelled without the least hurry; the greatest dangers without any tumult; a domestic and intestine war, the most cruel and desperate of any in our memory, by me, your only leader and general, in my gown; which I will manage so, that, as far as it is possible, not one even of the guilty shall suffer punishment in the city: but if their audaciousness and my country's danger should necessarily drive me from this mild resolution; yet I will effect, what in so cruel and treacherous a war could hardly be hoped for, that not one honest man shall fall, but all of you be safe by the punishment of a few. This I promise, citizens, not from any confidence in my own prudence, or from any human counsels, but from the many evident declarations of the gods, by whose impulse I am led into this persuasion; who assist us, not as they used to do, at a distance, against foreign and remote enemies, but by their present help and protection defend their temples and our houses. It is your part, therefore, citizens, to worship, implore, and pray to them, that since all our enemies are now subdued both by land and sea, they would continue to preserve this city, which was designed by them for the most beautiful, the most flourishing and most powerful on earth, from the detestable treasons of its own desperate citizens.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 7. Oration against Catiline.

THE ARGUMENT.

Catiline, as we have seen, being forced to leave Rome, Lentulus, and the rest who remained in the city, began to prepare all things for the execution of their grand design. They solicited men of all ranks, who seemed likely to favour their cause, or to

he of any use to it; and among the rest, agreed to make an attempt on the ambassadors of the Allobrogians, a warlike, mutinous, faithless people, inhabiting the countries now called Savoy and Dauphiny, greatly disaffected to the Roman power, and already ripe for rebellion. These ambassadors, who were preparing to return home, much out of humour with the senate, and without any redress of the grievances which they were sent to complain of, received the proposal at first very greedily, and promised to engage their nation to assist the conspirators with what they principally wanted, a good body of horse, whenever they should begin the war: but reflecting afterwards, in their cooler thoughts, on the difficulty of the enterprise, and the danger of involving themselves and their country in so desperate a cause, they resolved to discover what they knew to Q. Fabius Sanga, the patron of their city, who immediately gave intelligence of it to the consul. Cicero's instructions upon it were, that the ambassadors should continue to feign the same zeal which they had hitherto shewn, and promise every thing which was required of them, till they had got a full insight into the extent of the plot, with distinct proofs against the particular actors in it: upon which, at their next conference with the conspirators, they insisted on having some credentials from them to shew to their people at home, without which they would never be induced to enter into an engagement so hazardous. This was thought reasonable, and presently complied with, and Vulturcius was appointed to go along with the ambassadors, and introduce them to Catiline on their road, in order to confirm the agreement, and exchange assurances also with him; to whom Lentulus sent at the same time a particular letter under his own hand and seal, though without his name. Cicero being punctually informed of all these facts, concerted privately with the ambassadors the time and manner of their leaving Rome in the night, and that on the Alban bridge, about a mile from the city, they should be arrested with their papers and letters about

them, by two of the prætors, L. Flaccus and C. Pontinius, whom he had instructed for that purpose, and ordered to lie in ambush near the place, with a strong guard of friends and soldiers: all which was successfully executed, and the whole company brought prisoners to Cicero's house by break of day. The rumour of this accident presently drew a resort of Cicero's principal friends about him, who advised him to open the letters before he produced them in the senate, lest, if nothing of moment were found in them, it might be thought rash and imprudent to raise an unnecessary terror and alarm through the city. But he was too well informed of the contents, to fear any censure of that kind; and declared, that in a case of public danger, he thought it his duty to lay the matter entire before the public council. He summoned the senate therefore to meet immediately, and sat at the same time for Gabinus, Statilius, Cethegus, and Lentulus, who all came presently to his house, expecting nothing of the discovery, and being informed also of a quantity of arms provided by Cethegus for the use of the conspiracy, he ordered Sulpicius, another of the prætors, to go and search his house, where he found a great number of swords and daggers with other arms, all newly cleaned, and ready for present service. With this preparation he set out to meet the senate in the temple of Concord, with a numerous guard of citizens, carrying the ambassadors and the conspirators with him in custody: and after he had given the assembly an account of the whole affair, the several parties were called in and examined, at an ample discovery made of the whole progress of the plot. After the criminals and witnesses were withdrawn, the senate went into a debate upon the state of the republic, and came unanimously to the following resolutions: That public thanks should be decreed to Cicero in the amplest manner, by whose virtue, counsel, and providence, the republic was delivered from the greatest danger; that Flaccus and Pontinius the prætors, should be thanked likewise, for their vigorous and punctual execution

tion of Cicero's orders: that Antonius, the other consul, should be praised, for having removed from his counsels all those who were concerned in the conspiracy: that Lentulus, after having abdicated the prætorship, and divested himself of his robes; and Cethegus, Statilius, and Gabinus, with their other accomplices also whentaken, Cassius, Cæparius, Furius, Chilo, and Umbrenus, should be committed to safe custody; and that a public thanksgiving should be appointed in Cicero's name, for his having preserved the city from a conflagration, the citizens from a massacre, and Italy from a war. The senate being dismissed, Cicero went directly into the Rostra; and, in the following speech, gave the people an account of the discovery that had been made, with the resolutions of the senate consequent thereupon.

TO-Day, Romans, you behold the commonwealth, your lives, estates, fortunes, your wives and children, the august seat of this renowned empire, this fair and flourishing city, preserved and restored to you, rescued from fire and sword, and almost snatched from the jaws of fate, by the distinguished love of the immortal gods towards you, and by means of my toils, counsels and dangers. And if the days in which we are preserved from ruin, be no less joyous and memorable than those of our birth; because the pleasure of deliverance is certain, the condition to which we are born uncertain; and because we enter upon life without consciousness, but are always sensible to the joys of preservation: surely, since our gratitude and esteem for Romulus, the founder of this city, has induced us to rank him amongst the immortal gods; he cannot but merit honour with you and posterity, who has preserved the same city, with all its acceptions of strength and grandeur. For we have extinguished the flames that were dispersed on all sides, and just ready to seize the temples, sanctuaries, dwellings, and walls of this city; we have blunted the swords that were drawn against the state; and turned aside the daggers that were pointed at your throats. And as all these particulars have been already explained, cleared, and fully proved by me in the senate; I shall now, Romans, say them briefly before you, that such are strangers to what has happened,

and wait with impatience to be informed, may understand what a terrible and manifest destruction hung over them, how it was traced out, and in what manner discovered. And first, ever since Catiline, a few days ago, fled from Rome; as he left behind him the partners of his treason, and the boldest champions of this execrable war, I have always been upon the watch, Romans, and studying how to secure you amidst such dark and complicated dangers.

For at that time, when I drove Catiline from Rome (for I now dread no reproach from that word, but rather the censure of having suffered him to escape alive) I say, when I forced him to quit Rome, I naturally concluded, that the rest of his accomplices would either follow him, or, being deprived of his assistance, would proceed with less vigour and firmness. But when I found that the most daring and forward of the conspirators still continued with us, and remained in the city, I employed myself night and day to unravel and fathom all their proceedings and designs; that since my words found less credit with you, because of the inconceivable enormity of the treason, I might lay the whole so clearly before you, as to compel you at length to take measures for your own safety, when you could no longer avoid seeing the danger that threatened you. Accordingly, when I found, that the ambassadors of the Allobrogians had been solicited by P. Lentulus to kindle a war beyond the Alps, and raise commotions in Hither Gaul; that they had been sent to engage their state in the conspiracy, with orders to confer with Catiline by the way, to whom they had letters and instructions; and that Vulturcius was appointed to accompany them, who was likewise entrusted with letters to Catiline; I thought a fair opportunity offered, not only of satisfying myself with regard to the conspiracy, but likewise of clearing it up to the senate and you, which had always appeared a matter of the greatest difficulty, and been the constant subject of my prayers to the immortal gods. Yesterday, therefore, I sent to the prætors L. Flaccus, and C. Pontinus, men of known courage, and distinguished zeal for the republic. I laid the whole matter before them, and made them acquainted with what I designed. They, full of the noblest and most generous sentiments with regard to their country, undertook the business without delay or hesitation; and

upon the approach of night, privately repaired to the Milvian bridge, where they disposed themselves in such manner in the neighbouring villages, that they formed two bodies, with the river and bridges between them. They likewise carried along with them a great number of brave soldiers, without the least suspicion; and I dispatched from the præfecture of Reate several chosen youths well armed, whose assistance I had frequently used in the defence of the commonwealth. In the mean time, towards the close of the third watch, as the deputies of the Allobrogians, accompanied by Vulturcius, began to pass the bridge with a great retinue, our men came out against them, and swords were drawn on both sides. The affair was known to the prætors alone, none else being admitted into the secret.

Upon the coming up of Pontinus and Flaccus, the conflict ceased; all the letters they carried with them were delivered sealed to the prætors; and the deputies, with their whole retinue being seized, were brought before me towards the dawn of day. I then sent for Gabinus Cimber, the contriver of all these detestable treasons, who suspected nothing of what had passed. L. Statilius was summoned next, and then Cethegus; Lentulus came the last of all, probably because, contrary to custom, he had been up the greatest part of the night before, making out the dispatches. Many of the greatest and most illustrious men in Rome, hearing what had passed, crowded to my house in the morning, and advised me to open the letters before I communicated them to the senate, lest, if nothing material was found in them, I should be blamed for rashly occasioning so great an alarm in the city. But I refused to comply, that an affair which threatened public danger, might come entire before the public council of the state. For, citizens, had the informations given me appeared to be without foundation, I had yet little reason to apprehend, that any censure would befall me for my over-diligence in so dangerous an aspect of things. I immediately assembled, as you saw, a very full senate; and at the same time, in consequence of a hint from the Allobrogian deputies, dispatched C. Sulpicius the prætor, a man of known courage, to search the house of Cethegus, where he found a great number of swords and daggers.

I introduced Vulturcius without the Gallic deputies; and by order of the house,

offered him a free pardon in the name of the public, if he would faithfully discover all that he knew: upon which, after some hesitation, he confessed, that he had letters and instructions from Lentulus to Catiline, to press him to accept the assistance of the slaves, and to lead his army with all expedition towards Rome, to the intent that when, according to the scheme previously settled and concerted among them, it should be set on fire in different places, and the general massacre begun, he might be at hand to intercept those who escaped, and join with his friends in the city. The ambassadors were next brought in, who declared, that an oath of secrecy had been exacted from them, and that they had received letters to their nation from Lentulus, Cethegus, and Statilius; that these three, and L. Cassius also, required them to send a body of horse as soon as possible into Italy, declaring, that they had no occasion for any foot: that Lentulus had assured them from the Sibylline books, and the answers of soothsayers, that he was the third Cornelius, who was destined to empire, and the sovereignty of Rome, which Cinna and Sylla had enjoyed before him; and that this was the fatal year marked for the destruction of the city and empire, being the tenth from the acquittal of the vestal virgins, and the twentieth from the burning of the capitol: that there was some dispute between Cethegus and the rest about the time of firing the city; because, while Lentulus and the other conspirators were for fixing it on the feast of Saturn, Cethegus thought that day too remote and dilatory.

But not to be tedious, Romans, I at last ordered the letters to be produced, which were said to be sent by the different parties. I first shewed Cethegus his seal; which he owning, I opened and read the letter. It was written with his own hand, and addressed to the senate and people of the Allobrogians, signifying that he would make good what he had promised to their ambassadors, and entreating them also to perform what the ambassadors had undertaken for them. Then Cethegus, who a little before, being interrogated about the arms that were found at his house, had answered that he was always particularly fond of neat arms; upon hearing his letter read, was so dejected, confounded, and self-convicted, that he could not utter a word in his own defence. Statilius was then brought in, and acknowledged his
hand

and seal; and when his letter was read, to the same purpose with that of Cethegus, he confessed it to be his own. Then Lentulus's letter was produced. I asked if he knew the seal: he owned he did. It indeed, said I, a well known seal; the head of your illustrious grandfather, so distinguished for his love to his country and fellow-citizens, that it is amazing the very sight of it was not sufficient to restrain you from so black a treason. His letter, directed to the senate and people of the Allobroges, was of the same import with the other two: but having leave to speak for himself, he at first denied the whole charge, and began to question the ambassadors and Vulturcius, what business they ever had with him, and on what occasion they came to his house; to which they gave clear and distinct answers; signifying by whom, and how often they had been introduced to him; and then asked him in their turn, whether he had never mentioned any thing to them about the Sibylline oracles; upon which being confounded, or insatuated rather by the sense of his guilt, he gave a remarkable proof of the great force of conscience: for not only his usual parts and eloquence, but his impudence too, in which he outdid all men, quite failed him; so that he confessed his crime, to the surprise of the whole assembly. Then Vulturcius desired, that the letter to Catiline, which Lentulus had sent by him, might be opened; where Lentulus again, though greatly disordered, acknowledged his hand and seal. It was written without any name, but to this effect: "You will know who I am, from him whom I have sent to you. Take care to shew yourself a man, and recollect in what situation you are, and consider what is now necessary for you. Be sure to make use of the assistance of all, even of the lowest." Gabinus was then introduced, and behaved impudently for a while; but at last denied nothing of what the ambassadors charged him with. And indeed, Romans, though their letters, seals, hands, and lastly their several voluntary confessions, were strong and convincing evidences of their guilt; yet had I still clearer proofs of it from their looks, change of colour, countenances, and silence. For such was their amazement, such their downcast looks, such their stolen glances one at another, that they seemed not so much convicted by the information of others, as detected by the consciousness of their own guilt.

The proofs being thus laid open and cleared, I consulted the senate upon the measures proper to be taken for the public safety. The most severe and vigorous resolutions were proposed by the leading men, to which the senate agreed without the least opposition. And as the decree is not yet put into writing, I shall, as far as my memory serves, give you an account of the whole proceeding. First of all, public thanks were decreed to me in the amplest manner, for having by my courage, counsel, and foresight, delivered the republic from the greatest dangers: then the praetors L. Flaccus, and C. Pontinus were likewise thanked, for their vigorous and punctual execution of my orders. My colleague, the brave Antonius was praised, for having removed from his own and the councils of the republic, all those who were concerned in the conspiracy. They then came to a resolution, that P. Lentulus, after having abdicated the praetorship, should be committed to safe custody; that C. Cethegus, L. Statilius, P. Gabinus, all three then present, should likewise remain in confinement; and that the same sentence should be extended to L. Cassius, who had offered himself to the task of firing the city; to M. Ceparius, to whom, as appeared, Apulia had been assigned for raising the shepherds; to P. Furius, who belonged to the colonies settled by Sylla at Fefulæ; to Q. Magius Chilo, who had always seconded this Furius, in his application to the deputies of the Allobrogi; and to P. Umbrenus, the son of a freed-man, who was proved to have first introduced the Gauls to Gabinus. The senate chose to proceed with this lenity, Romans, from a persuasion that though the conspiracy was indeed formidable, and the strength and number of our domestic enemies very great; yet by the punishment of nine of the most desperate, they should be able to preserve the state, and reclaim all the rest. At the same time, a public thanksgiving was decreed in my name to the immortal gods, for their signal care of the commonwealth; the first, Romans, since the building of Rome, that was ever decreed to any man in the gown. It was conceived in these words: "Because I had preserved the city from a conflagration, the citizens from a massacre, and Italy from a war." A thanksgiving, my countrymen, which, if compared with others of the same kind, will be found to differ from them in this; that all others were appointed

appointed for some particular services to the republic, this alone for saving it. What required our first care was first executed and dispatched. For P. Lentulus, though in consequence of the evidence brought against him, and his own confession, the senate had adjudged him to have forfeited not only the prætorship, but the privileges of a Roman citizen, divested himself of his magistracy: that the consideration of a public character, which yet had no weight with the illustrious C. Marius, when he put to death the prætor C. Glauca, against whom nothing had been expressly decided, might not occasion any scruple to us in punishing P. Lentulus, now reduced to the condition of a private man.

And now, Romans, as the detestable leaders of this impious and unnatural rebellion are seized and in custody, you may justly conclude, that Catiline's whole strength, power, and hopes are broken, and the dangers that threatened the city dispelled. For when I was driving him out of the city, Romans, I clearly foresaw, that if he was once removed, there would be nothing to apprehend from the drowiness of Lentulus, the fat of Cassius, or the rashness of Cethegus. He was the alone formidable person of the whole number, yet no longer so, than while he remained within the walls of the city. He knew every thing; he had access in all places; he wanted neither abilities nor boldness to address, to tempt, to solicit. He had a head to contrive, a tongue to explain, and a hand to execute any undertaking. He had select and proper agents to be employed in every particular enterprize; and never took a thing to be done, because he had ordered it; but always pursued, urged, attended, and saw it done himself; declining neither hunger, cold, nor thirst. Had I not driven this man, so keen, so resolute, so daring, so crafty, so alert in mischief, so active in desperate designs, from his secret plots within the city, into open rebellion in the fields, I could never so easily, to speak my real thoughts, Romans, have delivered the republic from its dangers. He would not have fixed upon the feast of Saturn, nor name the fatal day for our destruction so long before-hand, nor suffered his hand and seal to be brought against him, as manifest proofs of his guilt. Yet all this has been so managed in his absence, that no theft in any private house was ever more clearly detected than this whole conspiracy. But if Catiline

had remained in the city till this day; though to the utmost I would have obstructed and opposed all his designs; yet, to say the least, we must have come at last to open force; nor would we have found it possible, while that traitor was in the city, to have delivered the commonwealth from such threatening dangers with so much ease, quiet, and tranquillity.

Yet all these transactions, Romans, have been so managed by me, as if the whole was the pure effect of a divine influence and foresight. This we may conjecture, not only from the events themselves being above the reach of human counsel, but because the gods have so remarkably interposed in them, as to shew themselves almost visibly. For not to mention the nightly streams of light from the western sky, the blazing of the heavens, the thunders, the earthquakes, with the other many prodigies which have happened in my consulship, that seem like the voice of the gods predicting these events; surely, Romans, what I am now about to say, ought neither to be omitted, nor pass without notice. For doubtless, you must remember, that under the consulship of Cotta and Torquatus, several turrets of the capitol were struck down with lightning: that the images of the immortal gods were likewise overthrown, the statues of ancient heroes displaced, and the brazen tables of the laws melted down: that even Romulus, the founder of this city, escaped not unhurt; whose gilt statue, representing him as an infant, sucking a wolf, you may remember to have seen in the capitol. At that time the footsayers, being called together from all Etruria, declared, that fire, slaughter, the overthrow of the laws, civil war, and the ruin of the city and empire were portended, unless the gods, appeased by all sorts of means, could be prevailed with to interpose, and bend in some measure the destinies themselves. In consequence of this answer, solemn games were celebrated for ten days, nor was any method of pacifying the gods omitted. The same footsayers likewise ordered a larger statue of Jupiter to be made, and placed on high, in a position contrary to that of the former image, with its face turned towards the east; intimating, that if his statue, which you now behold, looked towards the rising sun, the forum, and the senate-house; then all secret machinations against the city and empire would be detected so evidently,

evidently, as to be clearly seen by the senate and people of Rome. Accordingly the consuls of that year ordered the statue to be placed in the manner directed: but from the slow progress of the work, neither they, nor their successors, nor I myself, could get it finished till that very day.

Can any man after this be such an enemy to truth, so rash, so mad, as to deny, that all things which we see, and above all, that this city is governed by the power and providence of the gods? For when the soothsayers declared, that massacres, conflagrations, and the entire ruin of the state were then devising; crimes! the enormity of whose guilt rendered the prediction to some incredible: yet are you now sensible, that all this has been by wicked citizens not only devised, but even attempted. Can it then be imputed to any thing but the immediate interposition of the great Jupiter, that this morning, while the conspirators and witnesses were by my order carried through the forum to the temple of Concord, in that very moment the statue was fixed in its place? And being fixed, and turned to look upon you and the senate, both you and the senate saw all the treasonable designs against the public safety, clearly detected and exposed. The conspirators, therefore, justly merit the greater punishment and detestation, for endeavouring to involve in impious flames, not only your houses and habitations, but the dwellings and temples of the gods themselves: nor can I, without intolerable vanity and presumption, lay claim to the merit of having defeated their attempts. It was he, it was Jupiter himself, who opposed them: to him the capitol, to him the temples, to him this city, to him are you all indebted for your preservation. It was from the immortal gods, Romans, that I derived my resolution and foresight; and by their providence, that I was enabled to make such important discoveries. The attempt to engage the Allobrogiens in the conspiracy, and the insatiation of Lentulus and his associates, in trailing affairs and letters of such moment to men barbarous and unknown to them, can never surely be accounted for, but by supposing the gods to have confounded their understandings. And that the ambassadors of the Gauls, a nation so disaffected, and the only one at present that seems both able and willing to make war upon the Roman people,

should slight the hopes of empire and dominion, and the advantageous offers of men of patrician rank, and prefer your safety to their own interest, must needs be the effect of a divine interposition; especially when they might have gained their ends, not by fighting, but by holding their tongues.

Wherefore, Romans, since a thanksgiving has been decreed at all the shrines of the gods, celebrate the same religiously with your wives and children. Many are the proofs of gratitude you have justly paid to the gods on former occasions, but never surely were more apparently due than at present. You have been snatched from a most cruel and deplorable fate; and that too without slaughter, without blood, without an army, without fighting. In the habit of citizens, and under me your only leader and conductor in the robe of peace, you have obtained the victory. For do but call to mind, Romans, all the civil dissensions in which we have been involved; not those only you may have heard of, but those too within your own memory and knowledge. L. Sylla destroyed P. Sulpicius; drove Marius, the guardian of this empire, from Rome; and partly banished, partly slaughtered, a great number of the most deserving citizens. Cn. Octavius, when consul, expelled his colleague by force of arms, from the city. The forum was filled with carcases, and flowed with the blood of the citizens. Cinna afterwards, in conjunction with Marius, prevailed: and then it was that the very lights of our country were extinguished by the slaughter of her most illustrious men. Sylla avenged this cruel victory; with what massacre of the citizens, with what calamity to the state, it is needless to relate. M. Lepidus had a difference with Q. Catulus, a man of the most distinguished reputation and merit. The ruin brought upon the former was not so afflicting to the republic, as that of the rest who perished upon the same occasion. Yet all these dissensions, Romans, were of such a nature, as tended only to a change in the government, not a total destruction of the state. It was not the aim of the persons concerned, to extinguish the commonwealth, but to be leading men in it; they desired not to see Rome in flames, but to rule in Rome. And yet all these civil differences, none of which tended to the overthrow of the state, were so obstinately kept up, that they never ended in a reconciliation of the parties,

ties, but in a massacre of the citizens. But in this war, a war the fiercest and most implacable ever known, and not to be paralleled in the history of the most barbarous nations; a war in which Lentulus, Catiline, Cassius and Cethegus laid it down as a principle, to consider all as enemies who had any interest in the well being of the state; I have conducted myself in such a manner, Romans, as to preserve you all. And though your enemies imagined that no more citizens would remain, than what escaped endless massacre; nor any more of Rome be left standing, than was snatched from a devouring conflagration; yet have I preserved both city and citizens from harm.

For all these important services, Romans, I desire no other reward of my zeal, no other mark of honour, no other monument of praise, but the perpetual remembrance of this day. It is in your breasts alone, that I would have all my triumphs, all my titles of honour, all the monuments of my glory, all the trophies of my renown, recorded and preserved. Lifeless statues, silent testimonies of fame; in fine, whatever can be compassed by men of inferior merit, has no charms for me. In your remembrance, Romans, shall my actions be cherished, from your praises shall they derive growth and nourishment, and in your annals shall they ripen and be immortalized: nor will this day, I flatter myself, ever cease to be propagated, to the safety of the city, and the honour of my consulship: but it shall eternally remain upon record, that there were two citizens living at the same time in the republic, the one of whom was terminating the extent of the empire by the bounds of the horizon itself; the other preserving the seat and capital of that empire.

But as the fortune and circumstances of my actions are different from those of my generals abroad, in as much as I must live with those whom I have conquered and subdued, whereas they leave their enemies either dead or enthralled; it is your part, Romans, to take care, that if the good actions of others are beneficial to them, mine prove not detrimental to me. I have baffled the wicked and bloody purposes formed against you by the most daring offenders; it belongs to you to baffle their attempts against me; though as to myself, I have in reality no cause to fear any thing, since I shall be protected by the guard of all honest men,

whose friendship I have for ever secured by the dignity of the republic itself, which will never cease to be my silent defender; and by the power of conscience, which all those must needs violate, who shall attempt to injure me. Such too is my spirit, Romans, that I will never yield to the audaciousness of any, but even provoke and attack all the wicked and the profligate: yet if all the rage of our domestic enemies, when repelled from the people, shall at last turn singly upon me, you will do well to consider, Romans, what effect this may afterwards have upon those, who are bound to expose themselves to envy and danger for your safety. As to myself in particular, what have I farther to wish for in life, since both with regard to the honours you confer, and the reputation flowing from virtue, I have already reached the highest point of my ambition. This however I expressly engage for, Romans, always to support and defend in my private condition, what I have acted in my consulship; that if any envy be stirred up against me for preserving the state, it may hurt the envious, but advance my glory. In short, I shall so behave in the republic, as ever to be mindful of my past actions, and shew that what I did was not the effect of chance, but of virtue. Do you, Romans, since it is now night, repair to your several dwellings, and pray to Jupiter, the guardian of this city, and of your lives: and though the danger be now over, keep the same watch in your houses as before. I shall take care to put a speedy period to the necessity of these precautions, and to secure you for the future in uninterrupted peace.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 8. Oration against Catiline.

THE ARGUMENT.

Though the design of the conspiracy was in a great measure defeated, by the commitment of the most considerable of those concerned in it, yet as they had many secret favourers and well-wishers within the city, the people were alarmed with the rumor of fresh plots, formed by the slaves and dependants of Lentulus and Cethegus for the rescue of their masters, which obliged Cicero to reinforce his guards; and for the prevention of all such attempts, to put an end to the whole affair, by bringing the

the question of their punishment, without farther delay, before the senate; which he accordingly summoned for that purpose. The debate was of great delicacy and importance; to decide upon the lives of citizens of the first rank. Capital punishments were rare, and ever odious in Rome, whose laws were of all others the least sanguinary; banishment, with confiscation of goods, being the ordinary punishment for the greatest crimes. The senate indeed, as has been said above, in cases of sudden and dangerous tumults, claimed the prerogative of punishing the leaders with death, by the authority of their own decrees. But this was looked upon as a stretch of power, and an infringement of the rights of the people, which nothing could excuse but the necessity of times, and the extremity of danger. For there was an old law of Porcius Læca, a tribune, which granted all criminals capitally condemned, an appeal to the people; and a later one of C. Gracchus, to prohibit the taking away the life of any citizen, without a formal hearing before the people: so that some senators, who had concurred in all the previous debates, withdrew themselves from this, to shew their dislike of what they expected to be the issue of it, and to have no hand in putting Roman citizens to death by a vote of the senate. Here then was ground enough for Cicero's enemies to act upon, if extreme methods were pursued: he himself was aware of it, and saw, that the public interest called for the severest punishment, his private interest the gentlest: yet he came resolved to sacrifice all regards for his own quiet, to the consideration of the public safety. As soon therefore as he had moved the question, What was to be done with the conspirators? Silanus, the consul elect, being called upon to speak the first, advised, that those who were then in custody, with the rest who should afterwards be taken, should all be put to death. To this all who spoke after him readily assented, till it came to Julius Cæsar, then prætor elect, who in an elegant and elaborate speech, treated that opinion, not as cruel, since death, he

said, was not a punishment, but relief to the miserable, and left no sense either of good or ill beyond it; but as new and illegal, and contrary to the constitution of the republic: and though the heinousness of the crime would justify any severity, yet the example was dangerous in a free state; and the salutary use of arbitrary power in good hands, had been the cause of fatal mischiefs when it fell into bad; of which he produced several instances, both in other cities and their own; and though no danger could be apprehended from these times, or such a consul as Cicero; yet in other times, and under another consul, when the sword was once drawn by a decree of the senate, no man could promise what mischief it might not do before it was sheathed again: his opinion therefore was, that the estates of the conspirators should be confiscated, and their persons closely confined in the strong towns of Italy; and that it should be criminal for any one to move the senate or the people for any favour towards them. These two contrary opinions being proposed, the next question was, which of them should take place: Cæsar's had made a great impression on the assembly, and staggered even Silanus, who began to excuse and mitigate the severity of his vote; and Cicero's friends were going forwardly into it, as likely to create the least trouble to Cicero himself, for whose future peace and safety they began to be solicitous: when Cicero, observing the inclination of the house, and rising up to put the question, made this fourth speech on the subject of the conspiracy; in which he delivers his sentiments with all the skill both of the orator and statesman; and while he seems to shew a perfect neutrality, and to give equal commendation to both the opinions, artfully labours all the while to turn the scale in favour of Silanus's, which he considered as a necessary example of severity in the present circumstances of the republic.

I PERCEIVE, conscript fathers, that every look, that every eye is fixed upon me. I see you solicitous not only for your

own and your country's danger, but was that repelled, for mine also. This proof of your affection is grateful to me in sorrow, and pleasing in distress: but by the immortal gods I conjure you! lay it all aside; and without any regard to my safety, think only of yourselves, and of your families. For should the condition of my consulship be such as to subject me to all manner of pains, hardships, and sufferings; I will bear them not only resolutely but cheerfully, if by my labours I can secure your dignity and safety, with that of the people of Rome. Such, conscript fathers, has been the fortune of my consulship, that neither the forum, that centre of all equity, nor the field of Mars, consecrated by consular auspices, nor the senate-house, the principal refuge of all nations, nor domestic walls, the common asylum of all men; nor the bed, destined to repose; nay, nor even this honourable seat, this chair of state, have been free from perils and the snares of death. Many things have I dissembled, many have I suffered, many have I yielded to, and many struggled with in silence, for your quiet. But if the immortal gods would grant that issue to my consulship, of saving you, conscript fathers, and the people of Rome, from a massacre; your wives, your children, and the vestal virgins, from the bitterest persecution; the temples and altars of the gods, with this our fair country, from sacrilegious flames; and all Italy from war and desolation; let what fate soever attend me, I will be content with it. For if P. Lentulus, upon the report of soothsayers, thought his name portended the ruin of the state; why should not I rejoice, that my consulship has been as it were reserved by fate for its preservation.

Wherefore, conscript fathers, think of your own safety, turn your whole care upon the state, secure yourselves, your wives, your children, your fortunes; guard the lives and dignity of the people of Rome, and cease your concern and anxiety for me. For first, I have reason to hope, that all the gods, the protectors of this city, will reward me according to my deserts. Then, should any thing extraordinary happen, I am prepared to die with an even and constant mind. For death can never be dishonourable to the brave, nor premature to one who has reached the dignity of consul, nor afflicting to the wise. Not that I am so hardened against

all the impressions of humanity, as to remain indifferent to the grief of a dear and affectionate brother here present, and the tears of all those by whom you see me surrounded. Nor can I forbear to own, that an afflicted wife, a daughter dispirited with fear, an infant son, whom my country seems to embrace as the pledge of my consulship, and a son-in-law, whom I behold waiting with anxiety the issue of this day, often recal my thoughts homewards. All these objects affect me, yet in such a manner, that I am chiefly concerned for their preservation and yours, and scruple not to expose myself to any hazard, rather than that they and all of us should be involved in one general ruin. Wherefore, conscript fathers, apply yourselves wholly to the safety of the state, guard against the storms that threaten us on every side, and which it will require your utmost circumspection to avert. It is not a Tiberius Gracchus, caballing for a second tribuneship; nor a Caius Gracchus, stirring up the people in favour of his Agrarian law; nor a Lucius Saturninus, the murderer of Caius Memmius, who is now in judgment before you, and exposed to the severity of the law; but traitors, who remained at Rome to fire the city, to massacre the senate, and to receive Catiline. Their letters, their seals, their hands; in short, their several confessions, are in your custody; and clearly convict them of soliciting the Allobrogians, spitting up the slaves, and sending for Catiline. The scheme proposed was, to put all, without exception, to the sword, that not a soul might remain to lament the fate of the commonwealth, and the overthrow of so mighty an empire.

All this has been proved by witnesses, the criminals themselves have confessed, and you have already condemned them by several previous acts. First, by returning thanks to me in the most honourable terms, and declaring that by my virtue and vigilance, a conspiracy of desperate men has been laid open. Next, by deposing Lentulus from the pratorship, and committing him, with the rest of the conspirators, to custody. But chiefly, by decreeing a thanksgiving in my name, an honour which was never before conferred upon any man in the gown. Lastly, you yesterday voted ample rewards to the deputies of the Allobrogians, and Titus Vulturcius; all which proceedings are of such a nature, as plainly

make it appear, that you already without scruple condemn those, whom you have named ordered into custody. But I have involved, conscript fathers, to propose to you anew the question both of the fact and punishment, having first premised what I think proper to say as consul. I have long observed a spirit of disorder working in the state, new projects devising, and pernicious schemes set on foot: but never could I imagine, that a conspiracy so dreadful and destructive, had entered into the minds of citizens. Now whatever you do, on which ever way your thoughts and voices shall incline, you must come to a resolution before night. You see the heinous nature of the crime laid before you; and if you think that but few are concerned in it, you are greatly mistaken. The mischief is spread wider than most people imagine, and has not only infected Italy, but crossed the Alps, and imperceptibly creeping along, seized many provinces. You can never hope to suppress it by delay and irresolution. Whatever course you take, you must proceed with vigour and expedition.

There are two opinions now before you; the first, of D. Silanus, who thinks the projectors of so destructive a conspiracy worthy of death; the second of C. Cæsar, who, excepting death, is for every other the most rigorous method of punishing. Each, agreeably to his dignity, and the importance of the cause, is for treating them with the last severity. The one thinks, that those who have attempted to deprive us and the Roman people of life, to abolish this empire, and extinguish the very name of Rome, ought not to enjoy a moment's life, or breathe this vital air: and hath shewed withal, that this punishment has often been inflicted by this state on seditious citizens. The other maintains, that death was not designed by the immortal gods as a punishment, but either as a necessary law of our nature, or a cessation of our toils and miseries; so that the wise never suffer it unwillingly, the brave often seek it voluntarily: that bonds and imprisonment, especially if perpetual, are contrived for the punishment of detestable crimes: that therefore the criminals should be distributed among the municipal towns. In this proposal, there seems to be some injustice, if you impose it upon all towns; or some difficulty, if you only decree it. Yet decree so, if you think fit, I will endeavour, and I hope I shall be able

to find those, who will not think it unsuitable to their dignity, to comply with whatever you shall judge necessary for the common safety. He adds a heavy penalty on the municipal towns, if any of the criminals should escape; he invests them with formidable guards; and, as the enormity of their guilt deserves, forbids, under severe penalties, all application to the senate or people, for a mitigation of their punishments. He even deprives them of hope, the only comfort of unhappy mortals. He orders their estates also to be confiscated, and leaves them nothing but life; which, if he had taken away, he would by one momentary pang have eased them of much anguish both of mind and body, and all the sufferings due to their crimes. For it was on this account that the ancients invented those infernal punishments of the dead; to keep the wicked under some awe in this life, who without them would have no dread of death itself.

Now, conscript fathers, I see how much my interest is concerned in the present debate. If you follow the opinion of C. Cæsar, who has always pursued those measures in the state, which favour most of popularity; I shall perhaps be less exposed to the arrows of public hatred, when he is known for the author and adviser of this vote. But if you fall in with the motion of D. Silanus, I know not what difficulties it may bring me under. However, let the service of the commonwealth supersede all considerations of my danger. Cæsar, agreeably to his own dignity, and the merits of his illustrious ancestors, has by this proposal given us a perpetual pledge of his affection to the state, and shewed the difference between the affected lenity of busy declaimers, and a mind truly popular, which seeks nothing but the real good of the people. I observe that one of those, who affects the character of popularity, has absented himself from this day's debate, that he may not give a vote upon the life of a Roman citizen. Yet but the other day he concurred in sending the criminals to prison, voted me a thanksgiving, and yesterday decreed ample rewards to the informers. Now no one can doubt what his sentiments are on the merits of the cause, who votes imprisonment to the accused, thanks to the discoverer of the conspiracy, and rewards to the informers. But C. Cæsar urges the Sempronian law, forbidding to put Roman citizens to death. Yet here it ought to be

remembered, that those who are adjudged enemies to the state, can no longer be considered as citizens; and that the author of that law himself suffered death by the order of the people. Neither does Cæsar think that the profuse and prodigal Lentulus, who has concerted so many cruel and bloody schemes for the destruction of the Roman people, and the ruin of the city, can be called a popular man. Accordingly this mild and merciful senator makes no scruple of condemning P. Lentulus to perpetual bonds and imprisonment; and provides that no one shall henceforward have it in his power to boast of having procured a mitigation of this punishment, or made himself popular by a step so destructive to the quiet of his fellow-citizens. He likewise adds the confiscation of their goods, that want and beggary may attend every torment of mind and body.

If therefore you decree according to this opinion, you will give me a partner and companion to the assembly, who is dear and agreeable to the Roman people. Or, if you prefer that of Silanus, it will be easy still to defend both you and myself from any imputation of cruelty; nay, and to make appear, that it is much the gentler punishment of the two. And yet, conscript fathers, what cruelty can be committed in the punishment of so enormous a crime? I speak according to my real sense of the matter. For may I never enjoy, in conjunction with you, the benefit of my country's safety, if the eagerness which I shew in this cause proceeds from any severity of temper, (for no man has less of it) but from pure humanity and clemency. For I seem to behold this city, the light of the universe, and the citadel of all nations, suddenly involved in flames. I figure to myself my country in ruins, and the miserable bodies of slaughtered citizens, lying in heaps without burial. The image of Cethegus, furiously revelling in your blood, is now before my eyes. But when I represent to my imagination Lentulus on the throne, as he owns the fates encouraged him to hope; Gabinus clothed in purple; and Catiline approaching with an army; then am I struck with horror at the shrieks of mothers, the flight of children, and the violation of the veiled virgins. And because these calamities appear to me in the highest degree deplorable and dreadful, therefore am I severe and unrelenting towards those who endeavoured

to bring them upon us. For let me also should a master of a family, finding his children butchered, his wife murdered, and his house burnt by a slave, inflict upon the offender a punishment that fell short of the highest degree of vigour; would he be accounted mild and merciful, or inhuman and cruel? For my own part, I should look upon him as hard-hearted and insensible, if he did not endeavour to allay his own anguish and torment, by the torment and anguish of the guilty cause. It is the same with us in respect of those men who intended to murder us with our wives and children; who endeavoured to destroy our several dwellings, and this city, the general seat of the commonwealth; who conspired to settle the Allobrogiens upon the ruins of this state, and raise them from the ashes of our empire. If we punish them with the utmost severity, we shall be accounted compassionate; but if we remit in the execution of justice, we may deservedly be charged with the greatest cruelty, in exposing the republic and our fellow citizens to ruin. Unless any one will pretend to say, that L. Cæsar, a brave man, and zealous for the interest of his country, acted a cruel part the other day, when he declared, that the husband of his sister, a lady of distinguished merit, and that too in his own presence and hearing, deserved to suffer death; alledging the example of his grandfather, slain by order of the consul; who likewise commanded his son, a mere youth, to be executed in prison, for bringing him a message from his father. And yet, what was their crime compared with that now before us? Had they formed any conspiracy to destroy their country? A partition of lands was then indeed proposed, and a spirit of faction began to prevail in the state: at which time the grandfather of this very Lentulus, an illustrious patriot, attacked Gracchus in arms; and in defence of the honour and dignity of the commonwealth received a cruel wound. This his unworthy descendant, to overthrow the very foundations of the state, sends for the Gauls, stirs up the slaves, invites Catiline, assigns the murdering of the senators to Cethegus, the massacre of the rest of the citizens to Gabinus, the care of setting the city on fire to Cassius, and the devastation and plunder of Italy to Catiline. Is it possible you should be afraid of being thought too severe in the punishment of this unnatural and monstrous a treason? when

reality you have much more cause to bear the charge of cruelty to your country for your too great lenity, than the imputation of severity for proceeding in an exemplary manner against such implacable enemies.

But I cannot, conscript fathers, conceal what I hear. Reports are spread through the city, and have reached my ears, tending to insinuate, that we have not a sufficient force to support and execute what you shall this day decree. But be assured, conscript fathers, that every thing is concerted, regulated, and settled, partly through my extreme care and diligence; but still more by the indefatigable zeal of the Roman people, to support themselves in the possession of empire, and preserve their common fortunes. The whole body of the people is assembled for your defence: the forum, the temples round the forum, and all the avenues of the senate are possessed by your friends. This, indeed, is the only cause since the building of Rome, in which all men have been unanimous, those only excepted, who, finding their own ruin unavoidable, chose rather to perish in the general wreck of their country, than fall by themselves. These willingly except, and separate from the rest; for I consider them not so much in the sight of bad citizens, as of implacable enemies. But then as to the rest, immortal gods! in what crowds, with what zeal, and with what courage do they all unite in defence of the public welfare and dignity? What occasion is there to speak here of the Roman knights? who without dissenting your precedency in rank, and the administration of affairs, vie with you in zeal for the republic; whom, after the session of many years, this day's cause entirely reconciled and united with you.

And if this union, which my consilium has confirmed, be preserved and unobscured, I am confident, that no civil domestic evil can ever again disturb the state. The like zeal for the common good appears among the tribunes of the people, and the whole body of the citizens: who happening to assemble this day at the treasury, have dropt all consideration of their private affairs, and directed their whole attention upon the public safety. The whole body of free-born citizens, even the meanest, offer us their assistance. For where is the man, to whom the temples, the face of the city, the possession of liberty; in short, this very light,

and this parent soil, are not both dear and delightful.

And here, conscript fathers, let me recommend to your notice the zeal of those freedmen, who, having by their merit obtained the privilege of citizens, consider this as their real country: whereas some born within the city, and born too of an illustrious race, treat it not as a mother-land, but as a hostile city. But why do I speak of men, whom private interest, whom the good of the public, whom, in fine, the love of liberty, that dearest of all human blessings, have roused to the defence of their country? There is not a slave in any tolerable condition of life, who does not look with horror on this daring attempt of profligate citizens, who is not anxious for the preservation of the state; in fine, who does not contribute all in his power to promote the common safety. If any of you, therefore, are shocked by the report of Lentulus's agents running up and down the streets, and soliciting the needy and thoughtless to make some effort for his rescue; the fact indeed is true, and the thing has been attempted: but not a man was found so desperate in his fortune, so abandoned in his inclinations, who did not prefer the shed in which he worked and earned his daily bread, his little hut and bed in which he slept, and the easy peaceful course of life he enjoyed, to all the proposals made by these enemies of the state. For the greatest part of those who live in shops, or to speak indeed more truly all of them, are of nothing so fond as peace: for their whole stock, their whole industry and subsistence, depends upon the peace and fulness of the city; and if their gain would be interrupted by shutting up their shops, how much more would it be so, by burning them? Since then, conscript fathers, the Roman people are not wanting in their zeal and duty towards you, it is your part not to be wanting to the Roman people.

You have a consul snatched from various snares and dangers, and the jaws of death, not for the preservation of his own life, but for your security. All orders unite in opinion, inclination, zeal, courage, and a professed concern to secure the commonwealth. Your common country, beset with the brands and weapons of an impious conspiracy, stretches out her suppliant hands to you for relief, recommends herself to your care, and beseeches you to take under your protection the lives of the citizens,

zens, the citadel, the capitol, the altars of domestic worship, the everlasting fire of Vesta, the shrines and temples of the gods, the walls of the city, and the houses of the citizens. Consider likewise, that you are this day to pass judgment on your own lives, on those of your wives and children, on the fortunes of all the citizens, on your houses and properties. You have a leader, such as you will not always have, watchful for you, regardless of himself. You have likewise, what was never known before in a case of this kind, all orders, all ranks of men, the whole body of the Roman people, of one and the same mind. Reflect how this mighty empire, reared with so much toil, this liberty established with so much bravery, and this profusion of wealth improved and heightened by such favour and kindness of the gods, were like in one night to have been for ever destroyed. You are this day to provide, that the same thing not only shall never be attempted, but not so much as thought of again by any citizen. All this I have said, not with a view to animate your zeal, in which you almost surpass me; but that my voice, which ought to lead in what relates to the commonwealth, may not fall short of my duty as consul.

But before I declare my sentiments farther, conscript fathers, suffer me to drop a word with regard to myself. I am sensible I have drawn upon myself as many enemies, as there are persons concerned in the conspiracy, whose number you see to be very great: but I look upon them as a base, abject, impotent, contemptible faction. But if, through the madness of any, it shall rise again, so as to prevail against the senate and the republic; yet never, conscript fathers, shall I repent of my present conduct and counsels. For death, with which perhaps they will threaten me, is prepared for all men; but none ever acquired that glory of life, which you have conferred upon me by your decrees. For to others you have decreed thanks for serving the republic successfully; to me alone, for having saved it. Let Scipio be celebrated, by whose conduct and valour Hannibal was forced to abandon Italy, and return into Africa: let the other Africanus be crowned with the highest praise, who destroyed Carthage and Numantia, two cities at irreconcilable enmity with Rome: for ever renowned be L. Paulus, whose chariot was graced by the captivity of Perseus, a once powerful and illustrious monarch: im-

mortal honour be the lot of Marius, who twice delivered Italy from invasion, and the dread of servitude: above all other let Pompey's name be renowned, whose great actions and virtues know no other limits than those that regulate the course of the sun. Yet, surely, among so many heroes, some place will be left for praise; unless it be thought a greater merit to open a way into new provinces, whence we may retire at pleasure, than to take care that our conquerors may have a home to return to. In one circumstance indeed, the condition of a foreign victor is better than that of a domestic one; because a foreign enemy, when conquered is either quite crushed and reduced to slavery, or, obtaining favourable terms, becomes a friend: but when profligate citizens once turn rebels, and are baffled in their plots, you can neither keep the quiet by force, nor oblige them by favour. I therefore see myself engaged in an eternal war with all traitorous citizens; but am confident I shall easily repel it from me and mine, through your and every good man's assistance, joined to the remembrance of the mighty dangers we have escaped; a remembrance that will not only subsist among the people delivered from them, but which must for ever cleave the minds and tongues of all nations. Nor, I trust, will any force be found strong enough, to overpower or weaken the present union between you and the Roman knights, and this general confederacy of all good citizens.

Therefore, conscript fathers, instead of the command of armies and provinces which I have declined; instead of triumph, and other distinctions of honour, which, for your preservation, and that of this city, I have rejected; instead of attachments and dependencies in the provinces, which, by means of my authority and credit in the city, I labour no less to support than acquire; for all these services, I say, joined to my singular zeal for your interest, and that unwearied diligence you see me exert to preserve the state, require nothing more of you than the perpetual remembrance of this juncture, and of my whole consulship. While that continues fixed in your minds, I shall think myself surrounded with an impregnable wall. But should the violence of the factions ever disappoint and get the better of my hopes, I recommend to you my interest, and trust that it will be a sufficient guarantee.

rd, not only of his safety, but of his
city, to have it remembered, that he is
son of one who, at the hazard of his
life, preserved you all. Therefore,
Script fathers, let me exhort you to
ceed with vigour and resolution in an
ar that regards your very being, and
of the people of Rome; your wives,
children; your religion, and proper-
ty; your altars, and temples; the houses,
dwellings of this city; your empire;
liberty; the safety of Italy; and the
system of the commonwealth. For
I have a consul, who will not only obey
decrees without hesitation, but while
lives, will support and execute in per-
whatever you shall order.

Whitworth's Cicero.

9. *Oration for the Poet Archias.*

THE ARGUMENT.

A. Licinius Archias was a native of An-
tioch, and a very celebrated poet.
He came to Rome when Cicero was
about five years old, and was courted
by men of the greatest eminence in
it, on account of his learning, genius,
and politeness. Among others, Lu-
cullus was very fond of him, took him
into his family, and gave him the
liberty of opening a school in it, to
which many of the young nobility
and gentry of Rome were sent for
their education. In the consulship
of M. Pupius Piso and M. Valerius
Messala, one Gracchus, a person of
obscure birth, accused Archias upon
the law, by which those who were
made free of any of the confederated
cities, and at the time of passing the
law dwelt in Italy, were obliged to
claim their privilege before the præ-
tor within sixty days. Cicero, in his
oration, endeavours to prove, that
Archias was a Roman citizen in the
sense of that law; but dwells chiefly
on the praises of poetry in general,
and the talents and genius of the de-
fendant, which he displays with great
beauty, elegance, and spirit. The
oration was made in the forty-sixth
year of Cicero's age, and the six-
hundred and ninety-second of Rome.

my lords, I have any abilities, and
sensible they are but small; if, by
ing often, I have acquired any merit

as a speaker; if I have derived any know-
ledge from the study of the liberal arts,
which have ever been my delight, A. Lici-
nius may justly claim the fruit of all. For
looking back upon past scenes, and calling
to remembrance the earliest part of my
life, I find it was he who prompted me first
to engage in a course of study, and direct-
ed me in it. If my tongue, then formed
and animated by him, has ever been the
means of saving any, I am certainly bound
by all the ties of gratitude to employ it in
the defence of him, who has taught it to
assist and defend others. And though his
genius and course of study are very differ-
ent from mine, let no one be surpris'd at
what I advance: for I have not bestowed
the whole of my time on the study of elo-
quence, and besides, all the liberal arts are
nearly allied to each other, and have, as
it were, one common bond of union.

But lest it should appear strange, that,
in a legal proceeding, and a public cause,
before an excellent prætor, the most im-
partial judges, and so crowded an assem-
bly, I lay aside the usual stile of trials, and
introduce one very different from that of
the bar; I must beg to be indulged in this
liberty, which, I hope, will not be disagree-
able to you, and which seems indeed to
be due to the defendant: that whilst I am
pleading for an excellent poet, and a man
of great erudition, before so learned an
audience, such distinguished patrons of the
liberal arts, and so eminent a prætor, you
would allow me to enlarge with some
freedom on learning and liberal studies;
and to employ an almost unprecedented
language for one, who, by reason of a stu-
dious and unactive life, has been little con-
versant in dangers and public trials. If
this, my lords, is granted me, I shall not
only prove that A. Licinius ought not,
as he is a citizen, to be deprived of his
privileges, but that, if he were not, he
ought to be admitted.

For no sooner had Archias got beyond
the years of childhood, and applied him-
self to poetry, after finishing those studies
by which the minds of youth are usually
formed to a taste for polite learning, than
his genius shewed itself superior to any at
Antioch, the place where he was born, of
a noble family; once indeed a rich and
renowned city, but still famous for liberal
arts, and fertile in learned men. He was
afterwards received with such applause in
the other cities of Asia, and all over Greece,
that though they expected more than fame

had promised concerning him, even these expectations were exceeded, and their admiration of him greatly increased. Italy was, at that time, full of the arts and sciences of Greece, which were then cultivated with more care among the Latins than now they are, and were not even neglected at Rome, the public tranquillity being favourable to them. Accordingly, the inhabitants of Tarentum, Rhegium and Naples, made him free of their respective cities, and conferred other honours upon him; and all those who had any taste, reckoned him worthy of their acquaintance and friendship. Being thus known by fame to those who were strangers to his person, he came to Rome in the consulship of Marius and Catulus; the first of whom had, by his glorious deeds, furnished out a noble subject for a poet; and the other, besides his memorable actions, was both a judge and a lover of poetry. Though he had not yet reached his seventeenth year, yet no sooner was he arrived than the Luculli took him into their family; which, as it was the first that received him in his youth, so it afforded him freedom of access even in old age; nor was this owing to his great genius and learning alone, but likewise to his amiable temper and virtuous disposition. At that time too, Q. Metellus Numidicus, and his son Pius, were delighted with his conversation; M. Atilius was one of his hearers; Q. Catulus, both the elder and younger, honoured him with their intimacy; L. Crassus courted him; and being united by the greatest familiarity to the Luculli, Drusus, the Octavii, Cato, and the whole Hortensian family, it was no small honour to him to receive marks of the highest regard, not only from those who were really desirous of hearing him, and of being instructed by him, but even from those who affected to be so.

A considerable time after, he went with L. Lucullus into Sicily, and leaving that province in company with the same Lucullus, came to Heraclea, which being joined with Rome by the closest bonds of alliance, he was desirous of being made free of it; and obtained his request, both on account of his own merit, and the interest and authority of Lucullus. Strangers were admitted to the freedom of Rome, according to the law of Silvanus and Carbo, upon the following conditions: *If they were enrolled by free cities; if they had a dwelling in Italy, within the law pass-*

sed; and if they declared their enrollment before the prætor within the space of sixty days. Agreeable to this law, Archias, who had resided at Rome for many years, made his declaration before the prætor Q. Metellus, who was his intimate friend. If the right of citizenship and the law is all I have to prove, I have done; the cause is ended. For which of these things, Gracchus, can you deny? Will you say that he was not made a citizen of Heraclea at that time? Why, here is Lucullus, a man of the greatest credit, honour, and integrity, who affirms it; and that not as a thing he believes, but as what he knows; not as what he heard of, but as what he saw; not as what he was present at, but as what he transacted. Here are likewise deputies from Heraclea, who affirm the same; men of the greatest quality, come hither on purpose to give public testimony in this cause. But here you'll desire to see the public register of Heraclea, which we all know was burnt in the Italian war, together with the office wherein it was kept. Now, is it not ridiculous to say nothing to the evidence which we have, and to desire those which we cannot have; to be silent as to the testimony of men, and to demand the testimony of registers; to pay no regard to what is affirmed by a person of great dignity, nor to the oath and integrity of a free city of the strictest honour, evidence which are incapable of being corrupted, and to require those of registers which yet allow to be frequently vitiated. But he did not reside at Rome: what he, who for so many years before Silvanus's law made Rome the seat of all his hopes and fortune. But he did not declare; so far is this from being true, that his declaration is to be seen in that register, which, by the very act, and its being in the custody of the college of prætors, is the only authentic one.

For the negligence of Appius, the corruption of Gabinius before his condemnation, and his disgrace after, having destroyed the credit of public records; Metellus, a man of the greatest honour and modesty, was so very exact, that he came before Lentulus the prætor and the other judges, and declared that he was near at the erasure of a single name. The name of A. Licinius therefore is still to be seen; and as this is the case, why should you doubt of his being a citizen of Rome, especially as he was enrolled likewise in other free cities? For when Greece be-

wed the freedom of its cities, without the recommendation of merit, upon persons of little consideration, and those who either no employment at all, or very few, can ones, is it to be imagined that the inhabitants of Rhegium, Locris, Naples, Tarentum, would deny to a man so highly celebrated for his genius, what they conferred even upon comedians? When others, not only after Silanus's law, but even after the Papian law, shall have found means to creep into the registers of the municipal cities, shall he be rejected, who, because he was always desirous of passing for an Heracleian, never enrolled himself of his being enrolled in other cities? But you desire to see the enrolment of our estate; as if it were not well known, that under the last censorship the defendant was with the army commanded by that renowned general L. Lucullus; that under the censorship immediately preceding, he was with the same Lucullus then quaestor in Asia; and that, when Julius and Crassus were censors, there was no enrollment made? But, an enrollment in the censors books does not confirm the right of citizenship, and only shews that the person enrolled assumed the character of a citizen, I must tell you that Archias made a will according to our laws, succeeded to the estates of Roman citizens, and was recommended to the treasury by L. Lucullus, both when praetor and consul, as one who deserved well of the state, at the very time when you alledge that, by his own confession, he had no right to the freedom of Rome.

Find out whatever arguments you can, Archias will never be convicted for his bad conduct, nor that of his friends. But I'll no doubt ask the reason, Gracchus, why being so highly delighted with this law? Why, it is because he furnishes with what relieves my mind, and charms my ears, after the fatigue and noise of the forum. Do you imagine that I could possibly plead every day on such a variety of subjects, if my mind was not cultivated in science; or that it could bear being stretched to such a degree, if it were not sometimes unbent by the amusements of learning. I am fond of these studies, I say: let those be ashamed who have buried themselves in learning so as to be of no use to society, nor able to produce any thing to public view; but why should I be ashamed, who for so many years, my studies, have never been prevented by in-

dolence, seduced by pleasure, nor diverted by sleep, from doing good offices to others? Who then can censure me, or in justice be angry with me, if those hours which others employ in business, in pleasures, in celebrating public solemnities, in refreshing the body and unbending the mind; if the time which is spent by some in midnight banquetings, in diversions, and in gaming, I employ in reviewing these studies? And this application is the more excusable, as I derive no small advantages from it in my profession, in which, whatever abilities I possess, they have always been employed when the dangers of my friends called for their assistance. If they should appear to any to be but small, there are still other advantages of a much higher nature, and I am very sensible whence I derive them. For had I not been convinced from my youth, by much instruction and much study, that nothing is greatly desirable in life but glory and virtue, and that, in the pursuit of these, all bodily tortures, and the perils of death and exile, are to be slighted and despised, never should I have exposed myself to so many and so great conflicts for your preservation, nor to the daily rage and violence of the most worthless of men. But on this head books are full, the voice of the wise is full, antiquity is full; all which, were it not for the lamp of learning, would be involved in thick obscurity. How many pictures of the bravest of men have the Greek and Latin writers left us, not only to contemplate, but likewise to imitate? These illustrious models I always set before me in the government of the state, and formed my conduct by contemplating their virtues.

But were those great men, it will be asked, who are celebrated in history, distinguished for that kind of learning, which you extol so highly? It were difficult indeed, to prove this of them all; but what I shall answer is, however, very certain. I own then that there have been many men of excellent dispositions and distinguished virtue, who, without learning, and by the almost divine force of nature herself, have been wise and moderate; nay, farther, that nature without learning is of greater efficacy towards the attainment of glory and virtue, than learning without nature; but then, I affirm, that when to an excellent natural disposition the embellishments of learning are added, there results from this union something great and extraordinary. Such was that divine

man Africanus, whom our fathers saw; such were C. Lælius and L. Furius, persons of the greatest temperance and moderation; such was old Cato, a man of great bravery, and, for the times, of great learning; who, surely, would never have applied to the study of learning, had they thought it of no service towards the acquisition and improvement of virtue. But were pleasure only to be derived from learning without the advantages we have mentioned, you must still, I imagine, allow it to be a very liberal and polite amusement. For other studies are not suited to every time, to every age, and to every place; but these give strength in youth, and joy in old age: adorn prosperity, and are the support and consolation of adversity; at home they are delightful, and abroad they are easy; at night they are company to us; when we travel they attend us; and, in our rural retirements they do not forsake us. Though we ourselves were incapable of them, and had no relish for their charms, still we should admire them when we see them in others.

Was there any of us so void of taste, and of so unfeeling a temper, as not to be affected lately with the death of Roscius? For though he died in an advanced age, yet such was the excellence and inimitable beauty of his art, that we thought him worthy of living for ever. Was he then so great a favourite with us all on account of the graceful motions of his body; and shall we be insensible to the surprising energy of the mind, and the sprightly sallies of genius? How often have I seen this Archias, my lords, (for I will presume on your goodness, as you are pleased to favour me with so much attention in this unusual manner of pleading) how often, I say, have I seen him, without using his pen, and without any labour or study, make a great number of excellent verses on occasional subjects? How often, when a subject was resumed, have I heard him give it a different turn of thought and expression, whilst those compositions which he finished with care and exactness were as highly approved as the most celebrated writings of antiquity. And shall not I love this man? Shall I not admire him? Shall I not defend him to the utmost of my power? For men of the greatest eminence and learning have taught us, that other branches of science require education, art, and precept; but that a poet is

formed by the plastic hand of nature herself, is quickened by the native fire of genius, and animated as it were by a kind of divine enthusiasm. It is with justice therefore that our Ennius bestows upon poets the epithet of *venerable*, because they seem to have some peculiar gifts of the gods to recommend them to us. Let the name of poet then, which the most barbarous nations have never profaned, be revered by you, my lords, who are so great admirers of polite learning. Rocks and deserts re-echo sounds; savage beasts are often soothed by music, and listen to its charms; and shall we, with all the advantages of the best education, be unaffected with the voice of poetry? The Calophoniens give out that Homer is their countryman, the Chians declare that he is theirs, the Salaminians lay claim to him, the people of Smyrna affirm that Smyrna gave him breath, and have accordingly dedicated a temple to him in their city: besides these, many other nations contend warmly for this honour.

Do they then lay claim to a stranger even after his death, on account of his being a poet; and shall we reject this living poet, who is a Roman both by inclination and the laws of Rome; especially as he has employed the utmost efforts of his genius to celebrate the glory and gratitude of the Roman people? For, in his youth, he sung the triumphs of C. Marius over the Cimbri, and even pleaded that great general, who had but little relish for the charms of poetry. Nor is there any person so great an enemy to the Muses, as not readily to allow the poet to blazon his fame, and consecrate his actions to immortality. Themistocles, that celebrated Athenian, upon being asked what name, or whose voice was most agreeable to him, is reported to have answered, *that man, who could best celebrate his virtues*. The same Marius too had a very high regard for L. Plotius, whose genius, he thought, was capable of doing justice to his actions. But Archias has described the whole Mithridatic war; a war of such danger and importance, and so very memorable for the great variety of its events both by sea and land. Nor does his poem reflect honour only on L. Lucullus, that very brave and renowned man, but likewise adds lustre to the Roman name. For, under Lucullus, the Roman people penetrated into Pontus, impregnable till then by means of its situation and the arms

its monarchs; under him, the Romans, with no very considerable force, routed numberless troops of the Armenians; for his conduct too, Rome has the glory of delivering Cyzicum, the city of our faithful allies, from the rage of a monarch, rescuing it from the devouring jaws of a mighty war. The praises of our fleet will ever be recorded and celebrated, for wonders performed at Tenedos, where enemy's ships were sunk, and their commanders slain: such are our trophies, such our monuments, such our triumphs. Those, therefore, whose genius describes these exploits, celebrate likewise the praises of the Roman name. Our Ennius was greatly beloved by the elder Africanus, and accordingly he is thought to have a marble statue amongst the monuments of Scipio's. But those praises are not propounded to the immediate subjects of them; the whole Roman people have a share in them. Cato, the ancestor of the sage here present, is highly celebrated for his virtue, and from this the Romans themselves derive great honour: in a word, Maximi, the Marcelli, the Fulvii, cannot be praised without praising every Roman.

Did our ancestors then confer the freedom of Rome on him who sung the praises of her heroes, on a native of Rudia; and shall we thrust this Heracleian out of Rome, who has been courted by many cities, and whom our laws have made a Roman? For any one imagines that less glory is derived from the Greek, than from the Latin poet, he is greatly mistaken; the Greek language is understood in almost every nation, whereas the Latin is confined to Latin territories, territories extremely narrow. Our exploits, therefore, have reached the utmost limits of the earth, we ought to be desirous that our glory and fame should extend as far as our arms: for as these operate powerfully on the people whose actions are recorded; so to those who expose their lives for the sake of glory, they are the grand motives to toils and dangers. How many persons is Alexander the Great reported to have carried along with him, to write his history! And yet, when he stood by the tomb of Achilles at Paegum, "Happy youth," he cried, "who could find a Homer to blazon thy fame!" and what he said, was true; for had it not been for the Iliad, his alms and fame had been buried in the same tomb. Did not Pompey the Great, whose virtues were

equal to his fortune, confer the freedom of Rome, in the presence of a military assembly, upon Theophanes of Mitylene, who sung his triumphs? And these Romans of ours, men brave indeed, but unpolished and mere soldiers, moved with the charms of glory, gave shouts of applause, as if they had shared in the honour of their leader. Is it to be supposed then, that Archias, if our laws had not made him a citizen of Rome, could not have obtained his freedom from some general? Would Sylla, who conferred the rights of citizenship on Gauls and Spaniards, have refused the suit of Archias? That Sylla, whom we saw in an assembly, when a bad poet, of obscure birth, presented him a petition upon the merit of having written an epigram in his praise of unequal hobbling verses, order him to be instantly rewarded out of an estate he was selling at the time, on condition he should write no more verses. Would he, who even thought the industry of a bad poet worthy of some reward, not have been fond of the genius, the spirit, and eloquence of Archias? Could our poet, neither by his own interest, nor that of the Luculli, have obtained from his intimate friend Q. Metellus Pius the freedom of Rome, which he bestowed so frequently upon others? Especially as Metellus was so very desirous of having his actions celebrated, that he was even somewhat pleased with the dull and barbarous verses of the poets born at Corduba.

Nor ought we to dissemble this truth, which cannot be concealed, but declare it openly: we are all influenced by the love of praise, and the greatest minds have the greatest passion for glory. The philosophers themselves prefix their names to those books which they write upon the contempt of glory; by which they shew that they are desirous of praise and fame, while they affect to despise them. Decimus Brutus, that great commander and excellent man, adorned the monuments of his family, and the gates of his temples, with the verses of his intimate friend Attius: and Fulvius, who made war with the Ætolians attended by Ennius, did not scruple to consecrate the spoils of Mars to the Muses. In that city therefore, where generals, with their arms almost in their hands, have revered the shrines of the muses and the name of poets, surely magistrates in their robes, and in times of peace, ought not to be averse to honour

ing the one, or protesting the other. And to engage you the more readily to this, my lords, I will lay open the very sentiments of my heart before you, and freely confess my passion for glory, which, though too keen perhaps, is however virtuous. For what I did in conjunction with you during my consulship, for the safety of this city and empire, for the lives of my fellow-citizens, and for the interests of the state, Archias intends to celebrate in verse, and has actually begun his poem. Upon reading what he has wrote, it appeared to me so sublime, and gave me so much pleasure, that I encouraged him to go on with it. For virtue desires no other reward for her toils and dangers, but praise and glory: take but this away, my lords, and what is there left in this short, this scanty career of human life, that can tempt us to engage in so many and so great labours? Surely, if the mind had no thought of futurity, if she confined all her views within those limits which bound our present existence, she would neither waste her strength in so great toils, nor harass herself with so many cares and watchings, nor struggle so often for life itself: but there is a certain principle in the breast of every good man, which both day and night quickens him to the pursuit of glory, and puts him in mind that his fame is not to be measured by the extent of his present life, but that it runs parallel with the line of posterity.

Can we, who are engaged in the affairs of the state, and in so many toils and dangers, think so meanly as to imagine that, after a life of uninterrupted care and trouble, nothing shall remain of us after death? If many of the greatest men have been careful to leave their statues and pictures, these representations not of their minds but of their bodies; ought not we to be much more desirous of leaving the portraits of our enterprizes and virtues drawn and finished by the most eminent artists? As for me, I have always imagined, whilst I was engaged in doing whatever I have done, that I was spreading my actions over the whole earth, and that they would be held in eternal remembrance. But whether I shall lose my consciousness of this at death, or whether, as the wisest men have thought, I shall retain it after, at present the thought delights me, and my mind is filled with pleasing hopes. Do not then deprive us, my lords, of a man, whom modesty, a graceful manner, engag-

ing behaviour, and the affections of his friends, so strongly recommend; the greatness of whose genius may be estimated from this, that he is courted by the most eminent men of Rome; and whose plea is such, that it has the law in its favour, the authority of a municipal town, the testimony of Lucullus, and the register of Metellus. This being the case, we beg of you, my lords, since in matters of such importance, not only the intercession of men but of gods is necessary, that the man, who has always celebrated your virtues, those of your generals, and the victories of the Roman people; who declares that he will raise eternal monuments to your praise and mine for our conduct in our late domestic dangers; and who is of the number of those that have ever been accounted and pronounced divine, may be so protected by you, as to have greater reason to applaud your generosity, than to complain of your rigour. What I have said, my lords, concerning this cause, with my usual brevity and simplicity, is, I am confident, approved by all: what I have advanced upon poetry in general, and the genius of the defendant, contrary to the usage of the forum and the bar, will, I hope, be taken in good part by you; by him who presides upon the bench, I am convinced it will.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 10. Oration for T. Annius Milo.

THE ARGUMENT.

This beautiful oration was made in the 55th year of Cicero's age, upon the following occasion. In the year of Rome 701, T. Annius Milo, Q. Metellus Scipio, and P. Plautius Hypsæus, stood candidates for the consulship; and, according to Plutarch, pushed on their several interests with such open violence and bribery, as if it had been to be carried only by money or arms. P. Clodius, Milo's professed enemy, stood at the same time for the prætorship, and used all his interest to disappoint Milo, by whose obtaining the consulship he was sure to be controuled in the exercise of his magistracy. The senate and the better sort were generally in Milo's interest; and Cicero, in particular, served him with distinguished zeal: three of the tribunes were violent against him, the other seven were

his fast friends; above all M. Cœlius, who, out of regard to Cicero, was very active in his service. But whilst matters were proceeding in a very favourable train for him, and nothing seemed wanting to crown his success, but to bring on the election, which his adversaries, for that reason, endeavoured to keep back; all his hopes and fortunes were blasted at once by an unhappy rencounter with Clodius, in which Clodius was killed by his servants, and by his command. His body was left in the Appian road, where it fell, but was taken up soon after by Tediæ, a senator, who happened to come by, and brought to Rome; where it was exposed, all covered with blood and wounds, to the view of the populace, who flocked about in crowds to lament the miserable fate of their leader. The next day, Sextus Clodius, a kinsman of the deceased, and one of his chief incendiaries, together with the three tribunes Milo's enemies, employed all the arts of party and faction to inflame the mob, which they did to such a height of fury, that snatching up the body, they ran away with it into the senate-house, and tearing up the benches, tables, and every thing combustible, dressed up a funeral pile upon the spot; and, together with the body, burnt the house itself, with a *basilica* or public hall adjoining. Several other outrages were committed, so that the senate were obliged to pass a decree, *that the inter-rex, assisted by the tribunes and Pompey, should take care that the republic received no detriment; and that Pompey, in particular, should raise a body of troops for the common security, which he presently drew together from all parts of Italy.* Amidst this confusion, the rumour of a dictator being industriously spread, and alarming the senate, they resolved presently to create Pompey the single consul, whose election was accordingly declared by the inter-rex, after an inter-regnum of near two months. Pompey applied himself immediately to quiet the public disorders, and published several new laws, prepared by him for that purpose; one of them was, to appoint a special commission to enquire into Clodius's death, &c. and to appoint

an extraordinary judge, of consular rank, to preside in it. He attended Milo's trial himself with a strong guard, to preserve peace. The accusers were young Appius, the nephew of Clodius, M. Antonius, and P. Vallerius. Cicero was the only advocate on Milo's side; but as soon as he rose up to speak, he was received with so rude a clamour by the Clodians, that he was much discomposed and daunted at his first setting out: he recovered spirit enough, however, to go through his speech, which was taken down in writing, and published as it was delivered; though the copy of it now extant is supposed to have been retouched, and corrected by him afterwards, for a present to Milo, who was condemned, and went into exile at Marseilles, a few days after his condemnation.

THOUGH I am apprehensive, my lords, it may seem a reflection on a person's character to discover any signs of fear, when he is entering on the defence of so brave a man, and particularly unbecoming in me, that when T. Annius Milo himself is more concerned for the safety of the state than his own, I should not be able to maintain an equal greatness of mind in pleading his cause; yet I must own, the unusual manner in which this new kind of trial is conducted, strikes me with a kind of terror, while I am looking around me, in vain, for the ancient usages of the forum, and the forms that have been hitherto observed in our courts of judicature. Your bench is not surrounded with the usual circle; nor is the crowd such as used to throng us. For those guards you see planted before all the temples, however intended to prevent all violence, yet strike the orator with terror; so that even in the forum and during a trial, though attended with an useful and necessary guard, I cannot help being under some apprehensions, at the same time I am sensible they are without foundation. Indeed, if I imagined it was stationed there in opposition to Milo, I should give way, my lords, to the times; and conclude there was no room for an orator in the midst of such an armed force. But the prudence of Pompey, a man of such distinguished wisdom and equity, both cheers and relieves me; whose justice will never suffer him to leave a person exposed to the rage of the soldiery, whom

whom he has delivered up to a legal trial; nor his wisdom, to give the sanction of public authority to the outrages of a furious mob. Wherefore those arms, those centurions and cohorts, are so far from threatening me with danger, that they assure me of protection; they not only banish my fears, but inspire me with courage; and promise that I shall be heard not merely with safety, but with silence and attention. As to the rest of the assembly, those, at least, that are Roman citizens, they are all on our side; nor is there a single person of all that multitude of spectators, whom you see on all sides of us, as far as any part of the forum can be distinguished, waiting the event of the trial, who, while he favours Milo, does not think his own fate, that of his posterity, his country, and his property, likewise at stake.

There is indeed one set of men our inveterate enemies; they are those whom the madness of P. Clodius has trained up, and supported by plunder, firing of houses, and every species of public mischief; who were spirited up by the speeches of yesterday, to dictate to you what sentence you should pass. If these should chance to raise any clamour, it will only make you cautious how you part with a citizen who always despised that crew, and their loudest threatenings, where your safety was concerned. Act with spirit then, my lords, and if you ever entertained any fears, dismiss them all. For if ever you had it in your power to determine in favour of brave and worthy men, or of deserving citizens; in a word, if ever any occasion was presented to a number of persons selected from the most illustrious orders, of declaring, by their actions and their votes, that regard for the brave and virtuous, which they had often expressed by their looks and words; now is the time for you to exert this power in determining whether we, who have ever been devoted to your authority, shall spend the remainder of our days in grief and misery, or after having been so long insulted by the most abandoned citizens, shall at last through your means, by your fidelity, virtue and wisdom, recover our wonted life and vigour. For what, my lords, can be mentioned or conceived more grievous to us both; what more vexatious or trying, than that we who entered into the service of our country from the hopes of the highest honours, cannot even be free from the apprehen-

sions of the severest punishments? For on my own part, I always took it for granted that the other storms and tempests which are usually raised in popular tumults would beat upon Milo, because he has constantly approved himself the friend of good men in opposition to the bad; but in a public trial, where the most illustrious persons, all the orders of the state were to sit as judges, I never imagined that Milo's enemies could have entertained the least hope not only of destroying his safety, when such persons were upon the bench, but even of giving the least stain to his honour. In this cause, my lords, I shall take no advantage of Annius's tribuneship, nor of the important services to the state during the whole of his life, in order to make of his defence, unless you shall see that Clodius himself actually lay in wait for him, nor shall I intreat you to grant a pardon for one rash action, in consideration of the many glorious things he has performed for his country; nor require, that if Clodius's death prove a blessing to you, you should ascribe it rather to Milo's virtue, than to the fortune of Rome: but if it should appear clearer than the day, that Clodius did really lie in wait, then I must beseech and assure you, my lords, that if we have lost every thing else, we may at least be allowed, without fear of punishment, to defend our lives against the insolent attack of our enemies.

But before I enter upon that which is the proper subject of our present enquiry, it will be necessary to confute those notions which have been often advanced by our enemies in the senate, often by a set of worthless fellows, and even lately by our accusers before an assembly, that having thus removed all ground of mistake, you may have a clearer view of the matter that is to come before you. They say that a man who confesses he has killed another, ought not to be suffered to live. But where, pray, do these stupid people use this argument? Why truly, in that very city where the first person that was ever tried for a capital crime was the brave M. Horatius; who before the state was in possession of its liberty, was acquitted by the comitia of the Roman people, though he confessed he had killed his sister with his own hand. Can any one be so ignorant as not to know, that in cases of bloodshed the fact is either absolutely denied, or maintained to be just and lawful? Were it not so, P. Africanus must be reckoned

of his senses, who, when he was asked in seditious manner by the tribune Carbo whether all the people, what he thought of Clodius's death? said, that he deserved death. Nor can Ahala Servilius, P. Nasennius, L. Opimius, C. Marius, or the senate itself, during my consulate, be acquitted of the most enormous guilt, if it be a crime to put wicked citizens to death. It is not without reason therefore, my lords, the learned men have informed us, though in a fabulous manner, how that, when a sentence arose in regard to the man who had killed his mother in revenge for his father's death, he was acquitted by a divine decree, nay, by a decree of the goddess of Wisdom herself. And if the twelve tables allow a man, without fear of punishment, to take away the life of a thief in the night, in whatever situation he finds him; and, in the day-time, if he uses a weapon in his defence; who can imagine that a person must universally deserve punishment for killing another, when he cannot but see that the laws themselves, in some cases, put a sword into our hands for the very purpose?

But if any circumstance can be alledged, and undoubtedly there are many such, in which the putting a man to death can be vindicated, that in which a person has acted upon the principle of self-defence, must certainly be allowed sufficient to render the action not only just, but necessary. When a military tribune, a relation of C. Marius, made an unnatural attempt upon the body of a soldier in that general's army, he was killed by the man to whom he offered violence; for the virtuous youth chose rather to expose his life to hazard, than submit to such dishonourable treatment; and he was acquitted by that great man, and delivered from all apprehensions of danger. But what death can be deemed unjust, that is inflicted on one who lies in wait for another, on one who is a public robber? To what purpose have we a train of attendants? or why are they furnished with arms? It would certainly be unlawful to wear them at all, if the use of them was absolutely forbid: for this, my lords, is not a written, but an innate law. We have not been taught it by the learned, we have not received it from our ancestors, we have not taken it from books; but it is derived from, it is forced upon us by nature, and stamped in indelible characters upon our very frame: it was not conveyed to us by instruction, but wrought

into our constitution; it is the dictate, not of education, but instinct, that if our lives should be at any time in danger from concealed or more open assaults of robbers or private enemies, every honourable method should be taken for our security. Laws, my lords, are silent amidst arms; nor do they require us to wait their decisions, when by such a delay one must suffer an undeserved punishment himself, rather than inflict it justly on another. Even the law itself, very wisely, and in some measure tacitly, allows of self-defence, as it does not forbid the killing of a man, but the carrying a weapon in order to kill him: since then the stress is laid not upon the weapon but the end for which it was carried, he that makes use of a weapon only to defend himself, can never be condemned as wearing it with an intention to take away a man's life. Therefore, my lords, let this principle be laid down as the foundation of our plea: for I don't doubt but I shall make out my defence to your satisfaction, if you only keep in mind what I think it is impossible for you to forget, that a man who lies in wait for another may be lawfully killed.

I come now to consider what is frequently insisted upon by Milo's enemies; that the killing of P. Clodius has been declared by the senate a dangerous attack upon the state. But the senate has declared their approbation of it, not only by their suffrages, but by the warmest testimonies in favour of Milo. For how often have I pleaded that very cause before them? How great was the satisfaction of the whole order! How loudly, how publicly did they applaud me! In the fullest house, when were there found four, at most five, who did not approve of Milo's conduct? This appears plainly from the lifeless harangues of that sined tribune, in which he was continually inveighing against my power, and alledging that the senate, in their decree, did not follow their own judgment, but were merely under my direction and influence. Which, if it must be called power, rather than a moderate share of authority in just and lawful cases, to which one may be entitled by services to his country; or some degree of interest with the worthy part of mankind, on account of my readiness to exert myself in defence of the innocent; let it be called so, provided it is employed for the protection of the virtuous against the fury of ruffians. But as for this extraordinary trial, though

I do not blame it, yet the senate never thought of granting it; because we had laws and precedents already, but in regard to murder and violence: nor did Clodius's death give them so much concern as to occasion an extraordinary commission. For if the senate was deprived of the power of passing sentence upon him for an incestuous debauch, who can imagine they would think it necessary to grant any extraordinary trial for enquiring into his death! Why then did the senate decree that burning the court, the assault upon M. Lepidus's house, and even the death of this man, were actions injurious to the republic? because every act of violence committed in a free state by one citizen against another, is an act against the state. For even force in one's own defence is never desirable, though it is sometimes necessary; unless indeed it be pretended that no wound was given the state, on the day when the Gracchi were slain, and the armed force of Saturninus crushed.

When it appeared, therefore, that a man had been killed upon the Appian way, I was of opinion that the party who acted in his own defence should not be deemed an enemy to the state; but as both contrivance and force had been employed in the affair, I referred the merits of the cause to a trial, and admitted of the fact. And if that frantic tribune would have permitted the senate to follow their own judgment, we should at this time have had no new commission for a trial: for the senate was coming to a resolution, that the cause should be tried upon the old laws, only not according to the usual forms. A division was made in the vote, at whose request I know not; for it is not necessary to expose the crimes of every one. Thus the remainder of the senate's authority was destroyed by a mercenary interposition. But, it is said, that Pompey, by the bill which he brought in, decided both upon the nature of the fact in general, and the merits of this cause in particular. For he published a law concerning this encounter in the Appian way, in which P. Clodius was killed. But what was the law? why, that enquiry should be made into it. And what was to be enquired into? whether the fact was committed? But that is not disputed. By whom? that too is clear. For Pompey saw, though the fact was confessed, that the justice of it might be defended. If he had not seen that a person

might be acquitted, after making his confession, he would never have directed an enquiry to be made, nor have put into your hands, my lords, an acquitting as well as a favourable letter. But Cn. Pompey seems to me not only to have determined nothing severe against Milo, but even to have pointed out what you are to have in view in the course of the trial. For he who did not punish the confession of the fact, but allowed of a defence, was surely of opinion that the cause of the bloodshed was to be enquired into, and not the fact itself. I refer it to Pompey himself, whether the part he acted in this affair proceeded from his regard to the memory of P. Clodius, or from his regard to the times.

M. Drusus, a man of the highest quality, the defender, and in those times almost the patron, of the senate, uncle to that brave man M. Cato, now upon the bench, and tribune of the people, was killed in his own house. And yet the people were not consulted upon his death, nor was any commission for a trial granted by the senate on account of it. What deep distress is said to have spread over the whole city, when P. Africanus was assassinated in the night-time as he lay on his own bed? What breast did not then sigh, what heart was not pierced with grief, that a person, on whom the wishes of all men would have conferred immortality, could wishes have done it, should be cut off by so early a fate? was no decree made then for an enquiry into Africanus's death? None. And why? Because the crime is the same, whether the character of the persons that suffer be illustrious or obscure. Grant that there is a difference, as to the dignity of their lives, yet their deaths, when they are the effect of villainy, are judged by the same laws, and attended by the same punishments: unless it be a more heinous parricide for a man to kill his father if he be of a consular dignity, than if he were in a private station; or the guilt of Clodius's death be aggravated by his being killed amongst the monuments of his ancestors; for that too has been urged; as if the great Appius Cæcus had paved that road, not for the convenience of his country, but that his posterity might have the privilege of committing acts of violence with impunity. And accordingly when P. Clodius had killed M. Papirius, a most accomplished person of the Equestrian order, on this Appian way,

crime must pass unpunished; for a Roman had only killed a Roman knight amongst the monuments of his own family. Now the very name of this Appian way, what a stir does it make? what was never mentioned while it was stained with the blood of a worthy and innocent man, is in every one's mouth, now it is dyed with the blood of a robber and a murderer. But why do I mention these things? one of Clodius's slaves was seized in the temple of Castor, where he was placed by his master, on purpose to assassinate Pompey: he confessed it, as they were wresting the dagger out of his hands. Pompey absent from the forum upon it, he absented from the senate, he absented from the public. He had recourse, for his security, to the gates and walls of his own house, and not to the authority of laws, or courts of judicature. Was any law passed at that time? was any extraordinary commission granted? And yet, if any circumstance, in any person, if any juncture, ever merited such a distinction, it was certainly upon this occasion. An assassin was placed in the forum, and in the very porch of the senate-house, with a design to murder the man, on whose life depended the safety of the state; and at so critical a juncture of the public, that if he had fallen, not this alone, but the whole empire must have fallen with him. But possibly you may imagine he ought not to be punished, because his design did not succeed; as if the success of a crime, and not the intention of the criminal, was cognizable by the laws. There was less reason indeed for grief, as the attempt did not succeed; but certainly not at all the less for punishment. How then, my lords, have I myself escaped the threatening dagger, and bloody hands of Clodius? From which, if neither my own good fortune, nor that of the republic had preserved me, who would ever have procured an extraordinary trial upon my path?

But it is weak in one to presume to compare Drusus, Africanus, Pompey, or myself, with Clodius. Their lives could be dispensed with; but as to the death of Clodius, no one can hear it with any degree of patience. The senate mourns, the Equestrian order is filled with distress, the whole city is in the deepest affliction, the corporate towns are all in mourning, the colonies are overwhelmed with sorrow; in a word, even the fields themselves lament the loss of so generous, so useful, and

so humane a citizen. But this, my lords, is by no means the reason why Pompey thought himself obliged to appoint a commission for a trial; being a man of great wisdom, of deep and almost divine penetration, he took a great variety of things into his view. He considered that Clodius had been his enemy, that Milo was his intimate friend, and was afraid that, if he took his part in the general joy, it would render the sincerity of his reconciliation suspected. Many other things he saw, and particularly this, that though he had made a severe law, you would act with becoming resolution on the trial. And accordingly, in appointing judges, he selected the greatest ornaments of the most illustrious orders of the state; nor in making his choice, did he, as some have pretended, set aside my friends. For neither had this person, so eminent for his justice, any such design, nor was it possible for him to have made such a distinction, if only worthy men were chosen, even if he had been desirous of doing it. My influence is not confined to my particular friends, my lords, the number of whom cannot be very large, because the intimacies of friendship can extend but to a few. If I have any interest, it is owing to this, that the affairs of the state have connected me with the virtuous and worthy members of it; out of whom when he chose the most deserving, to which he would think himself bound in honour, he could not fail of nominating those who had an affection for me. But in fixing upon you, L. Domitius, to preside at this trial, he had no other motive than a regard to justice, disinterestedness, humanity and honour. He enacted that the president should be of consular rank; because, I suppose, he was of opinion that men of distinction ought to be proof against the levity of the populace, and the rashness of the abandoned; and he gave you the preference to all others of the same rank, because you had, from your youth, given the strongest proofs of your contempt of popular rage.

Therefore, my lords, to come at last to the cause itself, and the accusation brought against us; if it be not unusual in some cases to confess the fact; if the senate has decreed nothing with relation to our cause, but what we ourselves could have wished; if he who enacted the law, though there was no dispute about the matter of fact, was willing that the lawfulness of it should be debated; if a number of judges have

been

been chosen, and a person appointed to preside at the trial, who might canvass the affair with wisdom and equity; the only remaining subject of your enquiry is, which of these two parties way-laid the other. And that you may be able the more easily to determine this point, I shall beg the favour of an attentive hearing, while, in a few words, I lay open the whole affair before you. P. Clodius being determined, when created prætor, to harass his country with every species of oppression, and finding the comitia had been delayed so long the year before, that he could not hold his office many months; not regarding, like the rest, the dignity of the station, but being solicitous both to avoid having L. Paulus, a man of exemplary virtue, for his colleague, and to obtain a whole year for oppressing the state; all on a sudden threw up his own year, and reserved himself to the next; not from any religious scruple, but that he might have, as he said himself, a full, entire year, for exercising his prætorship; that is, for overturning the commonwealth. He was sensible he must be controuled and cramped in the exercise of his prætorian authority under Milo, who, he plainly saw, would be chosen consul by the unanimous consent of the Roman people. Accordingly, he joined the candidates that opposed Milo, but in such a manner that he over-ruled them in every thing, had the sole management of the election, and as he used often to boast, bore all the comitia upon his own shoulders. He assembled the tribes; he thrust himself into their counsels, and formed a new Collinian tribe of the most abandoned of the citizens. The more confusion and disturbance he made, the more Milo prevailed. When this wretch, who was bent upon all manner of wickedness, saw that so brave a man, and his most inveterate enemy, would certainly be consul; when he perceived this, not only by the discourses, but by the votes of the Roman people, he began to throw off all disguise, and to declare openly that Milo must be killed. He sent for that rude and barbarous crew of slaves from the Appennines, whom you have seen, with whom he used to ravage the public forests, and harass Etruria. The thing was not in the least a secret; for he used openly to say, that though Milo could not be deprived of the consulate, he might of his life. He often intimated this in the se-

nate, and declared it expressly before the people; inasmuch that when Favonius, that brave man, asked him what prospect he could have of carrying on his furious designs, while Milo was alive; he replied, that in three or four days at most he should be taken out of the way: which reply Favonius immediately communicated to M. Cato.

In the mean time, as soon as Clodius knew, (nor indeed was there any difficulty to come at the intelligence) that Milo was obliged by the eighteenth of January to be at Lanuvium, where he was dictator, in order to nominate a priest, a duty which the laws rendered necessary to be performed every year; he went suddenly from Rome the day before, in order, as appears by the event, to way-lay Milo, in his own grounds; and this at a time when he was obliged to leave a tumultuous assembly, which he had summoned that very day, where his presence was necessary to carry on his mad designs; a thing he never would have done, if he had not been desirous to take the advantage of that particular time and place for perpetrating his villainy. But Milo, after having staid in the senate that day till the house was broke up, went home, changed his shoes and cloaths, waited awhile, as usual, till his wife had got ready to attend him, and then set forward about the time that Clodius, if he had proposed to come back to Rome that day, might have returned. Clodius meets him, equipped for an engagement, on horseback, without either chariot or baggage, without his Grecian servants; and, what was more extraordinary, without his wife. While this lieutenant-in-wait, who had contrived the journey on purpose for an assassination, was in a chariot with his wife, muffled up in his cloak, encumbered with a crowd of servants, and with a feeble and timid train of women and boys; he meets Clodius near his own estate, a little before sunset, and is immediately attacked by a body of men, who throw their darts at him from an eminence, and kill his coachman. Upon which he threw off his cloak, leaped from his chariot, and defended himself with great bravery. In the mean time Clodius's attendants drawing their swords, some of them ran back to the chariot in order to attack Milo in the rear, whilst others, thinking that he was already killed, fell upon his servants who were behind: these, being resolute and faithful to their master,

ter, were, some of them, slain; whilst rest, seeing a warm engagement near chariot, being prevented from going their master's assistance, hearing besides Clodius himself that Milo was killed, believing it to be fact, acted upon this action: (I mention it not with a view to the accusation, but because it was the true state of the case) without the order, without the knowledge, without the licence of their master, as every man armed with his own servants should act in like circumstances.

This, my lords, is a faithful account of the matter of fact: the person who in wait was himself overcome, and was subdued by force, or rather, audaciousness chastised by true valour. I say nothing of the advantage which accrues to the state in general, to yourselves particular, and to all good men; I am content to wave the argument I might draw from hence in favour of my client, whose destiny was so peculiar, that he could not secure his own safety, without hurting yours and that of the republic the same time. If he could not do it justly, there is no room for attempting defence. But if reason teaches the learned, necessity the barbarian, common to all nations in general, and even nature itself instructs the brutes to defend their bodies, limbs, and lives, when attacked, by all possible methods, you cannot pronounce this action criminal, without determining at the same time that whoever falls into the hands of a highwayman, must of necessity perish either by the sword or your decisions. Had it been of this opinion, he would certainly have chosen to have fallen by the hand of Clodius, who had more than once before this made an attempt upon his life, rather than be executed by your order, because he had not tamely yielded himself a victim to his rage. But if none of you are of this opinion, the proper question is, whether Clodius was killed; for that is granted; but whether justly or unjustly, an enquiry of which many precedents are to be found. That a plot was laid is very evident; and this is what the senate decided to be injurious to the state: but by which of them laid, is uncertain. This is the point which the law directs us to enquire into. Thus, what the senate decided, related to the action, not the man; Pompey enacted not upon the matter of fact but of law.

Is nothing else therefore to be determined but this single question, which of them way-laid the other? Nothing, certainly. If it appear that Milo was the aggressor, we ask no favour; but if Clodius, you will then acquit us of the crime that has been laid to our charge. What method then can we take to prove that Clodius lay in wait for Milo? It is sufficient, considering what an audacious abandoned wretch he was, to shew that he lay under a strong temptation to it, that he formed great hopes, and proposed to himself great advantages from Milo's death. Let that question of Cassius therefore, *whose interest was it?* be applied to the present case. For though no consideration can prevail upon a good man to be guilty of a base action, yet to a bad man the least prospect of advantage will often be sufficient. By Milo's death, Clodius not only gained his point of being prætor, without that restraint which his adversary's power as consul would have laid upon his wicked designs, but likewise that of being prætor under those consuls, by whose connivance at least, if not assistance, he hoped he should be able to betray the state into the mad schemes he had been forming; persuading himself, that as they thought themselves under so great an obligation to him, they would have no inclination to oppose any of his attempts, even if they should have it in their power; and that if they were inclined to do it, they would perhaps be scarce able to controul the most profligate of all men, who had been confirmed and hardened in his audaciousness by a long series of villanies. Are you then, my lords, alone ignorant? are you strangers in this city? Has the report, which so generally obtains in the town, of those laws (if they are to be called laws, and not rather the scourges of the city and the plagues of the republic) which he intended to have imposed and fixed as a brand of infamy upon us all, never reached your ears? Shew us, I beg of you, Sextus Clodius, shew us, that register of your laws; which, they say, you rescued out of his house, and carried off like another Palladium, in the midst of an armed force and a midnight mob; that you might have an honourable legacy, and ample instructions for some future tribune, who should hold his office under your direction, if such a tribune you could find. Now he calls a look at me, like that he used

to assume when he threatened universal ruin. I am indeed struck with that light of the senate.

What, Sextus, do you imagine I am angry with you, who have treated my greatest enemy with more severity than the humanity of my temper could have allowed me to have required? You threw the bloody body of P. Clodius out of his house, you exposed it to public view in the streets, you left it by night a prey to the dogs, half consumed with unhallowed wood, stripped of its images, and deprived of the usual encomiums and funeral pomp. This, though it is true you did it out of mere necessity, I cannot commend: yet as my enemy was the object of your cruelty, I ought not certainly to be angry with you. You saw there was the greatest reason to dread a revolution in the state from the prætorship of Clodius, unless the man, who had both courage and power to control him, were chosen consul. When all the Roman people were convinced that Milo was the man, what citizen could have hesitated a moment about giving him his vote, when by that vote he at once relieved his own fears, and delivered the republic from the utmost danger? But now Clodius is taken off, it requires extraordinary efforts in Milo to support his dignity. That singular honour by which he was distinguished, and which daily increased by his repressing the outrages of the Clodian faction, vanished with the death of Clodius. You have gained this advantage, that there is now no citizen you have to fear; while Milo has lost a fine field for displaying his valour, the interest that supported his election, and a perpetual source of glory. Accordingly, Milo's election to the consulate, which could never have been hurt while Clodius was living, begins now upon his death to be disputed. Milo, therefore, is so far from receiving any benefit from Clodius's death, that he is really a sufferer by it. But it may be said that hatred prevailed, that anger and resentment urged him on, that he avenged his own wrongs, and redressed his own grievances. Now if all these particulars may be applied not merely with greater propriety to Clodius than to Milo, but with the utmost propriety to the one, and not the least to the other; what more can you desire? For why should Milo bear any other hatred to Clodius, who furnished him with such a rich

harvest of glory, but that which every patriot must bear to all bad men? As to Clodius, he had motives enough for bearing ill-will to Milo; first, as my protector and guardian; then as the opposer of his mad schemes, and the controuler of his armed force; and, lastly, as his accuser. For while he lived, he was liable to be convicted by Milo upon the Plotian law. With what patience, do you imagine, such an imperious spirit could bear this? How high must his resentment have risen, and with what justice too, in so great an enemy to justice?

It remains now to consider what arguments their natural temper and behaviour will furnish out in defence of the one, and for the conviction of the other. Clodius never made use of any violence, Milo never carried any point without it. What then, my lords, when I retired from this city, leaving you in tears for my departure, did I fear standing a trial: and not rather the insults of Clodius's slaves, the force of arms, and open violence? What reason could there be for retorting me, if he was not guilty of injustice in banishing me? He had summoned me, I know he had, to appear upon my trial; had set a fine upon me, had brought an action of treason against me, and I had reason to fear the event of a trial in a cause that was neither glorious for you, nor very honourable for myself. No, my lords, this was not the case; I was unwilling to expose my countrymen, whom I had saved by my counsels and at the hazard of my life, to the swords of slaves, indigent citizens, and a crew of ruffians. For I saw, yes, I myself beheld this very Q. Hortensius, the light and ornament of the republic, almost murdered by the hands of slaves, while he waited on me: and it was in the same tumult, that C. Vibienus, a senator of great worth, who was in his company, was handled so roughly, that it cost him his life. When, therefore, has that dagger, which Clodius received from Catiline, rested in its sheath? it has been aimed at me; but I would not suffer you to expose yourselves to its rage on my account; with it he lay in wait for Pompey, and stained the Appian way, that monument of the Clodian family, with the blood of Papius. The same, the very same weapon was, after a long distance of time, again turned against me; and you know how narrowly I escaped being destroyed by it

tately at the palace. What now, of this kind can be laid to Milo's charge? whose force has only been employed to save the state from the violence of Clodius, when he could not be brought to a trial. Had he been inclined to kill him, how often had he the fairest opportunities of doing it? Might he not legally have revenged himself upon him, when he was defending his house and household gods against his assault? Might he not, when that excellent citizen and brave man, P. Sextus, his colleague, was wounded? might he not, when Q. Fabricius, that worthy man, was abused, and a most barbarous slaughter made in the forum, upon his proposing the law for my restoration? might he not, when the house of L. Cæcilius, that upright and brave prætor was attacked? might he not, on that day when the law passed in relation to me? when a vast concourse of people from all parts of Italy, animated with a concern for my safety, would, with joyful voice, have celebrated the glory of the action, and the whole city have claimed the honour of what was performed by Milo alone?

At that time P. Lentulus, a man of distinguished worth and bravery, was consul; the professed enemy of Clodius, the avenger of his crimes, the guardian of the senate, the defender of your decrees, the supporter of that public union, and the restorer of my safety: there were seven prætors, and eight tribunes of the people in my interest, in opposition to him. Pompey, the first mover and patron of my return, was his enemy; whose important and illustrious decree for my restoration was seconded by the whole senate; who encouraged the Roman people, and when he passed a decree in my favour at Capua, gave the signal to all Italy, solicitous for my safety, and imploring his assistance in my behalf, to repair in a body to Rome to have my sentence reversed. In a word, the citizens were then so inflamed with rage against him from their affection to me, that had he been killed at that juncture, they would not have thought so much of acquitting as of rewarding the person by whose hand he fell. And yet Milo so far governed his temper, that though he prosecuted him twice in a court of judicature, he never had recourse to violent measures against him. But what do I say? while Milo was a private person, and stood accused by Clodius before the people, when Pompey was assaulted in the

midst of a speech he was making in Milo's favour, what a fair opportunity, and I will even add, sufficient reason was there for dispatching him? Again, when Mark Antony had, on a late occasion, raised in the minds of all good men the most lively hopes of seeing the state in a happier condition; when that noble youth had bravely undertaken the defence of his country in a most dangerous quarter, and had actually secured that wild beast in the toils of justice, which he endeavoured to avoid: Immortal gods! how favourable was the time and place for destroying him? When Clodius concealed himself beneath a dark stair-case, how easily could Milo have destroyed that plague of his country, and thus have heightened the glory of Antony, without incurring the hatred of any? How often was it in his power, while the comitia were held in the field of Mars? when Clodius had forced his way within the inclosure, and his party began, by his direction, to draw their swords and throw stones; and then on a sudden, being struck with terror at the sight of Milo, fled to the Tiber, how earnestly did you and every good man wish that Milo had then displayed his valour?

Can you imagine then that Milo would chuse to incur the ill-will of any, by an action which he forbore when it would have gained him the applause of all? Would he make no scruple of killing him at the hazard of his own life, without any provocation, at the most improper time and place, when he did not venture to attack when he had justice on his side, had so convenient an opportunity, and would have run no risque? especially, my lords, when his struggle for the supreme office in the state, and the day of his election was at hand; at which critical season (for I know by experience how timorous ambition is, and what a solicitous concern there is about the consulate) we dread not only the charges that may openly be brought against us, but even the most secret whispers and hidden surmises; when we tremble at every rumour, every false, forged, and frivolous story; when we explore the features, and watch the looks of every one we meet. For nothing is so changeable, so ticklish, so frail and so flexible, as the inclinations and sentiments of our fellow-citizens upon such occasions; they are not only displeased with the dishonourable conduct of a candidate, but are often disgusted with his most worthy actions. Shall Milo then

be supposed, on the very day of election, a day which he had long wished for and impatiently expected, to present himself before that august assembly of the centuries, having his hands stained with blood, publicly acknowledging and proclaiming his guilt? Who can believe this of the man? yet who can doubt, but that Clodius imagined he should reign without controul, were Milo murdered? What shall we say, my lords, to that which is the source of all audaciousness? Does not every one know, that the hope of impunity is the grand temptation to the commission of crimes? Now which of these two was the most exposed to this? Milo, who is now upon his trial for an action which must be deemed at least necessary, if not glorious; or Clodius, who had so thorough a contempt for the authority of the magistrate, and for penalties, that he took delight in nothing that was either agreeable to nature or consistent with law? But why should I labour this point so much, why dispute any longer? I appeal to you, Q. Petilius, who are a most worthy and excellent citizen; I call you, Marcus Cato, to witness; both of you placed on that tribunal by a kind of supernatural direction. You were told by M. Favonius, that Clodius declared to him, and you were told it in Clodius's live time, that Milo should not live three days longer. In three days time he attempted what he had threatened: if he then made no scruple of publishing his design, can you entertain any doubt of it when it was actually carried into execution?

But how could Clodius be certain as to the day? This I have already accounted for. There was no difficulty in knowing when the dictator of Lanuvium was to perform his stated sacrifices. He saw that Milo was obliged to set out for Lanuvium on that very day. Accordingly he was beforehand with him. But on what day? that day, on which, as I mentioned before, a mad assembly was held by his mercenary tribune; which day, which assembly, which tumult, he would never have left, if he had not been eager to execute his meditated villany. So that he had not the least pretence for undertaking the journey, but a strong reason for staying at home: while Milo, on the contrary, could not possibly stay, and had not only a sufficient reason for leaving the city, but was under an absolute necessity of doing it. Now what if it appear that, as Clodius certainly knew

Milo would be on the road that day, Milo could not so much as suspect the same of Clodius? First then, I ask which way he could come at the knowledge of it? A question which you cannot put, with respect to Clodius. For had he applied to nobody else, T. Patinas, his intimate friend, could have informed him, that Milo, as being dictator of Lanuvium, was obliged to create a priest there on that very day. Besides, there were many other persons, all the inhabitants of Lanuvium indeed, from whom he might have very easily had this piece of intelligence. But of whom did Milo enquire of Clodius's return? I shall allow, however, that he did enquire; nay, I shall grant farther, with my friend Arius, so liberal am I in my concessions, that he corrupted a slave. Read the evidence that is before you: C. Cassinius of Interamna, surnamed Scola, an intimate friend and companion of P. Clodius, who swore on a former occasion that Clodius was at Interamna and at Rome at the same hour, tells you that P. Clodius intended to have spent that day at his seat near Alba, but that hearing very unexpectedly of the death of Cyrus the architect, he determined immediately to return to Rome. The same evidence is given by C. Clodius, another companion of P. Clodius.

Observe, my lords, how much this evidence makes for us. In the first place it plainly appears, that Milo did not undertake his journey with a design to way-lay Clodius, as he could not have the least prospect of meeting him. In the next place, (for I see no reason why I should not likewise speak for myself) you know, my lords, there were persons who in their zeal for carrying on this prosecution did not scruple to say, that though the murder was committed by the hand of Milo, the plot was laid by a more eminent person. In a word, those worthless and abandoned wretches represented me as a robber and assassin. But this calumny is confuted by their own witnesses, who deny that Clodius would have returned to Rome that day, if he had not heard of the death of Cyrus. Thus I recover my spirits; I am acquitted, and am under no apprehensions lest I should seem to have contrived what I could not so much as have suspected. Proceed I now to their other objections. Clodius, say they, had not the least thought of way-laying Milo, because he was to have remained at Albanum, and would

never have gone from his country-seat to commit a murder. But I plainly perceive that the person, who is pretended to have informed him of Cyrus's death, only informed him of Milo's approach. For why inform him of the death of Cyrus, whom Clodius, when he went from Rome, left expiring? I was with him, and sealed up his will along with Clodius; for he had publicly made his will, and appointed Clodius and me his heirs. Was a messenger sent him then by four o'clock the next day to acquaint him with the death of a person, whom but the day before, about nine in the morning, he had left breathing his last?

Allowing it however to be so, what reason was there for hurrying back to Rome? For what did he travel in the night-time? what occasioned all this dispatch? was it because he was the heir? In the first place this required no hurry; and, in the next, if it had, what could he have got that night, which he must have lost, had he come to Rome only next morning? And as a journey to town in the night was rather to be avoided than desired by Clodius, so if Milo had formed any plot against his enemy, and had known that he was to return to town that evening, he would have stopped and waited for him. He might have killed him by night in a suspicious place, infested with robbers. Nobody could have disbelieved him if he had denied the fact, since even after he has confessed it, every one is concerned for his safety. First of all, the place itself would have been charged with it, being a haunt and retreat for robbers; while the silent solitude and shades of night must have concealed Milo: and then as such numbers have been assaulted and plundered by Clodius, and so many others were apprehensive of the like treatment, the suspicion must naturally have fallen upon them; and, in short, all Etruria might have been prosecuted. But it is certain that Clodius, in his return that day from Aricia, called at Albanum. Now though Milo had known that Clodius had left Aricia, yet he had reason to suspect that he would call at his seat which lies upon the road, even though he was that day to return to Rome. Why then did he not either meet him sooner and prevent his reaching it, or post himself where he was, if Clodius was to pass in the night-time? Thus far, my lords, every circumstance concurs to prove that it was for Milo's

interest Clodius should live; that, on the contrary, Milo's death was a most desirable event for answering the purposes of Clodius; that on one side there was a most implacable hatred, on the other not the least; that the one had been continually employing himself in acts of violence, the other only in opposing them; that the life of Milo was threatened, and his death publicly foretold by Clodius, whereas nothing of that kind was ever heard from Milo; that the day fixed for Milo's journey was well known to his adversary, while Milo knew nothing when Clodius was to return; that Milo's journey was necessary, but that of Clodius rather the contrary; that the one openly declared his intention of leaving Rome that day, while the other concealed his intention of returning; that Milo made no alteration in his measures, but that Clodius feigned an excuse for altering his; that if Milo had designed to way-lay Clodius, he would have waited for him near the city till it was dark, but that Clodius, even if he had been under no apprehensions from Milo, ought to have been afraid of coming to town so late at night.

Let us now consider the principal point, whether the place where they encountered was most favourable to Milo, or to Clodius. But can there, my lords, be any room for doubt, or for any farther deliberation upon that? It was near the estate of Clodius, where at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed in his mad schemes of building. Did Milo think he should have an advantage by attacking him from an eminence, and did he for this reason pitch upon that spot for the engagement? or was he not rather expected in that place by his adversary, who hoped the situation would favour his assault? The thing, my lords, speaks for itself, which must be allowed to be of the greatest importance in determining a question. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs; when the one was sitting in his chariot muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him. Which of these circumstances was not a very great incumbrance? the dress, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worse equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapt up in a cloak, embarrassed with a

chariot, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other now, in the first place, falling out on a sudden from his seat; for what reason? in the evening; what urged him late; to what purpose, especially at that season? He calls at Pompey's seat; with what view? To see Pompey? He knew he was at Allium. To see his house? He had been in it a thousand times. What then could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about? He wanted to be upon the spot when Milo came up.

Now please to compare the travelling equipage of a determined robber with that of Milo. Clodius, before that day, always travelled with his wife; he was then without her: he never used to travel but in his chariot; he was then on horseback: he was attended with Greeks wherever he went, even when he was hurrying to the Tuscan camp; at that time he had nothing insignificant in his retinue. Milo, contrary to his usual manner, happened then to take with him his wife's fingers, and a whole train of her women: Clodius, who never failed to carry his whores, his Catamites, and his bawds along with him, was then attended by none but those who seemed to be picked out by one another. How came he then to be overcome? Because the traveller is not always killed by the robber, but sometimes the robber by the traveller; because, though Clodius was prepared, and fell upon those who were unprepared, yet Clodius was but a woman, and they were men. Nor indeed was Milo ever so little unprepared, as not to be a match for him almost at any time. He was always sensible how much it was Clodius's interest to get rid of him, what an inveterate hatred he bore to him, and what audacious attempts he was capable of; and therefore as he knew that a price was set upon his life, and that it was in a manner devoted to destruction, he never exposed it to any danger without a guard. Add to this effect of accidents, the uncertain issue of all combats, and the common chance of war, which often turns against the victor, even when ready to plunder and triumph over the vanquished. Add the unskilfulness of a gluttonous, drunken, stupid leader, who when he had surrounded his adversary, never thought of his attendants that were behind; from whom, fired with rage, and despairing of their master's life, he suffered the punishment which those faithful slaves inflicted, in re-

venge for their master's death. Why then did he give them their freedom? He was afraid, I suppose, lest they should betray him, lest they should not be able to endure pain, lest the torture should oblige them to confess that P. Clodius was killed by Milo's servants on the Appian way. But what occasion for torture? what was you to extort? If Clodius was killed? he was, but whether lawfully or unlawfully, can never be determined by torture. When the question relates to the matter of fact, we may have recourse to the executioner; but when to a point of equity, the judge must decide.

Let us then here examine into what is to be the subject of enquiry in the present case; for as to what you would extort by torture, we confess it all. But if you ask why he gave them their freedom, rather than why he bestowed so small a reward upon them, it shews that you do not even know how to find fault with this action of your adversary. For M. Cato, who sat on this bench, and who always speaks with the utmost resolution and steadiness, stood and said it in a tumultuous assembly, when however was quelled by his authority, that those who had defended their master's life, well deserved not only their liberty, but the highest rewards. For what reward can be great enough for such affectionate, such worthy and faithful servants to whom their master is indebted for his life? And which is yet a higher obligation, to whom he owes it, that his most inveterate enemy has not flattered his eyes, and satiated his wishes, with the sight of his mangled bloody corpse. Who, if they had not been made free, these deliverers of their master, these avengers of guilt, these defenders of innocent blood, must have been put to the torture. It is matter, however, of no small satisfaction to him, under his present misfortunes, to reflect, that whatever becomes of himself, he has had it in his power to reward them as they deserved. But the torture that is now inflicting in the porch of the temple of Liberty, bears hard upon Milo. Upon whose slaves is it inflicted? do you ask? on those of P. Clodius. Who demanded them? Appius. Who produced them? Appius. From whence came they? from Appius. Good gods! can any thing be more severe? Servants are never examined against their masters but in cases of necessity, as in the instance of Clodius, who now approaches nearer the gods, than when he

made his way into their very presence; for the same enquiry is made into his death, as if their sacred mysteries had been violated. But our ancestors would not allow a slave to be put to the torture for what affected his master, not because the truth could not thus be discovered, but because their masters thought it dishonourable and worse than death itself. Can the truth be discovered when the slaves of the prosecutor are brought as witnesses against the person accused? Let us hear now what kind of an examination this was. Call in Roscius, call in Calca. Did Clodius way-lay Milo? He did. Drag them instantly to execution: he did not. Let them have their liberty. What can be more satisfactory than this method of examination? They are hurried away on a sudden to the rack, but are confined separately, and thrown into dungeons, that no person may have an opportunity of speaking to them: At last, after having been, for a hundred days, in the hands of the prosecutor, he himself produces them. What can be more fair and impartial than such an examination?

But if, my lords, you are not yet convinced, though the thing shines out with such strong and full evidence, that Milo returned to Rome with an innocent mind, unshaken with guilt, undisturbed by fear, and free from the accusations of conscience; call to mind, I beseech you by the immortal gods, the expedition with which he came back, his entrance into the forum while the senate-house was in flames, the greatness of soul he discovered, the look he assumed, the speech he made on the occasion. He delivered himself up, not only to the people, but even to the senate; nor to the senate alone, but even to the guards appointed for the public security; nor merely to them, but even to the authority of him whom the senate had intrusted with the care of the whole republic, all the youth of Italy, and all the military force of Rome: to whom he would never have delivered himself, if he had not been confident of the goodness of his cause; especially as that person heard every report, was apprehensive of very great danger, had many suspicions, and gave credit to some stories. Great, my lords, is the force of conscience; great both in the innocent and the guilty; the first have no fear, while the other imagine their punishment is continually before their eyes. Or indeed is it without good reason that

Milo's cause has ever been approved by the senate; for those wise men perceived the justice of his cause, his presence of mind, and the resolution with which he made his defence. Have you forgot, my lords, when the news of Clodius's death had reached us, what were the reports and opinions that prevailed, not only amongst the enemies of Milo, but even amongst some other weak persons, who affirmed that Milo would not return to Rome? For if he committed the fact in the heat of passion, from a principle of resentment, they imagined he would look upon the death of P. Clodius as of such consequence, that he could be content to go into banishment, after having satiated his revenge with the blood of his enemy; or if he put him to death with a view to the safety of his country, they were of opinion that the same brave man, after he had saved the state by exposing his own life to danger, would cheerfully submit to the laws, and leaving us to enjoy the blessings he had preserved, be satisfied himself with immortal glory. Others talked in a more frightful manner, and called him a Catiline; he will break out, said they, he will seize some strong place, he will make war upon his country. How wretched is often the fate of those citizens who have done the most important services to their country! their noblest actions are not only forgot, but they are even suspected of the most impious. These suggestions therefore were groundless: yet they must have proved too well founded, had Milo done any thing that could not be defended with truth and justice.

Why should I mention the calumnies that were afterwards heaped upon him? And though they were such as would have filled any breast with terror that had the least consciousness of guilt, yet how he bore them! Immortal gods! bore them, did I say? Nay, how he despised and set them at nought! Though a guilty person even of the greatest courage, nor an innocent person, unless endued with the greatest fortitude, could never have neglected them. It was whispered about, that a vast number of shields, swords, bridles, darts, and javelins might be found; that there was not a street nor lane in the city, where Milo had not hired a house; that arms were conveyed down the Tiber to his seat at Oriculum; that his house on the Capitoline hill was filled with shields; and that every other place was full of hand-granades for firing the city, These

stories were not only reported, but almost believed; nor were they looked upon as groundless till after a search was made. I could not indeed but applaud the wonderful diligence of Pompey upon the occasion: but to tell you freely, my lords, what I think: those who are charged with the care of the whole republic, are obliged to hear too many stories; nor indeed is it in their power to avoid it. He could not refuse an audience to a paultry fellow of a priest, Licinius I think he is called, who gave information that Milo's slaves, having got drunk at his house, confessed to him a plot they had formed to murder Pompey, and that afterwards one of them had stabbed him, to prevent his discovering it. Pompey received this intelligence at his gardens. I was sent for immediately; and by the advice of his friends the affair was laid before the senate. I could not help being in the greatest consternation, to see the guardian both of me and my country under so great an apprehension; yet I could not help wondering, that such credit was given to a butcher; that the confessions of a parcel of drunken slaves should be read; and that a wound in the side, which seemed to be the prick only of a needle, should be taken for the thrust of a gladiator. But, as I understand, Pompey was shewing his caution, rather than his fear; and was disposed to be suspicious of every thing, that you might have reason to fear nothing. There was a rumour also, that the house of C. Cæsar, so eminent for his rank and courage, was attacked for several hours in the night. No body heard, no body perceived any thing of it, though the place was so public; yet the affair was thought fit to be enquired into. I could never suspect a man of Pompey's distinguished valour, of being timorous; nor yet think any caution too great in one, who has taken upon himself the defence of the whole republic. A senator too, in a full house, armed lately in the capitol, that Milo had a dagger under his gown at that very time, upon which he stript himself in that consecrated temple, that, since his life and name could not gain him credit, the thing itself might speak for him.

These stories were all discovered to be false malicious forgeries: but if, after all, Milo must still be feared; it is no longer the affair of Clodius, but your suspicions, Pompey, which we dread: your, your suspicions, I say, and speak it so, that you

may hear me. If you are afraid of Milo, if you imagine that he is either now forming, or has ever before contrived, any wicked design against your life; if the forces of Italy, as some of your agents allege, if this armed force, if the Capitoline troops, if these centries and guards, if the chosen band of young men that guard your person and your house, are armed against the assaults of Milo; if all these precautions are taken and pointed against him, great undoubtedly must be his strength, and incredible his valour, far surpassing the forces and power of a single man, since the most eminent of all our generals is fixed upon, and the whole republic armed to resist him. But who does not know, that all the infirm and feeble parts of the state are committed to your care, to be restored and strengthened by this armed force? Could Milo have found an opportunity, he would immediately have convinced you, that no man ever had a stronger affection for another than he has for you; that he never declined any danger, where your dignity was concerned; that, to raise your glory, he often encountered that monster Clodius; that his tribunate was employed, under your direction, in securing my safety, which you had then so much at heart; that you afterwards protected him, when his life was in danger, and used your interest for him, when he stood for the prætorship; that there were two persons whose warmest friendship he hoped he might always depend upon; yourself, on account of the obligations you laid him under, and me on account of the favours I received from him. If he had failed in the proof of all this; if your suspicions had been so deeply rooted as not to be removed; if Italy, in a word, must never have been free from new levies, nor the city from arms, without Milo's destruction, he would not have scrupled, such is his nature and principles, to bid adieu to his country: but first he would have called upon thee, O thou great one, as he now does.

Consider how uncertain and variable the condition of life is, how unsettled and inconstant a thing fortune; what unfaithfulness is to be found amongst friends; what disguises suited to times and circumstances; what desertion, what cowardice in our dangers, even of those who are dearest to us. There will, there will, I say, be a time, and the day will certainly come, when you, with safety still, I hope, to your fortune, though

though changed perhaps by some turn of the common times, which, as experience shews, will often happen to us all, may want the affection of the friendliest, the fidelity of the worthiest, and the courage of the bravest man living. Though who can believe that Pompey, so well skilled in the laws of Rome, in ancient usages, and the constitution of his country, when the senate had given it him in charge, to see that *the republic received no detriment*; a sentence always sufficient for arming the consuls without affixing them an armed force; that he, I say, when an army and a chosen band of soldiers were assigned him, should wait the event of this trial, and defend the conduct of the man who wanted to abolish trials? It was sufficient that Pompey cleared Milo from those charges that were advanced against him, by enacting a law, according to which, in my opinion, Milo ought, and by the confession of all, might lawfully be acquitted. But by sitting in that place, attended by a numerous guard assigned him by public authority, he sufficiently declares his intention is not to overawe, (for what can be more unworthy a man of his character, than to oblige you to condemn a person, whom, from numerous precedents, and by virtue of his own authority, he might have punished himself) but to protect you: he means only to convince you that, notwithstanding yesterday's riotous assembly, you are at full liberty to pass sentence according to your own judgments.

But, my lords, the Clodian accusation gives me no concern; for I am not so stupid, so void of all experience, or so ignorant of your sentiments, as not to know your opinion in relation to the death of Clodius. And though I had not refused the charge, as I have done, yet Milo might, with safety, have made the following glorious declaration in public, though a false one; I have slain, I have slain, not a Sp. Marius, who was suspected of aiming at the regal power, because he counted the favour of the people by lowering the price of corn, and bestowing extravagant presents to the ruin of his own estate; not a Tiberius Gracchus, who seditiously deposed his colleague from his magistracy; though even their destroyers have filled the world with the glory of their exploits: but I have slain the man (for he had a right to use this language, who had saved his country at the hazard of his own life) whose abominable adul-

teries our noblest matrons discovered even in the most sacred recesses of the immortal gods: the man, by whose punishment the senate frequently determined to atone for the violation of our religious rites: the man whose incest with his own sister, Lucullus swore he had discovered, by due examination: the man who, by the violence of his slaves, expelled a person esteemed by the senate, the people, and all nations, as the preserver of the city and the lives of the citizens: the man, who gave and took away kingdoms, and parcelled out the world to whom he pleased: the man who, after having committed several murders in the forum, by force of arms obliged a citizen of illustrious virtue and character to confine himself within the walls of his own house: the man, who thought no instance of villainy or lust unlawful: the man, who fired the table of the Nymphs, in order to destroy the public register, which contained the censure of his crimes; in a word, the man, who governed himself by no law, disregarded all civil institutions, and observed no bounds in the division of property; who never attempted to seize the estate of another by quirks of law, suborned evidence, or false oaths, but employed the more effectual means of regular troops, encampments, and standards; who by his armed forces endeavoured to drive from their possessions, not only the Tuscan (for them he utterly despised) but Q. Varius, one of our judges, that brave man and worthy citizen; who with his architects and measures traversed the estates and gardens of a great many citizens, and grasped in his own imagination all that lies between Janiculum and the Alps; who when he could not persuade Titus Pecavius, an illustrious and brave Roman knight, to sell an island upon the Pretian lake, immediately conveyed timber, stone, mortar and sand, into the island in boats, and made no scruple of building a house on another person's estate, even while the proprietor was viewing him from the opposite bank; who had the impudence, immortal gods! to declare to such a man as Titus Furfanius (for I shall omit the affair relating to the widow Scantia, and the young Apornius, both of whom he threatened with death, if they did not yield to him the possession of their gardens); who had the impudence, I say, to declare to Titus Furfanius, that if he did not give him the sum of money he demanded, he would

convey a dead body into his house, in order to expose so eminent a man to the public odium; who dispossessed his brother Appius of his estate in his absence, a man united to me in the closest friendship; who attempted to run a wall through a court-yard belonging to his sister, and to build it in such a manner as not only to render the court-yard useless, but to deprive her of all entrance and access to her house.

Yet all these violences were tolerated, though committed no less against the commonwealth than against private persons, against the remotest as well as the nearest, strangers as well as relations; but the amazing patience of Rome was become, I know not how, perfectly hardened and callous. Yet by what means could you have warded off those dangers that were mere immediate and threatening, or how could you have submitted to his government, if he had obtained it? I pass by our allies, foreign nations, kings and princes; for it was your ardent prayer that he would turn himself loose upon those rather than upon your estates, your houses, and your money. Your money did I say? By heavens, he had never restrained his unbidden lust from violating your wives and children. Do you imagine that these things are mere fictions? are they not evident? not publicly known? not remembered by all? Is it not notorious that he attempted to raise an army of slaves, strong enough to make him master of the whole republic, and of the property of every Roman? Wherefore if Milo, holding the bloody dagger in his hand, had cried aloud, Citizens, I beseech you draw near and attend: I have killed Publius Clodius: with this right-hand, with this dagger, I have saved your lives from that fury, which no laws, no government could restrain: to me alone it is owing, that justice, equity, laws, liberty, modesty, and decency, have yet a being in Rome: could there be any room for Milo to fear how his country would take it? Who is there now that does not approve and applaud it? Where is the man that does not think and declare it as his opinion, that Milo has done the greatest possible service to his country; that he has spread joy amongst the inhabitants of Rome, of all Italy, and the whole world? I cannot indeed determine how high the transports of the Roman people may have risen in former times, this present age however has been witness to many signal victories

of the bravest generals; but none of them ever occasioned such real and lasting joy. Commit this, my lords, to your memories. I hope that you and your children will enjoy many blessings in the republic, and that each of them will be attended with this reflection, that if P. Clodius had lived, you would have enjoyed none of them. We now entertain the highest, and, I trust, the best-grounded hopes, that so excellent a person being consul, the licentiousness of men being curbed, their schemes broke, law and justice established, the present will be a most fortunate year to Rome. But who is so stupid as to imagine this would have been the case had Clodius lived? How could you possibly have been secure in the possession of what belongs to you, of your own private property, under the tyranny of such a fury?

I am not afraid, my lords, that I should seem to let my resentment for personal injuries rise so high, as to charge these things upon him with more freedom than truth. For though it might be expected this should be the principal motive, yet so common an enemy was he to all mankind, that my aversion to him was scarcely greater than that of the whole world. It is impossible to express, or indeed to imagine, what a villain, what a pernicious monster he was. But, my lords, attend to this; the present trial relates to the death of Clodius: form now in your minds (for our thoughts are free, and represent what they please just in the same manner as we perceive what we see) form, I say, in your minds the picture of what I shall now describe. Suppose I could persuade you to acquit Milo, on condition that Clodius should revive. Why do your countenances betray those marks of fear? how would he affect you when living, if the bare imagination of him, though he is dead, so powerfully strikes you? what! if Pompey himself, a man possessed of that merit and fortune which enable him to effect what no one besides can; if he, I say, had it in his power either to appoint Clodius's death to be enquired into, or to raise him from the dead, which do you think he would chuse? Though from a principle of friendship he might be inclined to raise him from the dead, yet a regard to his country would prevent him. You therefore sit as the avengers of that man's death, whom you would not recall to life if you were able; and enquiry is made into his death by a

law which would not have passed if it could have brought him to life. If his destroyer then should confess the fact, need he fear to be punished by those whom he has delivered? The Greeks render divine honours to those who put tyrants to death. What have I seen at Athens? what in other cities of Greece? what ceremonies were instituted for such heroes? what hymns? what songs? The honours paid them were almost equal to those paid to the immortal gods. And will you not only refuse to pay any honours to the preserver of so great a people, and the avenger of such execrable villainies, but even suffer him to be dragged to punishment? He would have confessed, I say, had he done the action; he would have bravely and freely confessed that he did it for the common good; and, in deed, he ought not only to have confessed, but to have claimed it.

For if he does not deny an action for which he desires nothing but pardon, is it likely that he would scruple to confess what he might hope to be rewarded for? unless he thinks it is more agreeable to you, that he should defend his own life, than the lives of your order; especially, as by such a confession, if you were inclined to be grateful, he might expect to obtain the noblest honours. But if you had not approved of the action (though how is it possible that a person can disapprove of his own safety!) if the courage of the bravest man alive had not been agreeable to his countrymen; he would have departed with steadiness and resolution from so ungrateful a city. For what can shew greater ingratitude, than that all should rejoice, while he alone remained disconsolate, who was the cause of all the joy? Yet, in destroying the enemies of our country, this has been our constant persuasion, that as the glory would be ours, so we should expect our share of odium and danger. For what praise had been due to me, when in my consulate I made so many hazardous attempts for you and your posterity, if I could have proposed to carry my designs into execution without the greatest struggles and difficulties? what woman would not dare to kill the most villainous and outrageous citizen, if she had no danger to fear? But the man who bravely defends his country with the prospect of public odium, danger, and death, is a man indeed. It is the duty of a grateful people to bestow distinguished ho-

nours upon distinguished patriots; and it is the part of a brave man, not to be induced by the greatest sufferings to repent of having boldly discharged his duty. Milo therefore might have made the confession which Ahala, Nalica, Opimius, Marius, and I myself, formerly made. And had his country been grateful, he might have repiced; if ungrateful, his conscience must still have supported him under ingratitude. But that gratitude is due to him for this favour, my lords, the fortune of Rome, your own preservation, and the immortal gods, all declare. Nor is it possible that any man can think otherwise, but he who denies the existence of an over-ruling power or divine providence; who is unaffected by the majesty of your empire, the sun itself, the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, the changes and laws of nature, and, above all, the wisdom of our ancestors, who religiously observed the sacred rites, ceremonies, and auspices, and carefully transmitted them to their posterity.

There is, there certainly is such a Power; nor can this grand and beautiful fabric of nature be without an animating principle, when these bodies and feeble frames of ours are endowed with life and perception. Unless perhaps men think otherwise, because it is not immediately discerned by them; as if we could discern that principle of wisdom and foresight by which we act and speak, or even could discover the manner and place of its existence. This, this is the very power which has often, in a wonderful manner, crowned Rome with glory and prosperity; which has destroyed and removed this plague; which inspired him with presumption to irritate by violence, and provoke by the sword, the bravest of men, in order to be conquered by him; a victory over whom would have procured him eternal impunity, and full scope to his audaciousness. This, my lords, was not effected by human prudence, nor even by the common care of the immortal gods. Our sacred places themselves, by heavens, which saw this monster fall, seemed to be interested in his fate, and to vindicate their rights in his destruction. For you, ye Alban mounts and groves, I implore and attest, ye demolished altars of the Albans, the companions and partners of the Roman rites, which his fury, after having demolished the sacred groves, buried under the extravagant piles of his building. Upon his fall, your
altars

altars, your rites, flourished, your power prevailed, which he had defiled with all manner of villainy. And you, O venerable Jupiter! from your lofty Latian mount, whose lakes, whose woods, and borders, he polluted with the most abominable lust, and every species of guilt, at last opened your eyes to behold his destruction: to you, and in your presence, was the late, but just and deserved penalty paid. For surely it can never be alledged that, in his encounter with Milo before the chapel of the *Bona Dea*, which stands upon the estate of that worthy and accomplished youth, P. Sextius Gallus, it was by chance he received that first wound, which delivered him up to a shameful death, I may say under the eye of the goddess herself: no; it was that he might appear not acquitted by the infamous decree, but reserved only for this signal punishment.

Nor can it be denied that the anger of the gods inspired his followers with such madness, as to commit to the flames his exposed body, without pageants, without singing, without shews, without pomp, without lamentations, without any oration in his praise, without the rites of burial, besmeared with gore and dirt, and deprived of that funeral solemnity which is always granted even to enemies. It was inconsistent with piety, I imagine, that the images of such illustrious persons should grace so monstrous a paricide: nor could he be torn by the dogs, when dead, in a more proper place than that where he had been so often condemned while alive. Truly, the fortune of the Roman people seemed to me hard and cruel, which law and suffered him to insult the state for so many years. He defiled with lust our most sacred rites; violated the most solemn ecclesiastical of the senate; openly corrupted his judges; harassed the senate in his tribulations; abolished those acts which were passed with the concurrence of every order for the safety of the state; drove me from my country; plundered my goods; fired my house; persecuted my wife and children; declared an execrable war against Pompey; assassinated magistrates and citizens; burnt my brother's house; laid Tuscany waste; drove many from their habitations and estates; was very eager and furious; neither Rome, Italy, provinces nor kingdom, could confine his frenzy. In his house, laws were hatched, which were to subject us to our own slaves; there was nothing belonging to any one, which

he coveted, that this year he did not think would be his own. None but Milo opposed his designs; he looked upon Pompey, the man who was best able to oppose him, as firmly attached to his interest, by their late reconciliation. The power of Caesar he called his own; and my fall had taught him to despise the sentiments of all good men; Milo alone resisted him.

In this situation, the immortal gods, as I before observed, inspired that furious miscreant with a design to way-lay Milo. No otherwise could the monster have been destroyed; the state could never have avenged its own cause. Is it to be imagined, that the senate could have restrained him when he was prætor, after having effected nothing while he was only in a private station? Could the consuls have been strong enough to check their prætor? In the first place, had Milo been killed, the two consuls must have been of his faction; in the next place, what consul would have had courage to oppose him when prætor, whom he remembered, while tribune, to have grievously harassed a person of consular dignity? He might have oppressed, seized, and obtained every thing: by a new law which was found among the other Clodian laws, he would have made our slaves his freed-men. In short, had not the immortal gods inspired him, effeminate as he was, with the frantic resolution of attempting to kill the bravest of men, you would this day have had no republic. Had he been prætor, had he been consul, if indeed we can suppose that these temples and these walls could have stood till his consulship; in short, had he been alive, would he have committed no mischief; who, when dead, by the direction of Sextus Clodius, one of his dependants, set the senate-house on fire? Was ever sight more dreadful, more shocking, and more miserable? That the temple of holiness, dignity, wisdom, public counsel, the head of this city, the sanctuary of her allies, the refuge of all nations, the seat granted to this order by the unanimous voice of the Roman people, should be fired, erased, and desiled? And not by a giddy mob, though even that would have been dreadful, but by one man; who, if he dared to commit such havoc for his deceased friend as a revenger, what would he not, as a leader, have done for him when living? He chose to throw the body of Clodius into the senate-house, that, when dead, he might burn

burn what he had subverted when living. Are there any who complain of the Ap-pian way, and yet are silent as to the senate-house? Can we imagine that the forum could have been defended against that man, when living, whose lifeless corse destroyed the senate-house? Raise, raise him if you can from the dead; will you break the force of the living man, when you can scarce sustain the rage occasioned by his unburied body? Unless you pretend that you sustained the attacks of those who ran to the senate house with torches, to the temple of Castor with scythes, and flew all over the forum with swords. You saw the Roman people massacred, an assembly attacked with arms, while they were attentively hearing Marcus Cœlius, the tribune of the people; a man undaunted in the service of the republic; most resolute in whatever cause he undertakes; devoted to good men, and to the authority of the senate; and who has discovered a divine and amazing fidelity to Milo under his present circumstances; to which he was reduced either by the force of envy, or a singular turn of fortune.

But now I have said enough in relation to the cause, and perhaps taken too much liberty in digressing from the main subject. What then remains, but to beseech and adjure you, my lords, to extend that compassion to a brave man, which he disdains to implore, but which I, even against his consent, implore and earnestly intreat. Though you have not seen him shed a single tear while all are weeping around him, though he has preserved the same steady countenance, the same firmness of voice and language, do not on this account withhold it from him: indeed I know not whether these circumstances ought not to plead with you in his favour. If in the combats of gladiators, where persons of the lowest rank, the very dregs of the people, are engaged, we look with so much contempt on cowards, on those who meanly beg their lives, and are so fond of saving the brave, the intrepid, and those who cheerfully offer their breasts to the sword; if I, say, we feel more pity for those who seem above asking our pity, than for those who with earnestness intreat it, how much more ought we to be thus affected where the interests of our bravest citizens are concerned? The words of Milo, my lords, which he frequently utters, and which I daily hear, kill and confound me. May my fellow-citizens, says he, flourish, may they

be safe, may they be glorious, may they be happy! May this renowned city prosper, and my country, which shall ever be dear to me, in whatsoever manner she shall please to treat me: since I must not live with my fellow-citizens, let them enjoy peace and tranquillity without me; but then, to me let them owe their happiness. I will withdraw, and retire into exile: if I cannot be a member of a virtuous commonwealth, it will be some satisfaction not to live in a bad one; and as soon as I set foot within a well-regulated and free state, there will I fix my abode. Alas, cries he, my fruitless toils! my fallacious hopes! my vain and empty schemes! Could I, who, in my tribunship, when the state was under oppression, gave myself up wholly to the service of the senate, which I found almost destroyed; to the service of the Roman knights, whose strength was so much weakened; to the service of all good citizens, from whom the oppressive arms of Clodius had wrested their due authority; could I ever have imagined I should want a guard of honest men to defend me? When I restored you to your country, (for we frequently discourse together) could I ever have thought that I should be driven myself into banishment? Where is now that senate, to whose interest we devoted ourselves? Where, where, says he, are those Roman knights of yours? What is become of that warm affection the municipal towns formerly testified in your favour? What is become of the acclamations of all Italy? What is become of thy art, of thy eloquence, my Tully, which have so often been employed to preserve your fellow-citizens? Am I the only person, to whom alone they can give no assistance; I, who have so often engaged my life in your defence?

Nor does he utter such sentiments as these, my lords, as I do now, with tears, but with the same intrepid countenance you now behold. For he denies, he absolutely denies, that his fellow-citizens have repaid his services with ingratitude; but he confesses they have been too timorous, too apprehensive of danger. He declares, that, in order to insure your safety, he gained over the common people, all the scum of the populace, to his interest, when under their leader Clodius they threatened your property and your lives; that he not only curbed them by his resolution, but soothed their rage at the expence of his three inheritances. And while, by his li-
b. rality,

berality, he appeases the fury of the people, he entertains not the least doubt but that his extraordinary services to the state will procure him your affection and favour. Repeated proofs of the senate's esteem, he acknowledges that he has received, even upon the present occasion; and declares, that, wherever fortune may convey him, she can never deprive him of those marks of honour, regard, and affection, conferred upon him by you and the people of Rome. He recollects too, that he was declared consul by the universal suffrage of the people, the only thing he valued or desired; and that, in order to his being invested with that office, the voice of the cryer was only wanting; a matter, in his opinion, of very little importance. But now if these arms are to be turned against him, at last, 'tis a satisfaction to him that it is not owing to his guilt, but to the suspicion of it. He adds likewise, what is unquestionably true, that the brave and wise perform great actions, not so much on account of the rewards attending them, as on account of their own intrinsic excellence; that through his whole course of life, whatever he has done has been nobly done, since nothing can be more truly great than for a man to rescue his country from impending dangers: that they are without doubt happy, whom their fellow-citizens have repaid with their due reward of honour; but that neither are those to be esteemed unhappy, whose services have exceeded their rewards. Yet, should we in the pursuits of virtue have any of its rewards in view, he is convinced that the noblest of all is glory; that this alone compensates the shortness of life, by the immortality of fame; that by this we are still present, when absent from the world, and survive even after death; and that by the steps of glory, in short, mortals seem to mount to heaven. Of me, says he, the people of Rome, all the nations of the earth, shall talk, and my name shall be known to the latest posterity. Nay, at this very time, when all my enemies combine to inflame an universal odium against me, yet I receive the thanks, congratulations, and applauses of every assembly. Not to mention the Tuscan festivals instituted in honour of me, it is now about an hundred days since the death of Clodius, and yet, I am persuaded, not only the fame of this action, but the joy arising from it, has reached beyond the remotest bounds of the Roman empire. It is therefore, continues he, of little importance to

me, how this body of mine is disposed of, since the glory of my name already fills, and shall ever possess, every region of the earth.

This, Milo, is what you have often talked to me, while they were absent; and now that they are present, I repeat it to you. Your fortitude I cannot sufficiently applaud, but the more noble and divine your virtue appears to me, the more distress I feel in being torn from you. Nor when you are separated from me, shall I have the poor consolation of being angry with those who give the wound. For the separation is not made by my enemies, but by my friends; not by those who have at any time treated me injuriously, but by those to whom I have been always highly obliged. Load me, my lords, with as severe afflictions as you please, even with that I have just mentioned, (and none surely can be more severe) yet shall I ever retain a grateful sense of your former favours. But if you have lost the remembrance of these, or if I have fallen under your displeasure, why do not ye avenge yourselves rather upon me, than Milo? Long and happily enough shall I have lived, could I but die before such a calamity befall me. Now I have only one consolation to support me, the consciousness of having performed for thee, my Milo, every good office of love and friendship it was in my power to perform. For thee, I have dared the resentment of the great and powerful: for thee, I have often exposed my life to the swords of thy enemies; for thee, I have often prostrated myself as a suppliant: I have embarked my own and my family's estate on the same bottom with thine; and at this very hour, if you are threatened with any violence, if your life runs any hazard, I demand a share in your danger. What now remains? what can I say? what can I do to repay the obligations I am under to you, but embrace your fortune, whatever it shall be, as my own? I will not refuse; I accept my share in it: and, my lords, I intreat you either to crown the favours you have conferred upon me by the preservation of my friend, or cancel them by his destruction.

Milo, I perceive, beholds my tears without the least emotion. Incredible firmness of soul! he thinks himself in exile there, where virtue has no place; and looks upon death, not as a punishment, but as the period of our lives. Let him then

then retain that nobleness of soul, which is natural to him—but how, my lords, are you to determine? Will ye still preserve the memory of Milo, and yet drive his person into banishment? And shall there be found on earth a place more worthy the residence of such virtue, than that which gave it birth? On you, on you I call, ye heroes, who have lost so much blood in the service of your country; to you, ye centurions, ye soldiers, I appeal in this hour of danger to the best of men, and bravest of citizens; while you are looking on, while you stand here with arms in your hands, and guard this tribunal, shall virtue like this be expelled, exterminated, cast out with dishonour. Unhappy, wretched man that I am! could you, Milo, by these recall me to my country; and by these shall I not be able to keep you in yours? What answer shall I make to my children, who look on you as another father? What to you, Quintus, my absent brother, the kind partner of all my misfortunes? that I could not preserve Milo by those very instruments which he employed in my preservation? in what cause could I not preserve him? a cause approved of by all. Who have put it out of my power to preserve him? Those who gained most by the death of Clodius. And who solicited for Milo? I myself. What crime, what horrid villainy was I guilty of, when those plots that were conceived for our common destruction were all, by my industry, traced out, fully discovered, laid open before you, and crushed at once? From that copious source flow all the calamities which befall me and mine. Why did you desire my return from banishment? Was it that I might see those very persons who were instrumental in my restoration banished before my face? Make not, I conjure you, my return a greater affliction to me, than was my banishment. For how can I think myself truly restored to my country, if those friends who restored me are to be torn from me?

By the immortal gods I wish (pardon me, O my country! for I fear what I shall say out of a pious regard for Milo may be deemed impiety against thee) that Clodius not only lived, but were prætor, consul, dictator, rather than be witness to such a scene as this. Immortal gods! how brave a man is that, and how worthy of being preserved by you! By no means, he cries: the ruffian met with the punishment he deserved; and let me, if it must

be so, suffer the punishment I have not deserved. Shall this man then, who was born to save his country, die any where but in his country? Shall he not at least die in the service of his country? Will you retain the memorials of his gallant soul, and deny his body a grave in Italy? Will any person give his voice for banishing a man from this city, whom every city on earth would be proud to receive within its walls? Happy the country that shall receive him! ungrateful this, if it shall banish him! wretched, if it should lose him! But I must conclude; my tears will not allow me to proceed, and Milo forbids tears to be employed in his defence. You, my lords, I beseech and adjure, that, in your decision, you would dare act as you think. Trust me, your fortitude, your justice, your fidelity, will more especially be approved of by him, who, in his choice of judges, has raised to the bench the bravest, the wisest, and the best of men.

Whitworth's Cicero.

§ 11. Part of CICERO's Oration against VERRES.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance but superior direction) effectually put in our power. All opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons, but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public: but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quaestorship, the

the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villainies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphilia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries? in which houses, cities, and temples, were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his prætorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that country during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years, under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned, and banished, unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers: the soldiery and sailors belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death: whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish: the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids to describe; nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put

those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity. And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.—Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, “I am a citizen of Rome!” which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them, but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alledged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought then to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen Publius Gavius Cofanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, “I am a Roman citizen; I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence.” The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered

tered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy; but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon!—But what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

Cicero's Orations.

§ 12. *The Oration which was spoken by PERICLES, at the public Funeral of those ATHENIANS who had been first killed in the PELOPONNESIAN War.*

Many of those who have spoken before me on occasions of this kind, have commended the author of that law which we are now obeying, for having instituted an oration to the honour of those who sacrifice their lives in fighting for their country. For my part, I think it sufficient for men who have approved their virtue in action, by action to be honoured for it—by such as you see the public gratitude now performing about this funeral; and that the virtues of many ought not to be endangered by the management of any one person, when their credit must precariously depend on his oration, which may be good, and may be bad. Difficult

indeed it is, judiciously to handle a subject, where even probable truth will hardly gain assent. The hearer, enlightened by a long acquaintance, and warm in his affections, may quickly pronounce every thing unfavourably expressed, in respect to what he wishes and what he knows; whilst the stranger pronounceth all exaggerated, through envy of those deeds which he is conscious are above his own achievement. For the praises bestowed on others are then only to be endured, when men imagine they can do those feats they hear to have been done; they envy what they cannot equal, and immediately pronounce it false. Yet, as this solemnity has received its sanction from the authority of our ancestors, it is my duty also to obey the law, and to endeavour to procure, so far as I am able, the good-will and approbation of all my audience.

I shall therefore begin first with our forefathers, since both justice and decency require we should, on this occasion, bestow on them an honourable remembrance. In this our country they kept themselves always firmly settled; and, through their valour, handed it down free to every since-succeeding generation.—Worthy, indeed, of praise are they, and yet more worthy are our immediate fathers; since, enlarging their own inheritance into the extensive empire which we now possess, they bequeathed that their work of toil to us their sons. Yet even these successes, we ourselves, here present, we who are yet in the strength and vigour of our days, have nobly improved, and have made such provisions for this our Athens, that now it is all-sufficient in itself to answer every exigence of war and of peace. I mean not here to recite those martial exploits by which these ends were accomplished, or the resolute defences we ourselves and our forefathers have made against the formidable invasions of Barbarians and Greeks. Your own knowledge of these will excuse the long detail. But, by what methods we have rose to this height of glory and power; by what polity, and by what conduct, we are thus aggrandized; I shall first endeavour to shew, and then proceed to the praise of the deceased. These, in my opinion, can be no impertinent topics on this occasion; the discussion of them must be beneficial to this numerous company of Athenians and of strangers.

We are happy in a form of government which cannot envy the laws of our neighbours;

hours; for it hath served as a model to others, but is original at Athens. And this our form, as committed not to the few, but to the whole body of the people, is called a democracy. How different forever in a private capacity, we all enjoy the same general equality our laws are fitted to preserve; and superior honours, just as we excel. The public administration is not confined to a particular family, but is attainable only by merit. Poverty is not an hindrance, since whoever is able to serve his country meets with no obstacle to preferment from his first obscurity. The offices of the state we go through without obstructions from one another; and live together in the mutual endearments of private life without suspicions; not angry with a neighbour for following the bent of his own humour, nor putting on that countenance of discontent, which pains, though it cannot punish; so that in private life we converse together without diffidence or damage, whilst we dare not, on any account, offend against the public, through the reverence we bear to the magistrates and the laws, chiefly to those enacted for redress of the injured, and to those unwritten, a breach of which is allowed disgrace. Our laws have further provided for the mind most frequent intermissions of care, by the appointment of public recreations and sacrifices throughout the year, elegantly performed with a peculiar pomp, the daily delight of which is a charm that puts melancholy to flight. The grandeur of this our Athens causes the produce of the whole earth to be imported here, by which we reap a familiar enjoyment, not more of the delicacies of our own growth, than of those of other nations.

In the affairs of war we excel those of our enemies, who adhere to methods opposite to our own; for we lay open Athens to general resort, nor ever drive any stranger from us, whom either improvement or curiosity hath brought amongst us, lest any enemy should hurt us by seeing what is never concealed: we place not so great a confidence in the preparatives and artifices of war as in the native warmth of our souls impelling us to action. In point of education, the youth of some people are inured, by a course of laborious exercise, to support toil and hardship like men; but we, notwithstanding our easy and elegant way of life, face all the dangers of war as intrepidly as they.

This may be proved by facts, since the Lacedæmonians never invade our territories, barely with their own, but with the united strength of all their confederates. But when we invade the dominions of our neighbours, for the most part we conquer without difficulty, in an enemy's country, those who fight in defence of their own habitations. The strength of our whole force, no enemy hath yet ever experienced, because it is divided by our naval expeditions, or engaged in the different quarters of our service by land. But if any-where they engage and defeat a small party of our forces, they boastingly give it out a total defeat; and, if they are beat, they were certainly overpowered by our united strength. What though from a state of inactivity, rather than laborious exercise, or with a natural, rather than an acquired valour, we learn to encounter danger; this good at least we receive from it, that we never droop under the apprehension of possible misfortunes, and when we hazard the danger, are found no less courageous than those who are continually inured to it. In these respects, our whole community deserves justly to be admired, and in many we have yet to mention.

In our manner of living we shew an elegance tempered with frugality, and we cultivate philosophy, without enervating the mind. We display our wealth in the season of beneficence, and not in the vanity of discourse. A confession of poverty is disgrace to no man; no effort to avoid it, is disgrace indeed. There is, visibly, in the same persons, an attention to their own private concerns, and those of the public; and in others, engaged in the labours of life, there is a competent skill in the affairs of government. For we are the only people who think him that does not meddle in state affairs—not indolent, but good for nothing. And yet we pass the soundest judgment, and are quick at catching the right apprehensions of things, not thinking that words are prejudicial to actions; but rather the not being duly prepared by previous debate, before we are obliged to proceed to execution. Herein consists our distinguishing excellence, that in the hour of action we shew the greatest courage, and yet debate before-hand the expediency of our measures. The courage of others is the result of ignorance; deliberation makes them cowards. And those undoubtedly must be

be owned to have the greatest souls, who, most acutely sensible of the miseries of war and the sweets of peace, are not hence in the least deterred from facing danger.

In acts of beneficence, farther, we differ from the many. We preserve friends, not by receiving, but by conferring obligations. For he who does a kindness, hath the advantage over him who, by the law of gratitude, becomes a debtor to his benefactor. The person obliged is compelled to act the more insipid part, conscious that a return of kindness is merely a payment, and not an obligation. And we alone are splendidly beneficent to others, not so much from interested motives, as for the credit of pure liberality. I shall sum up what yet remains, by only adding, that our Athens, in general, is the school of Greece: and that every single Athenian among us is excellently formed, by his personal qualifications, for all the various scenes of active life, acting with most graceful demeanor, and a most ready habit of dispatch.

That I have not, on this occasion, made use of a pomp of words, but the truth of acts, that height to which, by such a conduct, this state hath rose, is an undeniable proof. For we are now the only people of the world, who are found by experience to be greater than in report; we only people who, repelling the attacks of an invading enemy, exempt their defeat from the blush of indignation, and their tributaries no discontent, as if subject to men unworthy to command. That we deserve our power, we need no evidence to manifest; we have great and equal proofs of this, which entitle us to the admiration of the present and of future ages. We want no Homer to be the herald of our praise; no poet to deck off history with the charms of verse, where the opinion of exploits must suffer by a fict relation. Every sea hath been opened to our fleets, and every land been penetrated by our armies, which have every where left behind them eternal monuments of our enmity and our friendship.

In the just defence of such a state, these times of their own valour, scorning the threat to it, have valiantly fought, and bravely died. And every one of those who survive is ready, I am persuaded, to sacrifice life in such a cause. And for this reason have I enlarged so much on national points, to give the clearest proof, that in the present war we

have more at stake than men whose public advantages are not so valuable; and to illustrate by actual evidence, how great a commendation is due to them who are now my subjects, and the greatest part of which they have already received. For the encomiums with which I have celebrated the state, have been earned for it by the bravery of these, and of men like these. And such compliments might be thought too high and exaggerated, if passed on any Grecians, but them alone. The fatal period to which these gallant souls are now reduced, is the surest evidence of their merit—an evidence begun in their lives, and completed in their deaths: for it is a debt of justice to pay superior honours to men, who have devoted their lives in fighting for their country, though inferior to others in every virtue but that of valour. Their last service efface all former demerits—it extends to the public; their private demeanors reached only to a few. Yet not one of these was at all induced to shrink from danger, through fondness of those delights which the peaceful affluent life bestows; not one was the less lavish of his life, though that flattering hope attendant upon want, that poverty at length might be exchanged for affluence. One passion there was in their minds much stronger than these, the desire of vengeance on their enemies. Regarding this as the most honourable prize of dangers, they boldly rushed towards the mark, to seek revenge, and then to satisfy those secondary passions. The uncertain event they had already secured in hope; what their eyes shewed plainly must be done, they trusted their own valour to accomplish, thinking it more glorious to defend themselves, and die in the attempt, than to yield and live. From the reproach of cowardice, indeed, they fled, but presented their bodies to the shock of battle; when, insensible of fear, but triumphing in hope, in the doubtful charge they instantly drop; and thus discharged the duty which brave men owe to their country.

As for you, who now survive them, it is your business to pray for a better fate—but to think it your duty also to preserve the same spirit and warmth of courage against your enemies; not judging the expediency of this from a mere harangue—where any man, indulging a flow of words, may tell you, what you yourselves know as well as he, how many advantages

there are in fighting valiantly against your enemies—but rather making the daily increasing grandeur of this community the object of your thoughts, and growing quite enamoured of it. And, when it really appears great to your apprehensions, think again, that this grandeur was acquired by brave and valiant men; by men who knew their duty, and in the moments of action were sensible of shame; who, whenever their attempts were unsuccessful, thought it dishonourable their country should stand in need of any thing their valour could do for it, and so made it the most glorious present. Bestowing thus their lives on the public, they have every one received a praise that will never decay, a sepulchre that will be most illustrious.—Not that in which their bones lie mouldering, but that in which their fame is preserved, to be on every occasion, when honour is the employ of either word or act, eternally remembered. This whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men; nor is it the inscription on the columns in their native soil that alone shews their merit, but the memorial of them, better than all inscriptions, in every foreign nation, repositied more durably in universal remembrance than on their own tomb. From this very moment, emulating these noble patterns, placing your happiness in liberty, and liberty in valour, be prepared to encounter all the dangers of war. For, to be lavish of life is not so noble in those whom misfortunes have reduced to misery and despair, as in men who hazard the loss of a comfortable subsistence, and the enjoyment of all the blessings this world affords, by an unsuccessful enterprise. Adversity, after a series of ease and affluence, sinks deeper into the heart of a man of spirit, than the stroke of death insensibly received in the vigour of life and public hope.

For this reason, the parents of those who are now gone, whoever of them may be attending here, I do not bewail;—I shall rather comfort. It is well known to what unhappy accidents they were liable from the moment of their birth; and that happiness belongs to men who have reached the most glorious period of life, as these now have who are to you the source of sorrow; those, whose life hath received its ample measure, happy in its continuance, and equally happy in its conclusion. I know it in truth a difficult task to fix comfort in those breasts which will have frequent remembrance,

in seeing the happiness of others, of what they once themselves enjoyed. And sorrow flows not from the absence of those good things we have never yet experienced, but from the loss of those to which we have been accustomed. They, who are not yet by age exempted from issue, should be comforted in the hope of having more. The children yet to be born will be a private benefit to some, in causing them to forget such as no longer are, and will be a double benefit to their country, in preventing its desolation, and providing for its security. For those persons cannot in common justice be regarded as members of equal value to the public, who have no children to expose to danger for its safety. But you, whose age is already far advanced, compute the greater share of happiness your longer time hath afforded for so much gain, persuaded in yourselves the remainder will be but short, and enlighten that space by the glory gained by these. It is greatness of soul alone that never grows old; nor is it wealth that delights in the latter stage of life, as some give out, so much as honour.

To you, the sons and brothers of the deceased, whatever number of you are here, a field of hardy contention is opened. For him, who no longer is, every one is ready to commend, so that to whatever height you push your deserts, you will scarce ever be thought to equal, but to be somewhat inferior, to these. Envy will exert itself against a competitor whilst he remains; but when death stops the competition, affection will applaud without restraint.

If, after this, it be expected from me to say any thing to you, who are now reduced to a state of widowhood, about female virtue, I shall express it all in one short admonition:—It is your greater glory not to be deficient in the virtue peculiar to your sex, and to give the men a little handle as possible to talk of your behaviour, whether well or ill.

I have now discharged the province allotted me by the laws, and said what I thought most pertinent to this assembly. Our departed friends have by facts been already honoured. Their children, from this day till they arrive at manhood, shall be educated at the public expence of the State*, which hath appointed to benefit

* The law was, that they should be instructed at the public expence, and when come to manhood, be presented with a complete suit of armour, and be allowed with the first seats in all public places.

meed for these, and all future relics of the public contests. For wherever the rarest rewards are proposed for virtue, are the best of patriots are ever to be found.—Now, let every one respectively indulge the decent grief for his departed friends, and then retire. *Thucydides.*

§ 13. *HAMLET to the Players.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand; but use all gently: for in the very argument, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shews and noise. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone, is from the purpose of playing; whose end is—to hold, as 'twere a mirror up to nature; to shew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, o'erweigh the whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the wit of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen made them, and not made them well; they have deformed humanity so abominably.

And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered:—that's villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. *Shakespeare.*

§ 14. *The Character of MARIUS.*

The birth of Marius was obscure, though some call it equestrian, and his education wholly in camps; where he learnt the first rudiments of war, under the greatest master of that age, the younger Scipio, who destroyed Carthage; till by long service, distinguished valour, and a peculiar hardiness and patience of discipline, he advanced himself gradually through all the steps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete soldier. The obscurity of his extraction, which depressed him with the nobility, made him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occasions of danger, thought him the only man fit to be trusted with their lives and fortunes; or to have the command of a difficult and desperate war: and, in truth, he twice delivered them from the most desperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy. Scipio, from the observation of his martial talents, while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave a kind of prophetic testimony of his future glory; for being asked by some of his officers, who were supping with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have, in case of any accident to himself? That man, replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table. In the field he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the most favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his measures from augurs and diviners; nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions he had inspired his soldiers with a confidence of victory; so that his enemies dreaded him as something more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulse and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accomplishment of learning, which he openly affected to despise; so that Arpinum had the singular felicity to produce the most glorious contemner, as well as the most illustrious improver, of the arts and eloquence of Rome*. He made no figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of sustaining his authority in the city, than by cherishing the natural jealousy between the senate and the people; that by this declared enmity to the one he might always be at the head of the other;

* Arpinum was also the native city of Cicero.

whose favour he managed, not with any view to the public good, for he had nothing in him of the statesman or the patriot, but to the advancement of his private interest and glory. In short, he was crafty, cruel, covetous, and perfidious; of a temper and talents greatly serviceable abroad, but turbulent and dangerous at home; an implacable enemy to the nobles, ever seeking occasions to mortify them, and ready to sacrifice the republic, which he had saved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life spent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domestic wars, he died at last in his bed, in a good old age, and in his seventh consulship; an honour that no Roman before him ever attained.

Middleton.

§ 15. *ROMULUS to the People of Rome, after building the City.*

If all the strength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we should have great reason to be in fear for that which we have now built. But are there in reality any walls too high to be scaled by a valiant enemy? and of what use are ramparts in intestine divisions? They may serve for a defence against sudden incursions from abroad; but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invasions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, sobriety, and justice, that domestic seditions are prevented. Cities fortified by the strongest bulwarks have been often seen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from within. An exact military discipline, and a steady observance of civil polity, are the surest barriers against these evils.

But there is still another point of great importance to be considered. The prosperity of some rising colonies, and the speedy ruin of others, have in a great measure been owing to their form of government. Were there but one manner of ruling states and cities that could make them happy, the choice would not be difficult; but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by those who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of these is in all respects perfect, but each of them has some innate and incurable defect. Chuse you, then, in what manner this city shall be governed. Shall it be by one man? Shall it be by a select number of the wisest among us? or

shall the legislative power be in the people? As for me, I shall submit to whatever form of administration you shall please to establish. As I think myself not unworthy to command, so neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having chosen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours sufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I never can be deprived.

Hooker.

§ 16. *The Character of SYLLA.*

Sylla died after he had laid down the dictatorship, and restored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatness of mind, lived many months as a private senator, and with perfect security, in that city where he had exercised the most bloody tyranny; but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that, during the three years in which the Marians were masters of Italy, he neither dissembled his resolution of pursuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, first to chastise a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his ancestors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almost sunk into obscurity, till he produced it again into light, by aspiring to the honours of the state. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully instructed himself in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondness for the company of mimics and players, was drawn, when young, into a life of luxury and pleasure; so that when he was sent quaestor to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in so rough and desperate a service chance had given him so soft and delicate a quaestor. But, whether roused by the example, or stung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himself in that charge with the greatest vigour and courage, suffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himself equal and familiar even to the lowest of the soldiers, and obliging them by all his good offices and his money: so that he soon acquired the favour of his army, with the character of a brave and skilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himself, banished and proscribed, into that very province where

had been contemned by him at first as a quæstor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his passions and purposes; and was so different from himself in different circumstances, that he seemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after.

In war, he practised the same art it he had seen so successful to Marius, raising a kind of enthusiasm and contempt of danger in his army, by the force of auspices and divine admonitions; which end, he carried always about with him a little statue of Apollo, taken from the temple of Delphi: and whenever he had resolved to give battle, used to embrace it in sight of the soldiers, and by the speedy confirmation of its promises to him. From an uninterrupted use of success and prosperity, he assumed a surname, unknown before to the Romans, of *Pelux*, or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, says Plutarch, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, won from the blood and oppression of a country; for which posterity would think him more unfortunate, even than the whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himself, of being the only man in history, whom the odium of the most barbarous cruelties was extinguished by the glory of great acts. Cicero, though he had a bad opinion of his cause, yet detested the inhumanity of his victory, and never speaks of him with respect, nor of his merit but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a master of three most pestilent vices, luxury, avarice, cruelty." It was the first of his family whose death was burnt: for, having ordered Marius's remains to be taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, was apprehensive of the same insult in his own, if left to the usual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the sum of which was, that no man had ever gone beyond him, in doing good to his friends, or hurt to his enemies." *Middleton.*

7. *HANNIBAL to SCIPIO AFRICANUS, at their Interview preceding the battle of Zama.*

Since fate has so ordained it, that I began the war, and who have been often on the point of ending it by a

complete conquest, should now come of my own motion to ask a peace; I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to ask it. Nor will this be among the least of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over so many Roman generals, submitted at last to you.

I could wish, that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature seems to have prescribed to it; the shores of Africa, and the shores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both sides we have been so eager after foreign possessions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But since errors past may be more easily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me to put an end, if possible, to the obstinate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the instability of fortune, inclines me to leave nothing to her determination, which reason can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted success, may render you averse from the thoughts of peace. If whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconstancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation. I am that same Hannibal, who after my victory at Cannæ, became master of the greatest part of your country, and deliberated with myself what fate I should decree to Italy and Rome. And now—see the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preservation and my country's. Such are the sports of fortune. Is she then to be trusted because she smiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleasure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or the glory of your country; if vanquished, you lose in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been so many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all this?—that you should content yourself with our cession of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the islands between Italy and Africa. A peace on these conditions will, in my opinion, not only secure the future tranquillity of Carthage, but be sufficiently glorious for you, and for the Roman name.

And do not tell me, that some of our citizen, dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty—it is I, Hannibal, that now ask a peace: I ask it, because I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it.

Hooke.

§ 18. *SCIPIO'S Answer.*

I knew very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aside all thoughts of a peace, when it was just upon the point of being concluded; and your present proposal is a proof of it. You retrench from their concessions every thing but what we are, and have been long, possessed of. But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens should have the obligations to you, of being eased from a great part of their burden, so it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiousness. Nobody is more sensible than I am of the weakness of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprize is subject to a thousand chances. If, before the Romans passed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are masters here of the open country, the situation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be considered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty which we entered into at their request, were, over and above what you offer, to have restored to us our prisoners without ransom, delivered up their ships of war, paid us five thousand talents, and to have given hostages for the performance of all. The senate accepted these conditions, but Carthage failed on her part; Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be released from the most important articles of the treaty, as a reward of their breach of faith? No, certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added some new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, instead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians therefore must submit to us at discretion, or must vanquish us in battle.

Hooke.

§ 19. *The Character of POMPEY.*

Pompey had early acquired the surname of the Great, by that sort of merit which, from the constitution of the republic, necessarily made him great; a fame and success in war, superior to what Rome had ever known in the most celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three several times, over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Asia, Africa; and by his victories had almost doubled the extent, as well as the revenues, of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the lesser Asia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire. He was about six years older than Cæsar, and while Cæsar, immersed in pleasures, oppressed with debts, and suspected by all honest men, was hardly able to save his head, Pompey was flourishing in the height of power and glory; and, by the consent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the post that his ambition seemed to aim at, to be the first man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himself the master of it without any risk, if his virtue, or his phlegm at least, had not restrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to seize by force; and, by fomenting the disorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the necessity of creating him dictator. It is an observation of all the historians that while Cæsar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or usurped, whether over those who loved, or those who feared him; Pompey seemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any desire to govern, but with the good-will of the governed. What less he found from his wars, he employed in the study of polite letters, and especially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms; yet he pleaded several causes with applause, in the defence of his friends and clients; and some of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his sentiments just, his voice sweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown; and though in both he observed the same discipline

cipline, a perpetual modesty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the licence of camps the example was more rare and striking. His person was extremely graceful, and imprinting respect; yet with an air of reserved haughtiness, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plausible, rather than great; specious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief instrument of governing was dissimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real sentiments. As he was a better soldier than a statesman, so what he gained in the camp he usually lost in the city; and though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent opposition of the senate drove him to that alliance with Crassus and Caesar, which proved fatal both to himself and the republic. He took in these two, not as the partners, but the ministers rather of his power; that by giving them some share with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable: he had no reason to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; since neither of them had any credit or character of that kind, which alone could raise them above the laws; a superior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own; till, by cherishing Caesar, and throwing into his hands the only thing which he wanted, arms, and military command, he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly dissuaded both his union and his breach with Caesar; and after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle: if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preserved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural superstition, and attention to those vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruspices: he had seen the same temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it: but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting: but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He saw his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from

Pharsalia, was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and seen farther into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt finished the sad catastrophe of this great man: the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom: and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance in the present war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of human greatness, ~~he~~ ^{the} who a few days before commanded kings and consuls, and all the noblest of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of slaves; murdered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freed-men, with the planks of an old fishing-boat; and his ashes, being conveyed to Rome, were deposited privately, by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his alban villa. The Egyptians however raised a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of brass, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was sought out, and restored by the emperor Hadrian.

Middleton.

§ 20. *Submission; Complaint; Intracating—The Speech of SENECA the Philosopher to NERO, complaining of the Envy of his Enemies, and requesting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow Circumstances, that he might no longer be an Object of their Malignity.*

May it please the imperial majesty of Cæsar, favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments

of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has drawn upon me, what I had reason to expect, the envy of many of those persons, who are always ready to prescribe to their prince where to bestow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, Augustus, bestowed on his deserving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenæ, honours and emoluments, suitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the services of the receivers: nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majesty has, indeed, been purely domestic: I have neither headed your armies, nor assisted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are some who do not seem to attend to it) that a prince may be served in different ways, some more, others less conspicuous: and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

"But what!" say my enemies, "shall a private person, of equestrian rank, and a provincial by birth, be advanced to an equality with the patricians? Shall an upstart, of no name nor family, rank with those who can, by the statues which make the ornament of their palaces, reckon backward a line of ancestors, long enough to tire out the fasti*? Shall a philosopher who has written for others precepts of moderation, and contempt of all that is external, himself live in affluence and luxury? Shall he purchase estates and lay out money at interest? Shall he build palaces, plant gardens, and adorn a country at his own expence, and for his own pleasure?"

Cæsar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince bestowed; nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. Cæsar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the envious. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg, that Cæsar

* The fasti, or calendars, or, if you please, almanacs, of the ancients, had, as our almanacs, tables of kings, consuls, &c.

would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the imperial treasury, from whence it came, what is to me superfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæsar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæsar's greatness to have it said, that he bestowed favours on Cicerò, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, shewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them.

Corn. Tacit.

§ 21. *Speech of CHARIDEMUS, an ATHENIAN Exile at the Court of PARRIUS, on being asked his Opinion of the warlike Preparations making by that Prince against ALEXANDER.*

Perhaps your Majesty may not bear the truth from the mouth of a Grecian, and an exile: and if I do not declare it now, I never will, perhaps I may never have another opportunity.—Your Majesty's numerous army, drawn from various nations, and which unpeoples the east, may seem formidable to the neighbouring countries. The gold, the purple, and the splendour of arms, which strike the eyes of beholders, make a show which surpasses the imagination of all who have not seen it. The Macedonian army, with which your Majesty's forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, grim, and horrid of aspect, and clad in iron. The irresistible phalanx is a body of men who, in the field of battle, fear no onset, being practised to hold together, man to man, shield to shield, and spear to spear; so that a brazen wall might as soon be broke through. In advancing, in wheeling to right or left, in attacking, in every exercise of arms, they act as one man. They answer the slightest sign from the commander, as if his soul animated the whole army. Every soldier has a knowledge of war sufficient for a general. And this discipline, by which the Macedonian army is become so formidable, was first established, and has been all along kept up, by a fixed contempt of what your Majesty's troops are so vain of, I mean gold and silver. The bare earth serves them for beds. Whatever will satisfy nature,

is their luxury. Their repose is always shorter than the night. Your Majesty may, therefore, judge, whether the Thesſalian, Acarnanian, and Ætolian cavalry, and the Macedonian phalanx—an army that has, in spite of all opposition, overrun half the world—are to be repelled by a multitude (however numerous) armed with slings, and stakes hardened at the points by fire. To be upon equal terms with Alexander, your Majesty ought to have an army composed of the same sort of troops; and they are no where to be had, but in the same countries which produced those conquerors of the world.—It is therefore my opinion, that, if your Majesty were to apply the gold and silver, which now so superfluously adorns your men to the purpose of hiring an army for Greece, to contend with Greeks, you might have some chance for success; otherwise there is no reason to expect any thing else, in that your army should be defeated, as all the others have been who have encountered the irresistible Macedonians.

L. Curtius.

§ 22. *The Character of JULIUS CÆSAR.*

Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature; and gave a man the ascendancy in society; formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in council; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity; generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quintilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and crucial parts of learning; and, among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wherever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself; rightly judging, that by making such

men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition, and love of pleasure; which he indulged in his turns to the greatest excess: yet the first was always predominant; to which he could easily sacrifice all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripides, which expressed the image of his soul, that if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary, to acquire and to support power—soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other: with money therefore he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the most rapacious, in plundering both friends and foes; sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but, disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest, till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted, had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it: and as men shorten life by living too fast, so by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end.

Middleton.

§ 23. *CALISTHENES'S Reproof of CLEON'S Flattery to ALEXANDER, on whom he had proposed to confer Divinity by Vote.*

If the king were present, Cleon, there would be no need of my answering to what you have just proposed: he would himself reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign absurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by such unmanly flattery. As he is absent, I take upon me to tell you, in his name, that no

praise is lasting, but what is rational; and that you do what you can to lessen his glory, instead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified till after their death; and, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wish the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour.

You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propose, Hercules and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? and are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our sovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his subjects? First try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, surely, easier to make a king than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wish that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant proposal you have made of adding one to their number; and that they may still be so propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that success to our affairs with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not ashamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws or rules of conduct from them, what is it but to confess ourselves inferior to them?

Q. Curtius.

§ 24. *The Character of Cato.*

If we consider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty; yet, falsely measuring all duty by the absurd rigour of the stoical rule, he was generally disappointed of the end which he sought by it, the happiness both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was severe, morose, inexorable; banishing all the softer affections, as natural enemies to justice, and as suggesting false motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compassion: in public affairs he was the same; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumstances, or even to a force that could controul him; for, instead of managing the power of the great, so as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; so that, with the best intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the re-

public. This was his general behaviour; yet from some particular facts, it appears that his strength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal: which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him sometimes into measures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The last act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philosophy: when he could no longer be what he had been; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his sect, was a just cause for dying; he put an end to his life with a spirit and resolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occasion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praised, rather than imitated.

Maddleton.

§ 25. *Brutus's Speech in Vindication of CÆSAR's Murder.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me, in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this assembly, my dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar? this is my answer—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman?—If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country?—If any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.—

None?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not

not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as, which of you shall not? With this I depart.—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Shakespeare.

§ 26. *A Comparison of CÆSAR with CATO.*

As to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways: Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity; Cato for his unfulled integrity: the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato for his immoveable firmness; Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting; what he desired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous severity: he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so: so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him.

Sallust, by Mr. Roje.

§ 27. *CAIUS MARIUS to the ROMANS, shewing the absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the Rank of General, merely on Account of his Extraction.*

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and

after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice.—It is undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme command, in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office; I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the dissatisfied—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard—that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the common-wealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect attacks against me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at it. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable
body?

body? a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience! What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direct aid in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have, myself, known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine; what would they answer but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors; whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy likewise, my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow, whilst they aspire to honours as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury; yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise

of their ancestors: and they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary: for, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to shew what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilst they will not allow me the due praise, for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors—What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can shew no statues of my family? I can shew the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can shew the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs: but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood; scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to shew their faces.

Sallust.

§ 28. *The Character of CATILINE.*

Lucius Catiline was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigour, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable: he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own; violent in his passions; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His

boundless

boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

After Sylla's usurpation, he was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government; and, provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design, by his poverty, and the consciousness of his crimes; both which evils he had heightened by the practices above-mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the state, thoroughly debauched by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. *Sallust, by Mr. Rose.*

§ 29. *Speech of TITUS QUINCTIUS to the ROMANS, when the ÆQUI and VOLSCI, taking Advantage of their intestine Commotions, ravaged their Country to the Gates of ROME.*

Though I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchastised! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to preface much good; but, could I have imagined that to great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death (if all other means had failed) have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken, whilst I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulship.

But who are they that our dauntless enemies thus despise?—the consuls, of you, Romans? If we are in fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—my neither gods nor men punish your faults! only may you repeat! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord, is the ruin of this city! The eter-

nal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we will set no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician magistrates, and we Plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated, and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes; for the sake of peace, we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we consented to their creation. You grew weary of the Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the Tribuneship; we yielded: we quietly saw Consuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal: the Patricians are subjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you shew less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, the Æquiline is near being taken, and nobody thus to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with diligence. Come on then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles; and, when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at last, sally out at the Æquiline gate, with the same fierce spirits, against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lanes ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the Tribunes make up your losses to you? They'll give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state; heap laws upon laws: assemblies you shall have without end; but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which

which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.—If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

Hooke.

§ 30. MICIPSA to JUGURTHA.

You know, Jugurtha, that I received you under my protection in your early youth, when left a helpless and hopeless orphan. I advanced you to high honours in my kingdom, in the full assurance that you would prove grateful for my kindness to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would study to repay to them what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reason to repent of my favours to you. For, to omit all former instances of your extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the Numantian war has reflected upon me, and my kingdom, a new and distinguished glory. You have, by your valour, rendered the Roman commonwealth, which before was well affected to our interest, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raised the honour of my name and crown. And you have surmounted what is justly reckoned one of the greatest difficulties; having, by your merit, silenced envy. My dissolution seems now to be fast approaching. I therefore beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha! by this right hand; by the remembrance of my past kindness to you; by the honour of my kingdom; and by the majesty of the gods; be kind to my two sons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connection with any stranger, to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treasures, that a kingdom is secured, but by well affected subjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important services, that friendship (which neither gold will purchase, nor arms extort) is secured. But what friendship is more perfect, than that which ought to obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be expected among strangers, if it is wanting among

relations? The kingdom I leave you is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwise, it is weak. For by agreement a small state increases; by division a great one falls into ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha, who are come to riper years than your brothers, to provide that no misconduct produce any bad effect. And, if any difference should arise between you and your brothers (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggressor, because your years and abilities give you the superiority. But I firmly persuade myself, that you will treat them with kindness, and that they will honour and esteem you, as your distinguished virtue deserves.

Sallust.

§ 31. *Speech of PUBLIUS SCIPIO to the ROMAN Army, before the Battle of the TIGRIS.*

Were you, soldiers, the same army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear saying any thing to you at this time: for, what occasion could there be to use exhortation to a cavalry that had so signally vanquished the squadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom that same enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confess themselves conquered? But, as these troops, having been enrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auspices (as was the will of the senate and people of Rome) I, that you might have a consul for your captain, against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myself for this war. You, then, have a new general; and I a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unreasonable.

That you may not be unapprised of what sort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very same whom, in a former war, you vanquished both by land and sea; the same, from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia: and who have been these twenty years your tributaries. You will not, I presume, march against these men, with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, such as you would feel if you saw your slaves on a sudden rise up in arms against you. Conquered and enslaved, it is not boldness, but necessity, that urges them to battle, unless you can believe

believe that those who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loss of two-thirds of their horse and foot in the passage of the Alps.

But you have heard, perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of stout hearts and robust bodies; heroes, of such strength and vigour, as nothing is able to resist.—Mere effigies! nay, shadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger and benumbed with cold! bruised and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken, and their horses weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and such the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquished by the Alps, before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it should be so; and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themselves, without man's help, should begin the war, and bring it to a near conclusion: and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, should happily finish what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear that you should suspect me of saying these things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different sentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province, where I should have had the less-dreaded Atrubal, not Hannibal, to deal with. But hearing, as I passed along the coast of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, sent the horse forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could use in so long a voyage by sea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps. Was it, then, my inclination to avoid a contest with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpose to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try whether the earth, within these twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or whether they be the same sort of men, who fought at the Agores, and whom, at this, you suffered to

redeem themselves at eighteen denarii per head: whether this Hannibal, for labours and journies, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vassal, a slave of the Roman people. Did not the consciousness of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Hamilcar's own hand. We might have starved him in Eryx; we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and, in a few days, have destroyed Carthage. At their humble supplication, we pardoned them; we released them, when they were closely shut up, without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them, when they were conquered. When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them, we treated them, as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all these favours? Under the conduct of a hair-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our state, and lay waste our country.—I could wish, indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory, and not our preservation. But the contest at present is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itself: nor is there behind us another army, which, if we should not prove the conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to pass, which might give us leisure to raise new forces. No, soldiers: here you must make your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants. Yet, let not private considerations alone possess our minds: let us remember that the eyes of the senate and people of Rome are upon us; and that, as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city, and of the Roman empire.

Hooker.

§ 32. *Speech of HANNIBAL to the CARTHAGINIAN Army, on the same Occasion.*

I know not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. I would fain include you on the right and left;

not a ship to fly to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone: behind you are the Alps; over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy.

But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are those? The wealth of Rome; whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations; all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come, to reap the full recompence of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labour; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle: and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And, if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war, for twenty years together, with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer; an army, unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born, I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general;

shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul; and not only of the Alpine nations, but which is greater still, of the Alps themselves; shall I compare myself with this half-year captain! a captain, before whom should one place the two armies, without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul. I esteem it no small advantage, foldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength. A veteran infantry: a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy: you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.—First, they demanded me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum: and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! you are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace. You are to set us bounds: to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! “Pass not the Iberus.” What next? “Touch not the Saguntines. Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step towards that city.” Is it a small matter then that you have deprived us of our ancient possession, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too. Well, we shall yield Spain, and then—you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say?—this very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers; there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may, with more safety, be cowards: they have

have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to fly to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds; and once again, I say, you are conquerors. *Hooke.*

§ 33. *The Character of HANNIBAL.*

Hannibal being sent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hannibal was revived and restored to them: they saw the same vigorous countenance, the same piercing eye, the same complexion and features. But in a short time his behaviour occasioned this resemblance of his father to contribute the least towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, most manifestly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or soldiers loved him most. Where any enterprize required vigour, and valour in the performance, Adrubal always chose him to command at the executing it; nor were the troops ever more confident of success, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever shewed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more presence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardship could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The necessary refection of nature, not the pleasure of his palate, he solely regarded in his meals. He made no distinction of day and night in his watching, or taking rest; and appropriated no time to sleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty: he never sought for a soft or retired place of repose; but was often seen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a soldier's cloak, amongst the centinels and guards. He did not distinguish himself from his companions by the magnificence of his dress, but by the quality of his horse and arm. At the same time, he was by far the best foot and horse soldier in the army; ever the foremost in a charge, and the last who left the field after the battle was begun. These shining qualities were however balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no respect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the

sanctity of oaths, no sense of religion. With a disposition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he served three years under Adrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general. *Loey.*

§ 34. *The SCYTHIAN Ambassadors to ALEXANDER, on his making Preparations to attack their Country.*

If your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west at the same time: you grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia; from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things? have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? it is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Besides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon; why should you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the punisher of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have seized Syria; you are master of Persia; you have subdued the Bactrians, and attacked India: all this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! you grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger, by what should produce satiety: so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? while you were subduing them the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve to no other purpose than to end your employment by producing new wars; for the business of every conquest is twofold, to win, and to preserve: and though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake

off the yoke as fast as possible: for what people chuse to be under foreign dominion?

If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business; you will find us, at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp: for the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained: catching at more you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, 'That Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful.—You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon: it suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself.'

You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedonia. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing; but it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people: there can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed; even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by signing, sealing, and talking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom; but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men will not hesitate to

offend the gods by perjury.—You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies or for enemies. *Q. Curtius.*

§ 35. JUNIUS BRUTUS *over the dead Body of* LUCRETIA, *who had stabbed herself in consequence of the Rape of* TARQUIN.

Yes, noble lady, I swear by this blood which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villainy could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword: nor will I suffer any of that family, or of any other whatsoever, to be king in Rome.—Ye gods, I call you to witness this my oath!

There, Romans, turn your eyes to that sad spectacle!—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—she died by her own hand! See there a noble lady, whom the lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence. Hospitably entertained by her as a kinsman of her husband, Sextus, the perfidious guest, became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia could not survive the insult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a slave, she thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, disdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and shall we, shall men, with such an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious servitude, shall we, through a fear of dying, defer one single instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans; now is the time; the favourable moment we have so long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome: the Patricians are at the head of the enterprise: the city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things necessary. There is nothing wanting to secure the success, if our own courage does not fail us. And shall those warriors who have ever been so brave when foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when conquests were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themselves from slavery?

Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands;

mands; the foldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Banish such a groundless fear: the love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppression with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome; they will as eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be some among them who, through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be disposed to favour the tyrant: the number of these can be but small, and we have means sufficient in our hands to reduce them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to them than life; their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; those gods, whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by sacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberless unexpiated crimes committed against his subjects.

Ye gods, who protected our forefathers! ye genii, who watch for the preservation and glory of Rome! do you inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause, and we will to our last breath defend your worship from all profanation.

Livy.

§ 36. *Speech of ADHERBAL to the ROMAN SENATE, imploring their Assistance against JUGURTHA.*

Fathers!

It is known to you that king Micipsa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempsal and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to consider the senate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavours to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war; assuring us, that your protection would prove to us a defence against all enemies, and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father, Jugurtha—the most infamous of mankind! breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman Commonwealth—procured the murder of

my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Massinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villainy, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, Fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own person. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve any thing at your hands, and has forced me to be burdensome before I could be useful to you. And yet, if I had no plea but my undeserved misery, who, from a powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, find myself, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance against an enemy who has seized my throne and kingdom; if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead, it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, the arbiters of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from which my grandfather and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverse of fortune! O father Micipsa! is this the consequence of your generosity, that he whom your goodness rated to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children? Must then the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance; while we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood, and

the only surviving son of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—O whither shall I fly! If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue in my blood those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for assistance, to any other courts, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? From my own family or friends I have no expectations. My royal father is no more: he is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation: but he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross; others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons.—I have been informed that he labours by his emissaries to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence, pretending that I magnify my distress, and might for him have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble as I do. Then he who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will in his turn feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight!—But why should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Masinissa's family? But as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries, which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood; but he lies in peace: he feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction, whilst I am set up a spectacle to all mankind on the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life: so far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbiters of the world!—to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha.—By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you—deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury, and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

Sallust.

§ 37. *Speech of CANULFIUS, a Roman Tribune, to the Consuls; in which he demands that the Plebeians may be admitted into the Consolship, and that the Law prohibiting Patricians and Plebeians from intermarrying may be repealed.*

What an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers?—And when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on

whom

whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? do we claim more than their original-inherent right? What occasion then for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin!—They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate-house.

What? must this empire then be unavoidably overturned? must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome: the elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne: Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, no man in whom virtue shone conspicuous was rejected, or despised, on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper less for that? were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And, supposing now that a plebeian should have their talents and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us?

But, “we find that, upon the abolition of the regal power, no commoner was chosen to the consulate.” And what of that! Before Numa’s time there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius’s days there was no Censur, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes, aediles, quaestors. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law forbidding marriages of patricians with plebeians, is not that a new thing? was there any such law before the decemvirs enacted it? and a most shameful one it is in a free state. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No plebeian will

do violence to the daughter of a patrician; those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear, that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an express law to prohibit marriages of patricians with plebeians, what is this but to shew the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

They talk to us of the confusion there will be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they do not make a law against a commoner’s living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same marketplace: they might as well pretend, that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the child will be ranked according to the quality of his father, let him be a patrician or a plebeian? In short, it is manifest enough, that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppose our demand, have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, consuls and patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to lift them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, consuls: whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour, spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people out of the city, I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country’s cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country: but if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages; if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the senate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you please; paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies ten times more dreadful than you do now—I declare that this people, whom you so much despise, and to whom you are nevertheless indebted

for all your victories, shall never more inflame themselves; not a man of them shall take arms; not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage.

Hooker.

§ 38. *Life of CICERO.*

The story of Cicero's death continued fresh on the minds of the Romans for many ages after it; and was delivered down to posterity, with all its circumstances, as one of the most affecting and memorable events of their history: so that the spot on which it happened, seem to have been visited by travellers with a kind of religious reverence. The object of it fell chiefly on Antony; yet it left a stain of perfidy and ingratitude also on Augustus; which explains the reason of that silence, which is observed about him, by the writers of that age; and why his name is not so much as mentioned either by Horace or Virgil. For though his character would have furnished a glorious subject for many noble lines, yet he was no subject for court poets, since the very mention of him must have been a satire on the prince, especially while Antony lived; among the sycophants of whose court it was fashionable to insult his memory, by all the methods of calumny that wit and malice could invent: nay, Virgil, on an occasion that could hardly fail of bringing him to his mind, instead of doing justice to his merits, chose to do an injustice rather to Rome itself, by yielding the superiority of eloquence to the Greek; which they themselves had been forced to yield to Cicero.

Live, however, whose candour made Augustus call him a *tyrannus*, while out of complaisance to the times, he seems to extenuate the crime of Cicero's murder, yet after a high commendation of his virtues, declares, *not to praise him as he deserves, required the expense of Cicero himself.* Augustus too, as Plutarch tells us, happening one day to censure his grandson reading one of Cicero's books, which, for fear of the emperor's displeasure, the boy cleaved to hide under his gown, took the book into his hands, and turning over a great part of it, gave it back again, and said, "This was a learned man, my child, and a lover of his country."

In the succeeding generation, as the particular envy to Cicero abated, by the

death of those whose private interests and personal quarrels had engaged to hate when living, and defame him when dead, so his name and memory began to shine out in its proper lustre; and in the reign even of Tiberius, when an eminent senator and historian, Cremutius Cordus, was condemned to die for praising Brutus, yet Paternulus could not forbear breaking out into the following warm expostulation with Antony on the subject of Cicero's death: "Thou hast done nothing, Antony; hast done nothing, I say, by setting a price on that divine and illustrious head, and by a detestable reward procuring the death of so great a consul and preserver of the republic. Thou hast snatched from Cicero a noble and famous being, a declining age, a life more miserable under thy dominion than death itself; but so far from diminishing the glory of his deeds, and sayings, thou hast increased it. He lives, and will live in the memory of all ages; and as long as this system of nature, whether by chance or providence, or what way so ever formed, which he alone of all the Romans comprehended in his mind, and illustrated by his eloquence, shall remain intire, it will draw the praises of Cicero along with it: and all posterity will admire his writings against thee, curse thy act against him—."

From this period, all the Roman writers, whether poets or historians, seem to vie with each other in celebrating the praises of Cicero, as the most illustrious of all their patriots, and the parent of the Roman wit and eloquence; who had done more honour to his country by his writings, than all their conquerors by their arms, and extended the bounds of his learning beyond those of their empire. So that their very emperors, near three centuries after his death, began to reverence him in the class of their *infusæ divites*; a rank which he would have preferred to this day, if he had happened to live in papal Rome, where he could not have failed, as Erasmus says, *from the remains of his life*, of obtaining the honour and title of a *pontifex*.

As to his person, he was tall and slender, with a neck particularly long; yet his features were regular and manly; profuse, a comely and dignity to the last, with a certain air of cheerfulness and liberality that imparted both affection and respect. His constitution was naturally weak, yet was so confirmed by his management of

it, as to enable him to support all the fatigues of the most active, as well as the most studious life, with perpetual health and vigour. The care that he employed upon his body, consisted chiefly in bathing and rubbing, with a few turns every day in his gardens for the refreshment of his voice from the labour of the bar: yet in the summer, he generally gave himself the exercise of a journey, to visit his several estates and villas in different parts of Italy. But his principal instrument of health was diet and temperance: by these he preserved himself from all violent distempers; and when he happened to be attacked by any slight indisposition, used to enforce the severity of his abstinence, and starve it presently by fasting.

In his cloaths and dress, which the wise have usually considered as an index of the mind, he observed, what he precribes in his book of *Offices*, a modesty and decency adapted to his rank and character: a perpetual cleanliness, without the appearance of pains; free from the affectation of singularity, and avoiding the extremes of a rustic negligence and soppish delicacy; both of which are equally contrary to true dignity; the one implying an ignorance, or liberal contempt of it, the other a childish pride and ostentation of proclaiming our pretensions to it.

In his domestic and social life his behaviour was very amiable: he was a most indulgent parent, a sincere and zealous friend, a kind and generous master. His letters are full of the tenderest expressions of love for his children; in whose endearing conversation, as he often tells us, he used to drop all his cares, and relieve himself from all his struggles in the senate and the forum. The same affection, in an inferior degree, was extended also to his slaves, when by their fidelity and services they had recommended themselves to his favour. We have seen a remarkable instance of it in Tiro, whose case was no otherwise different from the rest, than as it was distinguished by the superiority of his merit. In one of his letters to Atticus, "I have nothing more," says he, "to write; and my mind indeed is somewhat rusted at present; for Socitheus, my reader, is dead; a hopeful youth; which has afflicted me more than one would imagine the death of a slave ought to do."

He entertained very high notions of friendship, and of its excellent use and

benefit to human life; which he has beautifully illustrated in his entertaining treatise on that subject; where he lays down no other rules than what he exemplified by his practice. For in all the variety of friendships in which his eminent rank engaged him, he never was charged with deceiving, deserting, or even slighting any one whom he had once called his friend, or esteemed an honest man. It was his delight to advance their prosperity, to relieve their adversity; the same friend to both fortunes; but more zealous only in the bad, where his help was most wanted, and his services the most disinterested; looking upon it not as a friendship, but a *sordid traffic and merchandise of benefits*, where good offices are to be weighed by a nice climate of gain and loss. He calls gratitude *the mother of virtues*; reckons it the most capital of all duties; and uses the words *grateful and good* as terms synonymous, and inseparably united in the same character. His writings abound with sentiments of this sort, as his life did with the examples of them; so that one of his friends, in apologizing for the importunity of a request, observes to him with great truth, that the tenor of his life would be a sufficient excuse for it; since he had established such a custom, *of doing every thing for his friends, that they no longer requested, but claimed a right to command him*.

Yet he was not more generous to his friends, than placable to his enemies; readily pardoning the greatest injuries, upon the slightest submission; and though no man ever had greater abilities or opportunities of revenging himself, yet when it was in his power to hurt, he sought out reasons to forgive; and whenever he was invited to it, never declined a reconciliation with his most inveterate enemies; of which there are numerous instances in his history. He declared nothing to be *more laudable and worthy of a great man than placability*; and laid down for a natural duty, *to moderate our revenge, and observe a temper in punishing*; and held repentance to be *a sufficient ground for remitting it*: and it was one of his sayings, delivered to a public assembly, *that his enemies were mortal, his friendships immortal*.

His manner of living was agreeable to the dignity of his character, splendid and noble: his house was open to all the learned strangers and philosophers of Greece and Asia; several of whom were constantly

entertained in it as part of his family, and spent their whole lives with him. His levee was perpetually crowded with multitudes of all ranks; even Pompey himself not disdaining to frequent it. The greatest part came not only to pay their compliments, but to attend him on days of business to the senate or the forum; where, upon any debate or transaction of moment, they constantly waited to conduct him home again: but on ordinary days, when these morning visits were over, as they usually were before ten, he retired to his books, and shut himself up in his library without seeking any other diversion, but what his children afforded to the short intervals of his leisure. His supper was the greatest meal; and the usual season with all the great of enjoying their friends at table, which was frequently prolonged to a late hour of the night: yet he was out of his bed every morning before it was light; and never used to sleep again at noon, as all others generally did, and as it is commonly practised in Rome to this day.

But though he was so temperate and frugal, yet when he was engaged to sup with others, either at home or abroad, he laid aside his rules, and forgot the invalid; and was gay and sprightly, and the very soul of the company. When friends were met together, to lighten the commons of social life, he thought it inescapable not to contribute his share to their common mirth, or to damp it by a churlish reservedness. But he was really a lover of cheerful entertainments, being of a nature remarkably facetious, and singularly turned to raillery; a talent which was of great service to him at the bar, to correct the pedulance of an adversary; *relieve the justice of a tedious cause*; *divert the minds of the judges*; and mitigate the rigour of a sentence, by making both the bench and audience merry at the expence of the accuser.

This use of it was always thought fair, and greatly applauded in public trials; but in private conversations, he was charged sometimes with pushing his raillery too far; and through a consciousness of his superior wit, exerting it often intemperately, without reflecting what cruel wounds his lathes inflicted. Yet of all his farcical jokes, which are transmitted to us by antiquity, we shall not observe any but what were pointed against characters, either ridiculous or profligate; such as he despised for

their follies, or hated for their vices; and though he might provoke the spleen, and quicken the malice of his enemies, more than was consistent with a regard to his own ease, yet he never appears to have hurt or lost a friend, or any one whom he valued, by the levity of jesting.

It is certain, that the fame of his wit was as celebrated as that of his eloquence, and that several spurious collections of his sayings were handed about in Rome in his life time, till his friend Trebonius, after he had been consul, thought it worth while to publish an authentic edition of them, in a volume which he addressed to *Cicero himself*. Caesar likewise, in the height of his power, having taken a fancy to collect the *Apophthegms*, or memorable sayings of eminent men, gave strict orders to all his friends who used to frequent Cicero, to bring him every thing of that sort, which happened to drop from him in their company. But Tiro, Cicero's freedman, who served him chiefly in his studies and literary affairs, published after his death the most perfect collection of his *Sayings*, in three books; where Quintilian however wishes, *that he had been more sparing in the number, and judicious in the choice of them*. None of these books are now remaining, nor any other specimen of the jests, but what are incidentally scattered in different parts of his own and other people's writings; which, as the same judicious critic observes, through the change of taste in different ages, and the want of *that action or gesture*, which gave the chief spirit to many of them, *could never be explained to advantage, though several had attempted it*. How much more cold then and insipid must they needs appear to us, who are unacquainted with the particular characters and stories to which they relate, as well as the peculiar fashions, humour, and taste of wit in that age? Yet even in these, as Quintilian also tells us, as well as in his other compositions, people would sooner find *what they might reject, than what they could add to them*.

He had a great number of fine houses in different parts of Italy; some writers reckon up *eighteen*; which, excepting the family seat at Arpinum, seem to have been all purchased, or built by himself. They were situated generally near to the sea, and placed at proper distances along the lower coast, between Rome and Pompeii, which was about four leagues beyond Naples; and for the elegance of structure, and the

the delights of their situation, are called by him *the eyes, or the beauties of Italy*. Those in which he took the most pleasure, and usually spent some part of every year, were his Tusculum, Antium, Aftura, Arpinum; his Formian, Cuman, Puteolan, and Pompeian villas; all of them large enough for the reception not only of his own family, but of his friends and numerous guests; many of whom, of the first quality, used to pass several days with him in their excursions from Rome. But besides these that may properly be reckoned seats, with large plantations and gardens around them, he had several *little ones*, as he calls them, or bating places on the road, built for his accommodation in passing from one house to another.

His Tusculan house had been Sylla's, the dictator; and in one of its apartments had a painting of his memorable victory at Nola, in the Marfic war, in which Cicero had served under him as a volunteer: it was about four leagues from Rome, on the top of a beautiful hill, covered with the villas of the nobility, and affording an agreeable prospect of the city, and the country around it, with plenty of water flowing through his grounds in a large stream or canal, for which he paid a rent to the corporation of Tusculum. Its neighbourhood to Rome gave him the opportunity of a retreat at any hour from the fatigues of the bar or the senate, to breathe a little fresh air, and divert himself with his friends or family: so that this was the place in which he took the most delight, and spent the greatest share of his leisure; and for that reason improved and adorned it beyond all his other houses.

When a greater satiety of the city, or a longer vacation in the forum, disposed him to seek a calmer scene, and more undisturbed retirement, he used to remove to Antium or Aftura. At Antium he placed his best collection of books, and as it was not above thirty miles from Rome, he could have daily intelligence there of every thing that passed in the city. Aftura was a *little island*, at the mouth of a river of the same name, about two leagues farther towards the south, between the promontories of Antium and Circeum, and in the view of them both; a place peculiarly adapted to the purposes of solitude, and a severe retreat; covered with a thick wood, cut out into shady walks, in which he used to spend the gloomy and splenetic moments of his life.

In the height of summer, the mansion-house at Arpinum, and the little island adjoining, by the advantage of its groves and cascades, afforded the best defence against the inconvenience of the heats; where, in the greatest that he had ever remembered, we find him refreshing himself, as he writes to his brother, with the usual pleasure, in the cool stream of his Fibrenus. His other villas were situated in the more public parts of Italy, where all the best company of Rome had their houses of pleasure. He had two at Formice, a lower and upper villa; the one near to the port of Capeta, the other upon the mountains adjoining. He had a third on the shore of Baice, between the lake Avernus and Puteoli, which he calls his Puteolan: a fourth on the hills of Old Cumae, called his Cuman villa; and a fifth at Pompeii, four leagues beyond Naples, in a country famed for the purity of its air, fertility of its soil, and delicacy of its fruits. His Puteolan house was built after the plan of the Academy of Athens, and called by that name; being adorned with a portico and a grove, for the same use of philosophical conference. Some time after his death, it fell into the hands of Antillius Vetus, who repaired and improved it; when a spring of warm water, which happened to burst out in one part of it, gave occasion to the following epigram, made by Laurea Tullius, one of Cicero's freedmen.

Quo tua Romane vindex chafuime lingua
Sylva loco melius fingere possit vira.
Atque Academy celeberrimam nomine villam
Nunc reparat cultu sub potiore Vetere.
Hic etiam apparent lymphæ non interperitæ,
Languida quæ infuso lumina toro levant,
Nimirum locus ipse fuit Ciceronis honore
Hoc dedit, hæc fontes cum patebant opes.
Ut quoniam totum levitur sine fine per orbem,
Sint plures, occulis quæ mediantur, epio
PLIN. Hist. Nat. l. 31. c. 3.

- "Where groves, once thine, now with fresh verdure bloom,
- "Great Parent of the eloquence of Rome.
- "And where thy Academy, favourite seat.
- "Now to Antithus yields its sweet retreat.
- "A gushing stream bursts out, of wondrous power,
- "To heal the eyes, and weaken'd sight restore.
- "The place, which all its pride from Cicero drew,
- "Repays this honour to his memory due.
- "That since his works throughout the world are spread,
- "And with such eagerness by all are read,
- "New springs of healing quality shall rise,
- "To ease the increase of labour to the eyes."

The furniture of his houses was suitable to the elegance of his taste, and the magnificence of his buildings; his galleries were adorned with statues and paintings of the best Grecian masters; and his vessels and moveables were of the best work and choicest materials. There was a cedar table of his remaining in Pliny's time, said to be the first which was ever seen in Rome, and to have cost him eighty pounds. He thought it the part of an eminent citizen to preserve an uniformity of character in every article of his conduct, and to illustrate his dignity by the splendor of his life. This was the reason of the great variety of his houses, and of their situation in the most conspicuous parts of Italy, along the course of the Appian road; that they might occur at every stage to the observation of travellers, and lie commodious for the reception and entertainment of his friends.

The reader, perhaps, when he reflects on what the old writers have said on the mediocrity of his paternal estate, will be at a loss to conceive whence all his revenues flowed, that enabled him to sustain the vast expence of building and maintaining such a number of noble houses; but the solution will be easy, when we recollect the great opportunities that he had of improving his original fortunes. The two principal funds of wealth to the leading men of Rome, were first, the public magistracies, and provincial commands; secondly, the presents of kings, princes, and foreign states, whom they had obliged by their services and protection; and though no man was more moderate in the use of these advantages than Cicero, yet to one of his prudence, economy, and contempt of vicious pleasures, these were abundantly sufficient to answer all his expences: for in his province of Cilicia, after all the memorable instances of his generosity, by which he saved to the public a full million sterling, which all other governors had applied to their private use, yet at the expiration of his year, he left in the hands of the publicans in Asia near twenty thousand pounds, reserved from the strict dues of his government, and remitted to him afterwards at Rome. But there was another way of acquiring money, esteemed the most reputable of any, which brought large and frequent supplies to him, the *legacies of deceased friends*. It was the peculiar custom of Rome, for the clients and dependants of families, to bequeath at their death to their patrons, some considerable

part of their estates, as the most effectual testimony of their respect and gratitude; and the more a man received in this way, the more it redounded to his credit. Thus Cicero mentions it to the honour of Lucullus, that while he governed Asia as proconsul, many great estates were left to him by will: and Nepos tells us in praise of Atticus, that he succeeded to many inheritances of the same kind, bequeathed to him on no other account than on his friendly and amiable temper. Cicero had his full share of these testamentary donations; as we see from the many instances of them mentioned in his letters; and when he was falsely reproached by Antony, with being neglected on these occasions, he declared in his reply, that he had gained from this single article about two hundred thousand pounds, by the free and voluntary gifts of dying friends: not the forged wills of persons unknown to him, with which he charged Antony.

His moral character was never blemished by the stain of any habitual vice; but was a shining pattern of virtue to an age, of all others the most licentious and profligate. His mind was superior to all the sordid passions which engross little souls; avarice, envy, malice, lust. If we sift his familiar letters, we cannot discover in them the least hint of any thing base, immodest, spiteful or perfidious, but an uniform principle of benevolence, justice, love of his friends and country, flowing through the whole, and inspiring all his thoughts and actions. Though no man ever felt the effects of other people's envy more severely than he, yet no man was ever more free from it: this is allowed to him by all the old writers, and is evident indeed from his works; where we find him perpetually praising and recommending whatever was laudable, even in a rival or an adversary; celebrating merit wherever it was found, whether in the ancients or his contemporaries; whether in Greeks or Romans; and verifying a maxim, which he had declared in a speech to the senate, that no man could be envious of another's virtue, who was conscious of his own.

His sprightly wit would naturally have recommended him to the favour of the ladies, whose company he used to frequent when young, and with many of whom of the first quality, he was oft engaged in his riper years to confer about the interests of their husbands, brothers, or relations, who were absent from Rome; yet we meet with

no trace of any criminal gallantry or intrigue with any of them. In a letter to Patus, towards the end of his life, he gives a jocose account of his supping with their friend Volumnius, an epicurean wit of the first class, when the famed courtesan, Cytheris, who had been Volumnius's slave, and was then his mistress, made one of the company at table: where, after several jokes on that incident, he says, *that he never suspected she would have been of the party; and though he was always a lover of cheerful entertainments, yet nothing of that sort had ever pleased him when young, much less now, when he was old.* There was one lady, however, called Cæsellia, with whom he kept up a particular familiarity and correspondence of letters; on which Dio absurdly grounds some little scandal, though he owns her to have been *seventy years old.* She is frequently mentioned in Cicero's letters as a lover of books and philosophy, and on that account as fond of his company and writings: but while out of complaisance to her sex, and a regard to her uncommon talents, he treated her always with respect; yet by the hints which he drops of her to Atticus, it appears that she had no share of his affections, or any real authority with him.

His failings were as few as were ever found in any eminent genius; such as flowed from his constitution, not his will; and were chargeable rather to the condition of his humanity, than to the fault of the man. He was thought to be *too sanguine in prosperity, too desponding in adversity*: and apt to persuade himself in each fortune, *that it would never have an end.* This is Pollio's account of him, which seems in general to be true: Brutus touches the first part of it in one of his letters to him: and when things were going prosperously against Antony, puts him gently in mind, *that he seemed to trust too much to his hopes*: and he himself allows the second, and says, *that if any one was timorous in great and dangerous events, apprehending always the worst, rather than hoping the best, he was the man; and if that was a fault, confesses himself not to be free from it*: yet in explaining afterwards the nature of this timidity, it was such, he tells us, as shewed itself rather in *foreseeing dangers, than in encountering them*: an explanation which the latter part of his life fully confirmed, and above all his death, which no man could sustain with greater courage and resolution.

But the most conspicuous and glaring

passion of his soul was, *the love of glory and thirst of praise*: a passion that he not only avowed, but freely indulged; and sometimes, as he himself confesses, *to a degree even of vanity.* This often gave his enemies a plausible handle of ridiculing his pride and arrogance; while the forwardness that he shewed to celebrate his own merits in all his public speeches, seemed to justify their censures: and since this is generally considered as the grand foible of his life, and has been handed down implicitly from age to age, without ever being fairly examined, or rightly understood, it will be proper to lay open the source from which the passion itself flowed, and explain the nature of that *glory*, of which he professes himself so fond.

True glory then, according to his own definition of it, is *a wide and illustrious fame of many and great benefits conferred upon our friends, our country, or the whole race of mankind*; it is not, he says, *the empty blast of popular favour, or the applause of a giddy multitude*, which all wise men had ever despised, and none more than himself; but *the consenting praise of all honest men, and the incorrupt testimony of those who can judge of excellent merit, which resounds always to virtue, as the echo to the voice*; and since it is the general companion of good actions, ought not to be rejected by good men. That those who aspired to this glory were not to expect ease or pleasure, or tranquillity of life for their pains; but must give up their own peace, to secure the peace of others; must expose themselves to storms and dangers for the public good; sustain many battles with the audacious and the wicked, and some even with the powerful: in short, must behave themselves so, as to give their citizens cause to rejoice that they had ever been born. This is the notion that he inculcates every where of true glory; which is surely one of the noblest principles that can inspire a human breast; implanted by God in our nature, to dignify and exalt it; and always found the strongest in the best and most elevated minds; and to which we owe every thing great and laudable, that history has to offer us through all the ages of the heathen world. There is not an instance, says Cicero, of a man's exciting himself ever with praise and virtue in the dangers of his country, who was not drawn to it by the hopes of glory, and a regard to posterity. Give me a boy, says Quintilian, whom praise excites, whom glory warms: for such a scholar was sure to answer all his hopes, and do credit

to

to his discipline. "Whether posterity will have any respect for me," says Pliny, "I know not, but I am sure that I have deserved some from it: I will not say by my wit, for that would be arrogant; but by the zeal, by the pains, by the reverence which I have always paid to it."

It will not seem strange, to observe the wisdom of the ancients pushing this principle to so great a length, and considering glory as the amplest reward of a well-spent life, when we reflect, that the greatest part of them had no notion of any other reward or futurity; and even those who believed a state of happiness to the good, yet entertained it with so much diffidence, that they indulged it rather as a wish, than a well-grounded hope, and were glad therefore to lay hold on that which seemed to be within their reach; a futurity of their own creating; an immortality of fame and glory from the applause of posterity. This, by a pleasing fiction, they looked upon as a prolongation of life, and an eternity of existence; and had no small comfort in imagining, that though the sense of it should not reach to themselves, it would extend at least to others; and that they should be doing good still when dead, by leaving the example of their virtues to the imitation of mankind. Thus Cicero, as he often declares, never looked upon that to be his life, which was confined to this narrow circle on earth, but considered his acts as seeds sown in the immense universe, to raise up the fruit of glory and immortality to him through a succession of infinitesimals; nor has he been frustrated of his hope, or disappointed of his end; but as long as the name of Rome subsists, or so long as learning, virtue, and liberty preserve any credit in the world, he will be great and glorious in the memory of posterity.

As to the other part of the charge, or the proof of his vanity, drawn from his *language frequently of himself* in his speeches both to the senate and the people, though it may appear to a common reader to be abundantly confirmed by his writings; yet if we attend to the circumstances of the times, and the part which he acted in them, we shall find it not only excusable, but in some degree even necessary. The state of Rome was now brought to a crisis, and the contending parties were making their last efforts either to oppress or preserve it: Cicero

was the head of those who stood up for its liberty, which entirely depended on the influences of his counsels; he had many years, therefore, been the common mark of the rage and malice of all who were aiming at illegal powers, or a tyranny in the state; and while these were generally supported by the military power of the empire, he had no other arms or means of defeating them but his authority with the senate and people, grounded on the experience of his services, and the persuasion of his integrity; so that to obviate the perpetual calumnies of the factious, he was obliged to inculcate the merit and good effects of his counsels, in order to confirm people in their union and adherence to them, against the intrigues of those who were employing all arts to subvert them. "The frequent commemoration of his acts," says Quintilian, "was not made so much for glory as for defence; to repel calumny, and vindicate his measures when they were attacked;" and this is what Cicero himself declared in all his speeches, "That no man ever heard him speak of himself but when he was forced to it: that when he was urged with fictitious crimes, it was his custom to answer them with his real services: and if ever he said any thing glorious of himself, it was not through a fondness of praise, but to repel an accusation: that no man who had been conversant in great affairs, and treated with particular envy, could refute the contumely of an enemy, without touching upon his own praises; and after all his labours for the common safety, if a just indignation had drawn from him, at any time, what might seem to be vain-glorious, it might reasonably be forgiven to him: that when others were silent about him, if he could not then forbear to speak of himself, that indeed would be shameful; but when he was injured, accused, exposed to popular odium, he must certainly be allowed to assert his liberty, if they would not suffer him to retain his dignity."

This then was the true state of the case, as it is evident from the facts of his history; he had an ardent love of glory, and an eager thirst of praise: was pleased, when living, to hear his acts applauded; yet more still with imagining, that they would ever be celebrated when he was dead: a passion which, for the reasons already

ready hinted, had always the greatest force on the greatest souls: but it must needs raise our contempt and indignation, to see every conceited pedant, and trifling declaimer, who knew little of Cicero's real character, and less still of their own, presuming to call him *the vainest of mortals*.

But there is no point of light in which we can view him with more advantage or satisfaction to ourselves, than in the contemplation of his learning, and the surprising extent of his knowledge. This shines so conspicuous in all the monuments which remain of him, that it even lessens the dignity of his general character: while the idea of the scholar absorbs that of the senator; and by considering him as the greatest writer, we are apt to forget, that he was the greatest magistrate also of Rome. We learn our Latin from him at school; our stile and sentiments at the college: here the generality take their leave of him, and seldom think of him more but as of an orator, a moralist, or philosopher of antiquity. But it is with characters as with pictures: we cannot judge well of a single part, without surveying the whole, since the perfection of each depends on its proportion and relation to the rest; while in viewing them all together, they mutually reflect an additional grace upon each other. His learning, considered separately, will appear admirable; yet much more so, when it is found in the possession of the first statesman of a mighty empire. His abilities as a statesman are glorious; yet surprise us still more when they are observed in the ablest scholar and philosopher of his age; but an union of both these characters exhibits that sublime specimen of perfection, to which the best parts, with the best culture, can exalt human nature.

No man, whose life had been wholly spent in study, ever left more numerous, or more valuable fruits of his learning in every branch of science, and the politer arts; in *oratory, poetry, philosophy, law, history, criticism, politics, ethics*; in each of which he equalled the greatest masters of his time; in some of them excelled all men of all times. His remaining works, as voluminous as they appear, are but a small part of what he really published; and though many of these are come down to us maimed by time, and the barbarity of the intermediate ages, yet they are justly esteemed the most precious remains of all antiquity, and, like the *Sylling books*, if

more of them had perished, would have been equal still to any price.

His industry was incredible, beyond the example, or even conception of our days; this was the secret by which he performed such wonders, and reconciled perpetual study with perpetual affairs. He suffered no part of his leisure to be idle, or the least interval of it to be lost: but what other people gave to the public shows, to pleasures, to feasts, nay even to sleep, and the ordinary refreshments of nature, he generally gave to his books, and the enlargement of his knowledge. On days of business, when he had any thing particular to compose, he had no other time for meditating but when he was taking a few turns in his walks, where he used to dictate his thoughts to his scribes who attended him. We find many of his letters dated before day-light; and some from the senate; others from his meals; and the crowd of his morning levee.

No compositions afford more pleasure than the epistles of great men; they touch the heart of the reader by laying open that of the writer. The letters of eminent wits, eminent scholars, eminent statesmen, are all esteemed in their several kinds: but there never was a collection that excelled so much in every kind as Cicero's, for the purity of stile, the importance of the matter, or the dignity of the persons concerned in them. We have above a thousand still remaining, all written after he was forty years old; which are a small part not only of what he wrote, but of what were actually published after his death by his servant Tiro. For we see many volumes of them quoted by the ancients, which are utterly lost; as the first book of his Letters to Lucinius Calvus; the first also to Q. Aulus; a second book to his son; a second also to Corn. Nepos; a third book to J. Caesar; a third to Octavius; a third also to Pansa; an eighth book to M. Brutus; and a ninth to A. Hirtius. Of all which, excepting a few to J. Caesar and Brutus, we have nothing more left than some scattered phrases and sentences, gathered from the citations of the old critics and grammarians. What makes these letters still more estimable is, that he had never designed them for the public, nor kept any copies of them; for the year before his death, when Atticus was making some enquiry about them, he sent him word, *that he had made no collection; and that Tiro had preserved only about seventy*. Here then we may expect to see the genuine man, without disguise

or affectation; especially in his letters to Atticus, to whom he talked with the same frankness as to himself; opened the rise and progress of each thought, and never entered into any affair without his particular advice; so that these may be considered as the *memoirs of his times*; containing the most authentic materials for the history of that age, and laying open the grounds and motives of all the great events that happened in it: and it is the want of attention to them that makes the generality of writers on those times so superficial, as well as erroneous; while they chuse to transcribe the dry and imperfect relations of the later *Greek historians*, rather than take the pains to extract the original account of facts from one who was a principal actor in them.

In his familiar letters he affected no particular elegance or choice of words, but took the first that occurred from *common use, and the language of conversation*. Whenever he was disposed to joke, his wit was easy and natural; flowing always from the subject, and throwing out *what came uppermost*; nor disdaining even a pun, when it served to make his friends laugh. In letters of compliment, some of which were addressed to the greatest men who ever lived, his inclination to please is expressed in a manner agreeable to nature and reason, with the utmost delicacy both of sentiment and diction, yet without any of those pompous titles and lofty epithets, which modern custom has introduced into our commerce with the great, and falsely stamped with the name of politeness; though they are the real offspring of barbarism, and the effects of our degeneracy both in taste and manners. In his political letters, all his maxims are drawn from an intimate knowledge of men and things: he always touches the point on which the affair turns; foresees the danger, and foretells the mischief, which never failed to follow upon the neglect of his counsels; of which there were so many instances, that, as an eminent writer of his own time observed to him, *his prudence seemed to be a kind of divination, which foretold every thing that afterwards happened, with the veracity of a prophet*. But none of his letters do him more credit than those of the *recommendatory* kind: the others shew his wit and his parts, these his benevolence and his probity: he solicits the interest of his friends, with all the warmth and force of words of which he was mas-

ter; and alledges generally some personal reason for his peculiar zeal in the cause, and that his own honour was concerned in the success of it.

But his letters are not more valuable on any account, than for their being the only monuments of that sort, which remain to us from *free Rome*. They breathe the last words of expiring liberty; a great part of them having been written in the very crisis of its ruin, to rouse up all the virtue that was left in the honest and the brave, to the defence of their country. The advantage which they derive from this circumstance, will easily be observed by comparing them with the epistles of the best and greatest, who flourished afterwards in *Imperial Rome*. Pliny's letters are justly admired by men of taste: they shew the scholar, the wit, the fine gentleman; yet we cannot but observe a poverty and barrenness through the whole, that betrays the awe of a master. All his stories and reflections terminate in private life; there is nothing important in politics; no great affairs explained; no account of the motives of public counsels: he had borne all the same offices with Cicero, whom in all points he affected to emulate; yet his honours were in effect nominal, conferred by a superior power, and administered by a superior will; and with the old titles of consul and proconsul, we want still the statesman, the politician, and the magistrate. In his provincial command, where Cicero governed all things with supreme authority, and had kings attendant on his orders, Pliny durst not venture to *repair a bath, or to punish a fugitive slave, or incorporate a company of masons*, till he had first consulted and obtained the leave of Trajan.

His historical works are all lost; the Commentaries of his Consulship in Greek; the History of his own Affairs, to his return from exile, in Latin verse; and his Anecdotes; as well as the pieces that he published on Natural History, of which Pliny quotes one upon the Wonders of Nature, and another on Perfumes. He was meditating likewise a general History of Rome, to which he was frequently urged by his friends, as the only man capable of adding that glory also to his country, of excelling the Greeks in a species of writing, which of all others was at that time the least cultivated by the Romans. But he never found leisure to execute so great a task; yet he has

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sketched out a plan of it, which, short as it is, seems to be the best that can be formed for the design of a perfect history.

"He declares it to be the first and fundamental law of history, that it should neither dare to say any thing that was false, or fear to say any thing that was true, nor give any just suspicion either of favour or disaffection; that in the relation of things, the writer should observe the order of time, and add also the description of places: that in all great and memorable transactions he should first explain the councils, then the acts, lastly the events; that in councils he should interpose his own judgment, or the merit of them; in the acts, should relate not only what was done, but how it was done; in the events should shew, what share chance, or rashness, or prudence had in them; that in regard to persons, he should describe not only their particular actions, but the lives and characters of all those who bear an eminent part in the story; that he should illustrate the whole in a clear, easy, natural stile, flowing with a perpetual smoothness and equability, free from the affluence of points and sentences, or the roughness of judicial pleadings."

We have no remains likewise of his poetry, except some fragments occasionally interperfed through his other writings; yet these, as I have before observed, are sufficient to convince us, that his poetical genius, if it had been cultivated with the same care, would not have been inferior to his oratorical. The two arts are so nearly allied, that an excellency in the one seems to imply a capacity for the other, the same qualities being essential to them both; a sprightly fancy, fertile invention, flowing and numerous diction. It was in Cicero's time, that the old rusticity of the Latin muse first began to be polished by the ornaments of dress, and the harmony of numbers; but the height of perfection to which it was carried after his death by the succeeding generation, as it left no room for a rudeness in poetry, so it quite eclipsed the fame of Cicero. For the world always judges of things by comparison, and because he was not so great a poet as Virgil and Horace, he was decried as none at all; especially in the courts of Antony and Augustus, where it was a compliment to the sovereign, and a fashion consequently among their flatterers, to

make his character ridiculous wherever it lay open to them; hence flowed that perpetual railery which subsists to this day, on his famous verses:

Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguae,
O fortunatum a. tam me Consule Romam.

And two bad lines picked out by the malice of enemies, and transmitted to posterity as a specimen of the rest, have served to damn many thousands of good ones. For Plutarch reckons him among *the most eminent of the Roman poets*; and Pliny the younger was proud of emulating him in his poetic character; and Quintilian seems to charge the cavils of his censurers to a principle of malignity. But his own verses carry the surest proof of his merit, being written in the best manner of that age in which he lived, and in the stile of Lucretius, whose poem he is said to have revised and corrected for its publication, after Lucretius's death. This however is certain, that he was the constant friend and generous patron of all the celebrated poets of his time; of Accius, Archias, Chilius, Lucretius, Catullus, who pays his thanks to him in the following lines, for some favour that he had received from him:—

Tully, most eloquent by far
Of all, who have been or who are,
Or who in ages still to come
Shall rise of all the sons of Rome,
To thee Catullus grateful lends
His warmest thanks, and recommends
His humble muse, as much below
All other poets he, as thou
All other patrons dost exceed,
In power of words and speaking well.

CATULLI. 47.

But poetry was the amusement only, and relief of his other studies; *eloquence* was his distinguishing talent, his sovereign attribute: to this he devoted all the faculties of his soul, and attained to a degree of perfection in it, that no mortal ever surpassed: so that as a polite historian observes, *Rome had but few orators before him, whom it could praise; none whom it could admire.* Demosthenes was the pattern by which he formed himself; whom he emulated with such success, as to merit what St. Jerom calls that beautiful elog: *Demosthenes has stretched from thee the glory of being the first: thou from Demosthenes, that of being the only orator.* The genius, the capacity, the stile and manner of them both were much the same; their eloquence of that great, sublime,

lime, and comprehensive kind, which dignified every subject, and gave it all the force and beauty of which it was capable; it was that *roundness of speaking*, as the ancients call it, where there was nothing either redundant or deficient; nothing either to be added or retrenched: their perfections were in all points so transcendent, and yet so similar, that the critics are not agreed on which side to give the preference. Quintilian indeed, the most judicious of them, has given it on the whole to Cicero; but if, as others have thought, Cicero had not all the nerves, the energy, or, as he himself calls it, *the thunder of Demosthenes*; he excelled him in the copiousness and elegance of his diction, the variety of his sentiments, and, above all, in the vivacity of his wit, and *martiness of his satillery*: Demosthenes had nothing *jacosi* or *factious* in him; yet, by attempting sometimes to jest, shewed, *that the thing itself did not displease, but did not belong to him*: for, as Longinus says, *whenever he affected to be pleasant, he made himself ridiculous; and if he happened to raise a laugh, it was chiefly upon himself*. Whereas Cicero, from a perpetual fund of wit and raillery, had the power always to please, when he found himself unable to convince, and could put his judges into good humour, when he had cause to be afraid of their severity; so that, *by the opportunity of a well-timed joke*, he is said to have preserved many of his clients from a *navy of ruin*.

Yet in all this height and fame of his eloquence, there was another set of orators at the same time in Rome, men of parts and learning, and of the first quality; who, while they acknowledged the superiority of his genius, yet censured his diction, as not truly *attic* or *classical*; some calling it loose and languid, others timid and exuberant. These men affected a minute and fastidious correctness, pointed sentences, short and concise periods, without a syllable to spare in them, as if the perfection of oratory consisted in a frugality of words, and in crowding our sentiments into the narrowest compass. The chief patrons of this taste were, M. Brutus, Licinius, Calvus, Asinius, Pollio, and Sallust, whom Seneca seems to treat as the author of the obscure, abrupt, and sententious stile. Cicero often ridicules these pretenders to *attic* elegance, as judging of eloquence not by the force of the art, but their own weakness; and resolving to do even what they could not attain, and to admire nothing but what they

could imitate; and though their way of speaking, he says, might please the ear of a critic or a scholar, yet it was not of that sublime and sonorous kind, whose end was not only to instruct, but to move an audience; an eloquence, born for the multitude, whose merit was always shewn by its effects of exciting admiration, and exciting shouts of applause; and on which there never was any difference of judgment between the learned and the populace.

This was the genuine eloquence that prevailed in Rome as long as Cicero lived: his were the only speeches that were relished or admired by the city; while these *attic* orators, as they called themselves, were generally despised, and frequently derided by the audience, in the midst of their harangues. But after Cicero's death, and the ruin of the republic, the Roman oratory sunk of course with it, liberty, and a false species universally prevailed; when instead of that elate, copious, and flowing eloquence, which launched out freely into every subject, there succeeded a guarded, dry, sententious kind, full of laboured turns and studied points; and proper only for the occasion on which it was employed, the making panegyrics and trivial compliments to their tyrants. This change of stile may be observed in all their writers, from Cicero's time to the younger Pliny, who carried it to its utmost perfection, in his celebrated panegyric on the emperor Trajan; which, as it is justly admired for the elegance of diction, the beauty of sentiments, and the delicacy of its compliments, so it is become in a manner the standard of fine speaking to modern times, where it is common to hear the pretenders to criticism, descending on the tedious length and spiritless exuberance of the *Ciceronian* periods. But the superiority of Cicero's eloquence, as it was acknowledged by the politest age of *our* Rome, so it has received the most authentic confirmation that the nature of things can admit, from the concurrent sense of nations; which neglecting the productions of his rivals and contemporaries, have preserved to us his inestimable remains, as a specimen of the most perfect manner of speaking, to which the language of mortals can be exalted: so that, as Quintilian declared of him even in that early age, he has acquired such fame with posterity, that Cicero is not reckoned so much the name of a man, as of eloquence itself.

But we have hitherto been considering the exterior part of Cicero's character, and shall now attempt to penetrate the recesses of his mind, and discover the real source and principle of his actions, from a view of that philosophy which he professed to follow, as the general rule of his life. This, as he often declares, was drawn, from the *academic sect*; which derived its origin from Socrates, and its name from a celebrated gymnasium, or place of exercise in the suburbs of Athens, called the *Academy*, where the professors of that school used to hold their lectures and philosophical disputations. Socrates was the first who banished *physics out of philosophy*, which till his time had been the sole object of it, and drew it off from the obscure and intricate inquiries into nature, and the constitution of the heavenly bodies, to questions of morality; of more immediate use and importance to the happiness of man, concerning the true notions of *virtue and vice, and the natural difference of good and ill*; and as he found the world generally prepossessed with false notions on those subjects, so his method was not to assert any opinion of his own, but to *refute the opinions of others*, and attack the errors in vogue; as the first step towards preparing men for the reception of truth, or what came the nearest to it, probability. While he himself therefore professed to *know nothing*, he used to sift out the several doctrines of all the pretenders to science, and then tease them with a series of questions, so contrived as to reduce them, by the course of their answers, to an evident absurdity, and the impossibility of defending what they had at first affirmed.

But Plato did not strictly adhere to the method of his master Socrates, and his followers wholly deserted it: for instead of the *Socratic* modelty of affirming nothing, and examining every thing, they turned philosophy, as it were, into an art, and formed a system of opinions, which they delivered to their disciples as the peculiar tenets of their sect. Plato's nephew Speusippus, who was left the heir of his school, continued his lectures, as his successors also did in the academy, and preserved the name of academics; whilst Aristotle, the most eminent of Plato's scholars, retired to another gymnasium, called the *Lyceum*; where, from a custom which he and his followers observed, of teaching and disputing as they *walked* in the portico's of the place, they obtained

the name of *Peripatetics*, or the *Walking Philosophers*. These two sects, though differing in name, agreed generally in things, or in all the principal points of their philosophy: they placed the chief happiness of man in *virtue, with a competency of external goods*; taught the existence of a *God, a providence, the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments*.

This was the state of the academic school under five successive masters, who governed it after Plato; Speusippus, Xenocrates, Polemo, Crates, Crantor; till Arcefilas the sixth discarded at once all the systems of his predecessors, and revived the *Socratic way, of affirming nothing, doubting of all things*, and exposing the vanity of the reigning opinions. He allowed the necessity of making this reformation, from *that obscurity of things*, which had reduced Socrates, and all the ancients before him, to a *confession of their ignorance*: he observed, as they had all likewise done, *that the senses were narrow, reason infern, life short, truth immersed in the deep, opinion and custom every where predominant, and all things involved in darkness*. He taught therefore, "That there was no certain knowledge or perception of any thing in nature, nor any infallible criterion of truth and falsehood; that nothing was so detectable as *rashness*, nothing so scandalous to a philosopher, as to profess what was either false or unknown to him; that we ought to assert nothing dogmatically, but in all cases to suspend our assent; and instead of pretending to certainty, content ourselves with opinion, grounded on probability. which was all that a rational mind had to acquiesce in." This was called the *new academy*, in distinction from the *Platonic, or the old*: which maintained its credit down to Cicero's time, by a succession of able masters; the chief of whom was Carneades, the fourth from Arcefilas, who carried it to its utmost height of glory, and is greatly celebrated by antiquity for the vivacity of his wit, and force of his eloquence.

We must not however imagine, that these academics continued doubting and fluctuating all their lives in scepticism and irresolution, without any precise opinions, or settled principle of judging and acting: no; their rule was as certain and consistent as that of any other sect, as it is frequently explained by Cicero, in many parts of his works. "We are not of that sort,"

says he, " whose mind is perpetually wandering in error, without any particular end or object of its pursuit: for what would such a mind or such a life indeed be worth, which had no determinate rule or method of thinking and acting? But the difference between us and the rest is, that whereas they call some things *certain*, and others *uncertain*; we call the one *probable*, the other *improbable*. For what reason then, should not I pursue the *probable*, reject the contrary, and, declining the arrogance of affirming, avoid the imputation of rashness, which of all things is the farthest removed from wisdom?" Again; " we do not pretend to say that there is no such thing as truth; but that all truths have some falshood annexed to them, of so near a resemblance and similitude, as to afford no certain note of distinction, whereby to determine our judgment and assent: whence it follows also of course, that there are many things *probable*; which, though not perfectly comprehended, yet on account of their attractive and specious appearance, are sufficient to govern the life of a wise man." In another place, " there is no difference, says he, between us, and those who pretend to know things; but that they never doubt of the truth of what they maintain: whereas we have many *probabilities*, which we readily embrace, but dare not affirm. By this, we preserve our judgment free and unprejudiced, and are under no necessity of defending what is prescribed and enjoined to us; whereas in other sects, men are tied down to certain doctrines, before they are capable of judging what is the best; and in the most inhuman part of life, drawn either by the authority of a friend, or charmed with the first master whom they happen to hear, they form a judgment of things unknown to them; and to whatever school they chance to be driven by the tide, cleave to it as sail as the oyster to the rock."

Thus the academy held the proper medium between the rigid stoic, and the indifference of the sceptic: the stoics embraced all their doctrines, as so many *fixed and immutable truths*, from which it was infamous to depart; and by making this their point of honour, held all their disciples in an inviolable attachment to them. The sceptics, on the other hand, observed a perfect neutrality towards all opinions; main-

taining all of them to be equally uncertain, and that we could not affirm of any thing, *that it was this or that*, since there was *much reason to take it for the one as for the other, or for neither of them*; and wholly indifferent which of them we thought it to be: thus they lived, without ever engaging themselves on any side of a question, directing their lives in the meantime by natural affections, and the laws and customs of their country. But the academy, by adopting the *probable* instead of the *certain*, kept the balance in an equal poise between the two extremes, making it their general principle to observe a moderation in all their opinions, and as Plutarch, who was one of them, tells us, paying a great regard always to that old maxim,

Μὴδ' ἄγεις — *quid nemo.*

As this school then was in no particular opposition to any, but an equal adversary to all, or rather to dogmatical philosophy in general, to every other sect, next to itself, readily gave it the preference to the rest, which universal connection of the second place, commonly thought to infer a right to the first, and if we reflect on the state of the heathen world, and what they themselves so often complained of, the darkness that surrounded them, and the *infinite divisions* of the best and worst on the fundamental questions of religion and morality, we must necessarily allow, that the academic manner of philosophizing was of all others the most rational and moderate, and the best adapted to the discovery of truth, whose peculiar character it was to encourage enquiry; to lift every question to the bottom; to try the force of every argument, till it had found its moment, or the precise quantity of its weight.

Thus it was that induced Cicero, in his advanced life and ripened judgment, to desert the *old academy*, and declare for the new; when, from a long experience of the vanity of those sects who called themselves the proprietors of truth, and the sole guides of life, and through a despair of finding *any thing certain*, he was glad, after all his pains, to take up with the *probable*. But the genius and general character of *both the academies* was in some measure still the same: for the *old*, though it professed to teach a peculiar system of doctrines, yet it was ever diffident and cautious of affirming; and the new, only

the more scrupulous and sceptical of the two; this appears from the writings of Plato, the first master of the old, in which, as Cicero observes, nothing is absolutely affirmed, nothing delivered for certain, but all things freely inquired into, and both sides of the question impartially discussed. Yet there was another reason that recommended this philosophy in a peculiar manner to Cicero, its being, of all others, the best suited to the profession of an orator; since by its practice of disputing *for and against* every opinion of the other sects, it gave him the best opportunity of perfecting his oratorical faculty, and acquiring a habit of speaking readily upon all subjects. He calls it therefore *the parent of elegance and copiousness*; and declares, *that he owed all the fame of his eloquence, not to the mechanic rules of the rhetoricians, but to the enlarged and generous principles of the academy.*

This school, however, was almost deserted in Greece, and had but few disciples at Rome, when Cicero undertook its patronage, and endeavoured to revive its drooping credit. The reason is obvious; it imposed a hard task upon its scholars, of disputing against every sect, and on every question in philosophy; and *if it was difficult, as Cicero says, to be master of any one, how much more of them all?* which was incumbent on those who professed themselves academicians. No wonder then that it lost ground every where, in proportion as ease and luxury prevailed, which naturally exposed people to the doctrine of Epicurus; in relation to which there is a smart saying recorded of Arcehilas, who being asked, *why so many of all sects went over to the Epicureans, but none ever came back from them,* replied, *that men might be made monkeys, but monkeys could never be made men again.*

This general view of Cicero's philosophy, will help us to account, in some measure, for that difficulty which people frequently complain of in discovering his real sentiments, as well as for the mistakes which they are apt to fall into in that search; since it was the distinguishing principle of the academy *to refute the opinions of others, rather than declare any of their own.* Yet the chief difficulty does not lie here; for Cicero was not scrupulous on that head, nor affected any obscurity in the delivery of his thoughts, when it was his business to explain them; but it is the variety and different characters of his fe-

veral writings, that perplexes the generality of his readers: for wherever they dip into his works, they are apt to fancy themselves possessed of his sentiments, and to quote them indifferently as such, whether from his Orations, his Dialogues, or his Letters, without attending to the peculiar nature of the work, or the different person that he assumes, in it.

His orations are generally of the judicial kind; or the pleadings of an advocate, whose business it was to make the best of his cause; and to deliver, not so much what was true, as what was useful to his client; the patronage of truth belonging in such cases to the judge, and not to the pleader. It would be absurd therefore to require a scrupulous veracity, or strict declaration of his sentiments in them: the thing does not admit of it; and he himself forbids us to expect it; and in one of those orations frankly declares the true nature of them all.—“That man,” says he, “is much mistaken, who thinks, that in these judicial pleadings, he has an authentic specimen of our opinions; they are the speeches of the causes and the times; not of the men or the advocates: if the causes could speak of themselves, no body would employ an orator; but we are employed to speak, not what we would undertake to affirm upon our authority, but what is suggested by the cause and the thing itself.” Agreeably to this notion, Quintilian tells us, “that those who are truly wise, and have spent their time in public affairs, and not in idle disputes, though they have resolved with themselves to be strict and honest in all their actions, yet will not scruple to use every argument that can be of service to the cause which they have undertaken to defend.” In his orations, therefore, where we often meet with the sentences and maxims of philosophy, we cannot always take them for his own, but as topics applied to move his audience, or add an air of gravity and probability to his speech.

His letters indeed to familiar friends, and especially those to Atticus, place the real man before us, and lay open his very heart; yet in these some distinction must necessarily be observed; for in letters of compliment, condolence, or recommendation, &c. where he is soliciting any point of importance, he adapts his arguments to the occasion; and uses such as would induce his friend the most readily to grant

what he desired. But as his letters in general seldom touch upon any questions of philosophy, except slightly and incidentally, so they will afford very little help to us in the discovery of his *Philosophical Opinions*, which are the subject of the present inquiry, and for which we must wholly recur to his philosophical works.

Now the general purpose of these works was, to give a *history* rather of the ancient philosophy, than any account of his own, and to explain to his fellow-citizens in their own language, whatever the philosophers of all sects, and all ages, had taught on every important question, in order to enlarge their mind, and reform their morals; and to employ himself most usefully to his country, at a time when arms and a superior force had deprived him of the power of serving it in any other way. This he declares in his treatise called *de Finibus*, or on the Chief Good of Man; in that upon the Nature of the Gods; in his *Tusculan Disputations*; and in his book on the Academic Philosophy; in all which he sometimes takes upon himself the part of a *Stoic*; sometimes of an *Epicurean*; sometimes of a *Peripatetic*; for the sake of explaining with more authority the different doctrines of each sect; and as he assumes the person of the one to confute the other, so in his proper character of an *Academic*, he sometimes disputes against them all; while the unwary reader, not reflecting on the nature of dialogues, takes Cicero still for the perpetual speaker; and under that mistake, often quotes a sentiment for his, that was delivered by him only in order to be confuted. But in these dialogues, as in all his other works, wherever he treats any subject professedly or gives a judgment upon it deliberately, either in his own person, or that of an *Academic*, there he delivers his own opinion; and where he himself does not appear in the scene, he takes care usually to inform us, to which of the characters he has assigned the patronage of his own sentiment; who was generally the principal speaker of the dialogue; as Crassus in his treatise on the Orator; Scipio, in that of the Republic; Cato, in his piece on Old Age. This key will let us into his real thoughts; and enable us to trace his genuine notions through every part of his writings, from which I shall now proceed to give a short abstract of them.

As to *Physics*, or Natural Philosophy, he seems to have had the same notion

with Socrates, that a minute and particular attention to it, and the making it the sole end and object of our enquiries, was a study rather curious than profitable, and contributing but little to the improvement of human life. For though he was perfectly acquainted with the various systems of all the philosophers of any name, from the earliest antiquity, and has explained them all in his works; yet he did not think it worth while, either to term any distinct opinions of his own, or at least to declare them. From his account, however, of those systems we may observe, that several of the fundamental principles of modern philosophy, which pass for the original discoveries of these later times, are the revival rather of ancient notions maintained by some of the first philosophers, of whom we have any notice in history; as the Motion of the Earth; the Antipodes; a Vacuum; and an universal Gravitation, or attractive Quality of Matter, which holds the World in its present Form and Order.

But in all the great points of religion and morality, which are of more immediate relation to the happiness of man, the being of a God; a providence; the immortality of the soul; a future state of rewards and punishments; and the eternal difference of good and ill; he has largely and clearly declared his mind in many parts of his writings. He maintained that there was one God, or Supreme Being; incorporeal, eternal, self-existent, and created the world by his power, and sustained it by his providence. This he inferred from the consent of all nations; the order and beauty of the heavenly bodies; the evident marks of counsel, wisdom, and a fitness to certain ends, observable in the seasons, and in every part of the visible world; and declares that person unworthy of the name of a man, who can believe all this to have been made by chance; when with the utmost stretch of human wisdom, we cannot penetrate the depth of that wisdom which contrived it.

He believed also a Divine Providence, constantly presiding over the whole system, and extending its care to all the principal members of it, with a peculiar attention to the conduct and actions of men, but leaving the minute and inferior parts to the course of his general laws. This he collected from the nature and attributes of the Deity; his omniscience, omnipotence, and infinite goodness; that could never desert

or neglect what he had once produced into being : and declares, that without this belief, there could be no such thing as *piety or religion in the world*.

He held likewise *the immortality of the soul, and its separate existence after death in a state of happiness or misery*. This he inferred from *that ancient trust of immortality*, which was always the most conspicuous in the best and most exalted minds ; from which the truest specimen of their nature must needs be drawn, from its *unmixed and indivisible essence*, which had nothing separable of perishable in it ; from its wonderful powers and faculties ; its *principle of self-motion ; its memory ; its intention, retent, comprehension ; which were all incompatible with sluggish matter*. The Stoics fancied that the soul was a subtilised, fiery substance, which survived the body after death, and subsisted a long time, yet not eternally, but was to perish at last in the general conflagration ; in which they allowed, as Cicero says, *the only thing that was hard to conceive, its separate existence from the body ; yet denied what was not only easy to imagine, but a consequence of the other ; its eternal duration*. Aristotle taught, that besides the *four elements of the material world*, whence all other things were supposed to draw their being, there was a *fifth essence or nature, peculiar to God and the soul*, which had nothing in it that was common to any of the rest. This opinion Cicero followed, and illustrated with his usual perspicuity in the following passage :

"The origin of the human soul," says he, "is not to be found any where on earth ; there is nothing mixed, concrete, or earthly ; nothing of water, air, or fire in it. For these natures are not susceptible of memory, intelligence, or thought ; have nothing that can retain the past, foresee the future, lay hold on the present ; which faculties are purely divine, and could not possibly be derived to man, except from God ; the nature of the soul therefore is of a singular kind, distinct from these known and obvious natures ; and whatever it be that feels and tastes, that lives and moves in us, it must be heavenly and divine, and for that reason eternal. Nor is God indeed himself, whose existence we can clearly discover, to be comprehended by us in any other manner, but as a free and pure mind, clear from all mortal concretion ; observing and moving all things ; and indeed with an eternal prin-

"ciple of self-motion : of this kind, and of the same nature, is the human soul."

As to a *future state of rewards and punishments*, he considered it as a consequence of the soul's immortality, deducible from the attributes of God, and the condition of man's life on earth ; and thought it so highly probable, that we could hardly doubt of it, he says, *unless it should happen to our minds, when they look into themselves, as it does to our eyes, when they look too intently at the sun, that finding their sight dazzled, they give over looking at all*. In this opinion he followed Socrates and Plato, for whose judgment he professed to great a reverence, that if they had given no reasons, where yet they had given many, he should have been persuaded, he says, by their *sole authority*. Socrates, therefore, as he tells us, declared in his dying speech, "That there were two ways appointed to the human souls at their departure from the human body : that those who had been immersed in sensual pleasures and lusts, and had polluted themselves with private vices or public crimes against their country, took an obscure and devious road, remote from the seat and assembly of the gods ; whilst those who had preserved their integrity, and received little or no contagion from the body, from which they had constantly abstracted themselves, and in the bodies of men imitated the life of the gods, had an easy ascent lying open before them to those gods, from whom they derived their being."

From what has already been said, the reader will easily imagine what Cicero's opinion must have been concerning *the religion of his country* : for a mind enlightened by the noble principles just stated, could not possibly harbour a thought of the truth or divinity of so absurd a worship ; and the liberty which not only he, but all the old writers take, in ridiculing the characters of their gods, and the fictions of their *infernal torments* shews, that there was not a man of liberal education, who did not consider it as an engine of state, or political system ; contrived for the uses of government, and to keep the people in order ; in this light Cicero always commends it as a wise institution, singularly adapted to the genius of Rome, and constantly inculcates an adherence to its rights as the duty of all good citizens.

Their religion consisted of two principal branches ; *the observation of the ausp-*

ces, and the worship of the gods: the first was instituted by Romulus; the second by his successor, Numa; who drew up a ritual, or order of ceremonies, to be observed in the different sacrifices of their several deities: to these a third part was afterwards added, relating to *divine admonitions from portents; monstrous births; the entrails of beasts in sacrifice; and the prophecies of the sybils*. The College of Augurs presided over the *auspices*, as the *supreme interpreters of the will of Jove*; and determined what signs were propitious, and what not: the other priests were the judges of all the other cases relating to religion, as well of what concerned the public worship, as that of private families.

Now the priests of all denominations were of the first nobility of Rome, and the augurs especially were commonly senators of consular rank, who had passed through all the dignities of the republic, and by their power over the *auspices*, could put an immediate stop to all proceedings, and dissolve at once all the assemblies of the people convened for public business. The interpretation of the *sybilline prophecies* was veiled in the *decrements*, or guardians of the sybilline books, ten persons of distinguished rank, chosen usually from the priests. And the province of interpreting prodigies, and inspecting the entrails, belonged to the *haruspices*; who were the servants of the public, hired to attend the magistrates in all their sacrifices; and who never failed to accommodate their answers to the views of those who employed them, and to whose protection they owed their credit and their livelihood.

This constitution of a religion among a people naturally superstitious, necessarily threw the chief influence of affairs into the hands of the senate, and the better sort; who by this advantage frequently checked the violences of the populace, and the factious attempts of the tribunes: so that it is perpetually applauded by Cicero as the main bulwark of the republic; though considered all the while by men of sense, as merely political, and of human invention. The only part that admitted any dispute concerning its origin, was *augury*, or their method of divining by *auspices*. The Stoics held that God, out of his goodness to men, had imprinted on the nature of things certain marks or notices of future events; as on the entrails of beasts, the flight of birds, thunder, and other celestial signs, which, by long observation, and

the experience of ages, were reduced into an art, by which the meaning of each sign might be determined, and applied to the event that was signified by it. This they called *artificial divination*, in distinction from the *natural*, which they supposed to flow from an *instinct*, or *native power*, implanted in the soul, which it exerted always with the greatest efficacy, when it was the most free and disengaged from the body, as in dreams and madness. But this notion was generally ridiculed by the other philosophers; and of all the College of Augurs, there was but one who at this time maintained it, Appius Claudius, who was laughed at for his pains by the rest, and called the *Pisidian*: it occasioned however a smart controversy between him and his colleague Marcellus, who severally published books on each side of the question; wherein Marcellus asserted the whole affair to be the contrivance of statesmen: Appius, on the contrary, that there was a real art and power of divining subsisting in the *augural discipline*, and taught by the *augural books*. Appius dedicated this treatise to Cicero, who, though he preferred Marcellus's notion, yet did not wholly agree with either, but believed that *augury might probably be instituted at first upon a persuasion of its divinity; and when, by the improvements of arts and learning, that opinion was exploded in succeeding ages, yet the thing itself was wisely retained for the sake of its use to the republic*.

But whatever was the origin of the religion of Rome, Cicero's religion was undoubtedly of heavenly extraction, built, as we have seen, on the foundation of a God; a providence; an immortality. He considered this short period of our life on earth as a state of trial, or a kind of school, in which we were to improve and prepare ourselves for that eternity of existence which was provided for us hereafter; that we were placed therefore here by our Creator, not so much to inhabit the earth, as to contemplate the heavens; on which were imprinted, in legible characters, all the duties of that nature which was given to us. He observed, that this spectacle belonged to no other animal but man: to whom God, for that reason, had given an erect and upright form, with eyes not prone or fixed upon the ground, like those of other animals, but placed on high and sublime, in a situation the most proper for this celestial contemplation, to remind

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him perpetually of his task, and to acquaint him with the place on which he stands; and for which he was finally designed. He took the system of the world, or the visible works of God, to be *the promulgation of God's laws*; or the declaration of his will to mankind; whence, as we might collect his being, nature, and attributes, so we could trace the reasons also and motives of his acting; *till, by observing what he had done, we might learn what we ought to do, and, by the operations of the divine reason, be instructed how to perfect our own*; since the perfection of man consisted in the imitation of God.

From this source he deduced the origin of all duty, or moral obligation; from *the will of God manifested in his works*; or from *that eternal reason, fitness, and relation of things*, which is displayed in every part of the creation. This he calls the *original, immutable law*; the *criticon of good and ill, of just and unjust*; imprinted on the nature of things, as the rule by which all human laws are formed; which, whenever they deviate from this pattern, ought, he says, to be called anything rather than *laws*, and are in effect nothing but *acts of force, violence, and tyranny*. That to imagine *the distinction of good and ill not to be founded in nature, but in custom, opinion, or human institution, is more silly and mad*; which would overthrow all society, and confound all right and justice amongst men: that this was the constant opinion of the wisest of all ages; who held, *that the mind of God, governing all things by eternal reason, was the principle and sovereign law; whose substitute on earth was the reason or mind of the wise*: to which purpose there are many strong and beautiful passages scattered occasionally through every part of his works.

"The true law," says he, "is right reason, conformable to the nature of things; constant, eternal, diffused through all; which calls us to duty by commanding; deters us from sin by forbidding; which never loses its influence with the good, nor ever preserves it with the wicked. This cannot possibly be overruled by any other law, nor abrogated in the whole, or in part: nor can we be absolved from it either by the senate or the people; nor are we to seek any other comment or interpreter of it but itself: nor can there be one law at Rome, another at Athens; one now, another hereafter; but the same eter-

nal, immutable law, comprehends all nations, at all times, under one common Master and Governor of all, GOD. He is the inventor, propounder, enactor of this law; and whosoever will not obey it, must first renounce himself, and throw off the nature of man; by doing which, he will suffer the greatest punishment, though he should escape all the other torments which are commonly believed to be prepared for the wicked."

In another place he tells us, that the study of this law was the only thing which could teach us that most important of all lessons, said to be prescribed by the *Pythian oracle*, *to know ourselves*; that is, to know our true nature and rank in the universal system, the relation that we bear to all other things, and the purposes for which we were sent into the world. "When a man," says he, "has attentively surveyed the heavens, the earth, the sea, and all things in them, observed whence they sprung, and whither they all tend; when and how they are to end; what part is mortal and perishable, what divine and eternal; when he has almost reached and touched, as it were, the Governor and Ruler of them all, and discovered himself not to be confined to the walls of any certain place, but a citizen of the world, as of one common city; in this magnificent view of things, in this enlarged prospect and knowledge of nature, good gods! how will he learn to *know himself*? How will he condemn, despise, and set at naught all those things, which the vulgar esteem the most splendid and glorious?"

These were the principles on which Cicero built his religion and morality, which shine indeed through all his writings, but were largely and explicitly illustrated by him in his *Treatises on Government and on Laws*; to which he added afterwards his book of *Offices*, to make the scheme complete: volumes which, as the *elder Pliny* says to the emperor Titus, ought not only to be read, but to be got by heart. The first and greatest of these works is lost, except a few fragments, in which he had delivered his real thoughts so professedly, that in a letter to Atticus, he calls *these six books on the republic, so many pledges given to his country for the integrity of his life*; from which, if ever he swerved, he could never have the face to look into them.

again. In his *book of Laws*, he pursued the same argument, and deduced the origin of law from *the will of the supreme God*. These two pieces therefore contain his belief, and *the book of Offices his practice*: where he has traced out all the duties of man, or a rule of life conformable to the divine principles, which he had established in the other two; to which he often refers, as to the foundation of his whole system. This work was one of the last that he finished, for the use of his son, to whom he addressed it; being desirous, in the decline of a glorious life, to explain to him the maxims by which he had governed it, and teach him the way of passing through the world with innocence, virtue, and true glory, to an immortality of happiness: where the strictness of his morals, adapted to all the various cases and circumstances of human life, will serve, if not to instruct, yet to reproach the practice of most Christians. This was that law, which is mentioned by St. Paul, to be taught by nature, and written on the hearts of the Gentiles, to guide them through that state of ignorance and darkness, of which they themselves complained, till they should be blessed with a more perfect revelation of the divine will; and this scheme of it professed by Cicero, was certainly the most complete that the Gentile world had ever been acquainted with; the utmost effort that human nature could make towards attaining its proper end, or that supreme good for which the Creator had designed it: upon the contemplation of which sublime truths, as delivered by a heathen, it thus could not help persuading himself, *that the breath from which they flowed, must needs have been inspired by the Deity*.

But after all these glorious sentiments that we have been ascribing to Cicero, and collecting from his writings, some have been apt to consider them as the flourish rather of his eloquence, than the conclusions of his reason, since in other parts of his works he seems to intimate not only a diffidence, but a disbelief of the immortality of the soul, and a fierce state of rewards and punishments; and especially in his letters, where he is supposed to declare his mind with the greatest frankness. But in all the passages brought to support this objection, where he is imagined to speak of death as the end of all things to men, as they are addressed to friends in distress by way of consolation; so some

commentators take them to mean nothing more, and that death is the end of all things here below, and without any farther sense of what is done upon earth; yet should they be understood to relate, as perhaps they may, to an utter extinction of our being; it must be observed, that he was writing in all probability to Epicureans, and accommodating his arguments to the men; by offering such topics of comfort to them from their own philosophy, as they themselves held to be the most effectual. But if this also should seem precarious, we must remember always, that Cicero was an academic; and though he believed a future state, was fond of the opinion, and declares himself resolved never to part with it; yet he believed it as probable only, not as certain; and as probability implies some mixture of doubt, and admits the degrees of more and less, so it admits also some variety in the stability of our persuasion, thus, in a melancholy hour, when his spirits were depressed, the same argument will not appear to him with the same force; but doubts and difficulties get the ascendant, and what humoured his present chagrin, find the readiest admission.

The passages alledged were all of this kind, and written in the season of his dejection, when all things were going with him, in the height of Caesar's power; and though we allow them to have all the force that they can possibly bear, and to express what Cicero really meant at that time; yet they prove at last nothing more, than that, agreeably to the character, and principles of the Academy, he sometimes doubted of what he generally believed. But, after all, whatever be the sense of them, it cannot surely be thought reasonable to oppose a few scattered hints, accidentally thrown out, when he was not considering the subject, to the volumes that he had deliberately written on the other side of the question.

As to his political conduct, no man was ever a more determined patriot, or a warmer lover of his country than he: his whole character, natural temper, choice of life and principles, made its true interest inseparable from his own. His general view, therefore, was always one and the same; to support the peace and liberty of the republic in that form and constitution of it, which their ancestors had delivered down to them. He looked upon that as the only foundation on which it could be supported, and used to quote a verse of old Ennius,

the dictate of an oracle, which derived all the glory of Rome from an adherence to its ancient manners and discipline.

Moribus antiquis stat res Romana virisque.
Fragm. de Repub. l. 5.

It is one of his maxims, which he inculcates in his writings, *that as the end of a pilot is a prosperous voyage; of a physician, the health of his patient; of a general, victory; so that of a statesman is, to make his citizens happy; to make them firm in power, rich in wealth, splendid in glory, eminent in virtue, which he declares to be the greatest and best of all works among men; and as this cannot be effected but by the concord and harmony of the constituent members of a city; so it was his constant aim to unite the different orders of the state into one common interest, and to inspire them with a mutual confidence in each other; so as to balance the supremacy of the people by the authority of the senate; that the one should enact, but the other advise; the one have the last resort, the other the chief influence.* This was the old constitution of Rome, by which it had been raised to all its grandeur; whilst all its misfortunes were owing to the contrary principle of distrust and dissension between these two rival powers: it was the great object, therefore, of his policy, to throw *the ascendant in all affairs into the hands of the senate and the magistrates*, as far as it was consistent with the rights and liberties of the people; which will always be the general view of the wise and honest in all popular governments.

This was the principle which he espoused from the beginning, and pursued to the end of his life: and though in some passages of his history, he may be thought perhaps to have deviated from it, yet upon an impartial view of the case, we shall find that his end was always the same, though he had changed his measures of pursuing it, when compelled to it by the violence of the times, and an over-ruling force, and a necessary regard to his own safety: so that he might say with great truth, what an Athenian orator once said in excuse of his inconsistency; *that he had acted indeed on some occasions contrary to himself, but never to the republic*: and here also his academic philosophy seems to have shewed its superior use in practical as well as in speculative life, by indulging that liberty of acting which nature and reason require; and when the times and things

themselves are changed, allowing a change of conduct, and a recourse to new means for the attainment of the same end.

The *three sects*, which at this time chiefly engrossed the philosophical part of Rome, were the *Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic*; and the chief ornaments of each were, Cato, Atticus, and Cicero, who lived together in strict friendship, and a mutual esteem of each other's virtue; but the different behaviour of *these three*, will shew by fact and example, the different merit of their several principles, and which of them was the best adapted to promote the good of society. The Stoics were the *bigots or enthusiasts* in philosophy, who held none to be truly wise but themselves; placed *perfect happiness in virtue, though stripped of every other good*; affirmed *all sins to be equal*; all deviations from right equally wicked; *to kill a dunghill-cock without reason, the same crime as to kill a parent*; a wise man could never forgive, never be moved by anger, favour or pity; never be deceived; never repent; never change his mind. With these principles Cato entered into public life, and acted in it, as Cicero says, as if he had lived in the *policy of Plato*, not in the dregs of Romulus. He made no distinction of times or things; no allowance for the weakness of the republic, and the power of those who oppressed it: it was his maxim to combat all power, not built upon the laws, or to defy it at least if he could not controul it: he knew no way to this end but the direct, and whatever obstructions he met with, resolved still to push on, and either surmount them or perish in the attempt; taking it for baseness and confession of being conquered, to decline a title from the true road. In an age, therefore, of the utmost libertinism, when the public discipline was lost, and the government itself tottering, he struggled with the same zeal against all corruption, and waged a perpetual war with a superior force; whilst the rigour of his principles tended rather to alienate friends, than reconcile enemies; and by provoking the power that he could not subdue, helped to hasten that ruin which he was striving to avert; so that after a perpetual course of disappointments and repulses, finding himself unable to pursue his own way any further, instead of taking a new one, he was driven by his philosophy to put an end to his life.

But as the Stoics exalted human nature too high, so the Epicureans depressed it

too low; as those raised to the heroic, these debased it to the brutal state; they held *pleasure to be the chief good of a man*; death the extinction of his being; and placed their happiness consequently in the secure enjoyment of a pleasurable life, esteeming virtue on no other account, than as it was a hand-maid to pleasure; and helped to insure the possession of it, by preserving health and conciliating friends. Their wife man had therefore no other duty, but to provide for his own ease; to decline all struggles; to retire from public affairs, and to imitate *the life of their gods*; by passing his days in a calm, contemplative, undisturbed repose; in the midst of rural shades and pleasant gardens. This was the scheme that Atticus followed: he had all the talents that could qualify a man to be useful to society; great parts, learning, judgment, candour, benevolence, generosity; the same love of his country, and the same sentiments in politics with Cicero; whom he was always advising and urging to act, yet determined never to act himself; or never at least so far as to disturb his ease, or endanger his safety. For though he was so strictly united with Cicero, and valued him above all men, yet he managed an interest all the while with the opposite party faction, and a friendship even with his mortal enemies, Clodius and Antony; that he might secure against all events the grand point which he had in view, the peace and tranquillity of his life.

Thus two excellent men by their mistaken notion of virtue, drawn from the principles of their philosophy, were made useless in a manner to their country, each in a different extreme of life; the one always acting and exposing himself to dangers, without the prospect of doing good; the other without attempting to do any, resolving never to act at all. Cicero chose the middle way between the obstinacy of Cato, and the indolence of Atticus: he preferred always the readiest road to what was right, if it lay open to him: if not, took the next; and in politics as in morality, when he could not arrive at the true, contented himself with the probable. He often compares *the statesman to the pilot*, whose art consists in managing every turn of the winds, and applying even the most perverse to the progress of his voyage; so that by changing his course, and enlarging his circuit of sailing, to arrive with safety at his destined port. He mentions

likewise an observation, which long experience had confirmed to him, *that none of the popular and ambitious, who aspired to extraordinary commands, and to be leaders in the republic, ever chose to obtain their ends from the people, till they had first been regulated by the senate*. This was verified by all their civil dissensions, from the Gracæ down to Cæsar: so that when he saw men of this spirit at the head of the government, who by the splendor of their lives and actions had acquired an ascendancy over the populace; it was his constant advice to the senate, to gain them by gentle compliances, and to gratify their thirst for power by a voluntary grant of it, as the best way to moderate their ambition, and reclaim them from desperate counsels. He declared *contention to be no longer prudent, than rebellion, either did justice, or at least not hurt*; but when faction was grown too strong to be withstood, that it was time to give over fighting, and nothing left but to *extract some good out of the ill*, by mitigating that power by patience, which they could not reduce by force, and conciliating it, if possible, to the interest of the state. This was what he advised, and what he practised; and it will account, in a great measure, for those parts of his conduct which are the most liable to exception, on the account of that complaisance, which he is supposed to have paid, at different times, to the several usurpers of illegal power.

He made a just distinction between *bearing what we cannot help, and approving what we ought to condemn*; and submitted therefore, yet never consented to those usurpations; and when he was forced to comply with them, did it always with a reluctance, that he expressed very keenly in his letters to his friends. But whenever that force was removed, and he was at liberty to pursue his principles and act without controul, as in his *consulship*, in his *province*, and after Cæsar's death, the only periods of his life in which he was truly master of himself; there we see him shining out in his genuine character, of an excellent citizen; a great magistrate; a glorious patriot: there we see the man who could declare of himself with truth, in an appeal to Atticus, as to the best witness of his conscience, *that he had always done the greatest justice to his country, when it was in his power; or when it was not, had never harboured a thought of it, but what was divine*. If we must needs compare him
therefore

therefore with Cato, as some writers affect to do; it is certain, that if Cato's virtue seems more splendid in theory, Cicero's will be found superior in practice; the one was romantic, the other rational; the one drawn from the refinements of the school, the other from nature and social life; the one always unsuccessful, often harmful; the other always beneficial, often salutary to the republic.

To conclude; Cicero's death, though violent, cannot be called untimely: but was the proper end of such a life, which must have been rendered less glorious, if it had owed its preservation to Antony. It was therefore what he not only expected, but in the circumstances to which he was reduced, what he seems even to have wished. For he, who had before been *timid in dangers and dissembling in distress*, yet from the time of Caesar's death, roused by the desperate state of the republic, assumed the fortitude of a hero: uncarded all fear; despised all danger; and when he could not free his country from a tyranny, provoked the tyrants to take that life, which he no longer cared to preserve. Thus, like a great actor on the stage, he reserved himself as it were for the last act; and after he had played his part with dignity, resolved to finish it with glory. *Middleten's Cicero.*

§ 39. *The character of MARTIN LUTHER.*

While appearances of danger daily increased, and the tempest which had been to long a-gathering, was ready to break forth in all its violence against the protestant church, Luther was saved by a seasonable death, from feeling or beholding its destructive rage. Having gone, though in a declining state of health, and during a rigorous season, to his native city of Eisleben, in order to compose, by his authority, a dissension among the counts of Mansfeld, he was seized with a violent inflammation in his stomach, which in a few days put an end to his life, in the sixty-third year of his age.—As he was raised up by Providence to be the author of one of the greatest and most interesting revolutions recorded in history, there is not any person, perhaps, whose character has been drawn with such opposite colours. In his own age, one party, struck with horror and inflamed with rage, when they saw with what a daring hand he overturned every thing which they held to be sacred, or valued as beneficial, imputed to him not only all the defects and vices of a

man, but the qualities of a demon. The other, warmed with admiration and gratitude, when they thought he merited, as the restorer of light and liberty to the Christian church, ascribed to him perfections above the condition of humanity, and viewed all his actions with a veneration bordering on that which should be paid only to those who are guided by the immediate inspiration of heaven. It is his own conduct, not the undistinguishing censure, nor the exaggerated praise of his contemporaries, which ought to regulate the opinions of the present age concerning him. Zeal for what he regarded as truth, undaunted intrepidity to maintain it, abilities both natural and acquired to defend it, and unwearied industry to propagate it, are virtues which shine so conspicuously in every part of his behaviour, that even his enemies must allow him to have possessed them in an eminent degree. To these may be added, with equal justice, such purity, and even austerity of manners, as became one who assumed the character of a reformer; such sanctity of life as suited the doctrine which he delivered; and such perfect disinterestedness, as affords no slight presumption of his sincerity. Superior to all selfish considerations, a stranger to the elegancies of life, and despising its pleasures, he left the honours and emoluments of the church to his disciples; remaining satisfied himself in his original state of professor in the university, and pastor to the town of Wittenberg, with the moderate appointments annexed to these offices. His extraordinary qualities were alloyed with no inconsiderable mixture of human frailty, and human passions. These, however, were of such a nature, that they cannot be imputed to malevolence or corruption of heart, but seem to have taken their rise from the same source with many of his virtues. His mind, forcible and vehement in all its operations, roused by great objects, or agitated by violent passions, broke out, on many occasions, with an impetuosity which astonishes men of feeble spirits, or such as are placed in a more tranquil situation. By carrying some praiseworthy dispositions to excess, he bordered sometimes on what was culpable, and was often betrayed into actions which exposed him to censure. His confidence that his own opinions were well founded, approached to arrogance; his courage in asserting them, to rashness; his firmness in adhering to them, to obstinacy; and his zeal in con-

futing

uting his adversaries, to rage and scurrility. Accustomed himself to consider every thing as subordinate to truth, he expected the same deference for it from other men; and, without making any allowances for their timidity or prejudices, he poured forth, against those who disappointed him in this particular, a torrent of invective mingled with contempt. Regardless of any distinction of rank or character, when his doctrines were attacked, he chastised all his adversaries, indiscriminately, with the same rough hand; neither the royal dignity of Henry VIII. nor the eminent learning and ability of Erasmus, screened them from the same abuse with which he treated Tetzel or Ecclus.

But these indecencies of which Luther was guilty, must not be imputed wholly to the violence of his temper. They ought to be charged in part on the manners of the age. Among a rude people, unacquainted with those maxims, which, by putting continual restraint on the passions of individuals, have polished society, and rendered it agreeable, disputes of every kind were managed with heat, and strong emotions were uttered in their natural language, without reserve or delicacy. At the same time, the works of learned men were all composed in Latin; and they were not only authorized, by the example of eminent writers in that language, to use their antagonists with the most illiberal scurrility: but, in a dead tongue, indecencies of every kind appear less shocking than in a living language, whose idioms and phrases seem gross, because they are familiar.

In passing judgment upon the characters of men, we ought to try them by the principles and maxims of their own age, not by those of another. For although virtue and vice are at all times the same, manners and customs vary continually. Some parts of Luther's behaviour, which to us appear most culpable, gave no disgust to his contemporaries. It was even by some of those qualities which we are now apt to blame, that he was fitted for accomplishing the great work which he undertook. To rouse mankind, when sunk in ignorance or superstition, and to encounter the rage of bigotry, armed with power, required the utmost vehemence of zeal, and a temper daring to excess. A gentle call would neither have reached, nor have excited those to whom it was addressed. A spirit, more amiable, but less vigorous than Luther's, would have shrunk back from the

dangers which he braved and surmounted. Towards the close of Luther's life, though without a perceptible declension of his zeal or abilities, the infirmities of his temper increased upon him, so that he daily grew more peevish, more irascible, and more impatient of contradiction. Having lived to be witness of his own amazing success; to see a great part of Europe embrace his doctrines; and to shake the foundation of the Papal throne, before which the mightiest monarchs had trembled, he discovered, on some occasions, symptoms of vanity and self-applause. He must have been indeed more than man, if, upon contemplating all that he actually accomplished, he had never felt any sentiment of this kind rising in his breast.

Some time before his death he felt his strength declining, his constitution being worn out by a prodigious multiplicity of business, added to the labour of discharging his ministerial function with unremitting diligence, to the fatigue of constant study, besides the composition of works as voluminous as if he had enjoyed uninterrupted leisure and retirement. His natural intrepidity did not forsake him at the approach of death: his last conversation with his friends was concerning the happiness reserved for good men in a future world, of which he spoke with the fervour and delight natural to one who expected and wished to enter soon upon the enjoyment of it. The account of his death filled the Roman Catholic party with excessive as well as indecent joy, and damped the spirits of all his followers; neither party sufficiently considering that his doctrines were now so firmly rooted, as to be in a condition to flourish, independent of the hand which first had planted them. His funeral was celebrated by order of the Elector of Saxony, with extraordinary pomp. He left several children by his wife, Catharine Bore, who survived him: towards the end of the last century, there were in Saxony some of his descendants in decent and honourable stations.

Robertson.

§ 40. *Character of ALFRED, King of England.*

The merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any age or any nation can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect

perfect character, which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice: so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds. He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity; the greatest rigour in command with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents for action. His civil and his military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration, excepting only, that the former, being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments, vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

Hume.

§ 41. *Another Character of ALFRED.*

Alfred, that he might be the better able to extend his charity and munificence, regulated his finances with the most perfect economy, and divided his revenues into a certain number of parts, which he appropriated to the different expences of the state, and the exercise of his own private liberality and devotion; nor was he a less economist in the distribution of his time, which he divided into three equal portions, allotting one to sleep, meals, and exercise; and devoting the other two to writing, reading, business, and prayer. That this division might not be encroached upon inadvertently, he measured them by tapers of an equal size, which he kept continually burning before the shrines of relics. Alfred seemed to be a genius self-taught, which contrived and comprehended every

thing that could contribute to the security of his kingdom. He was author of that inestimable privilege, peculiar to the subjects of this nation, which consists in their being tried by their peers; for he first instituted juries, or at least improved upon an old institution, by specifying the number and qualifications of jurymen, and extending their power to trials of property as well as criminal indictments; but no regulation redounded more to his honour and the advantage of his kingdom, than the measures he took to prevent rapine, murder, and other outrages, which had so long been committed with impunity. His attention sloped even to the meanest circumstances of his people's convenience. He introduced the art of brick-making, and built his own houses of those materials; which being much more durable and secure from accidents than timber, his example was followed by his subjects in general. He was, doubtless, an object of most perfect esteem and admiration; for, exclusive of the qualities which distinguished him as a warrior and legislator, his personal character was amiable in every respect. Died 897, aged 52.

Smollett.

§ 42. *Character of WILLIAM the Conqueror.*

Few princes have been more fortunate than this great monarch, or were better entitled to prosperity and grandeur for the abilities and vigour of mind which he displayed in all his conduct. His spirit was bold and enterprising, yet guided by prudence. His ambition, which was exorbitant, and lay little under the restraints of justice, and still less under those of humanity, ever submitted to the dictates of reason and sound policy. Born in an age when the minds of men were intractable and unacquainted with submission, he was yet able to direct them to his purposes; and, partly from the ascendant of his vehement disposition, partly from art and dissimulation, to establish an unlimited monarchy. Though not insensible to generosity, he was hardened against compassion, and seemed equally ostentatious and ambitious of éclat in his clemency and his severity. The maxims of his administration were severe; but might have been useful, had they been solely employed in preserving order in an established government: they were ill calculated for softening the rigours which under the most gentle management are inseparable from conquest. His attempt against England

was

was the last enterprize of the kind, which, during the course of seven hundred years, had fully succeeded in Europe; and the greatness of his genius broke through those limits, which first the feudal institutions, then the refined policy of princes, have fixed on the several States of Christendom. Though he rendered himself infinitely odious to his English subjects, he transmitted his power to his posterity, and the throne is still filled by his descendants; a proof that the foundation which he laid was firm and solid, and that amongst all his violences, while he seemed only to gratify the present passion, he had still an eye towards futurity. Died Sept. 9, 1087, aged 63*.

Ham.

§ 43. *Another Character of WILLIAM the Conqueror.*

From the transactions of William's reign, he appears to have been a prince of great courage, capacity, and ambition; politic, cruel, vindictive, and rapacious; stern and haughty in his deportment, reserved and jealous in his disposition. He was fond of glory; and, though parsimonious in his household, delighted much in ostentation. Though sudden and impetuous in his enterprizes, he was cool, deliberate, and indefatigable, in times of danger and difficulty. His aspect was noble, severe and imperious, his stature tall and portly; his constitution robust, and the composition of his bones and muscles strong; there was hardly a man of that age, who could bend his bow, or handle his arms.

Smollett.

§ 43. *Another Character of WILLIAM the Conqueror.*

The character of this prince has seldom been set in its true light; some eminent writers having been dazzled so much by the more shining parts of it, that they have hardly seen his faults; while others, out of a strong detestation of tyranny, have been unwilling to allow him the praise he deserves.

He may with justice be ranked among the greatest generals any age has produced. There was united in him activity, vigilance, intrepidity, caution, great force of judgment, and never-failing presence of mind. He was strict in his discipline, and kept his soldiers in perfect obedience; yet preserved their affection. Having been from his very childhood continually in war,

and at the head of armies, he joined to all the capacity that genius could give, all the knowledge and skill that experience could teach, and was a perfect master of the military art, as it was practised in the times wherein he lived. His constitution enabled him to endure any hardships, and very few were equal to him in personal strength, which was an excellence of more importance than it is now, from the manner of fighting then in use. It is said of him, that none except himself could bend his bow. His courage was heroic, and he possessed it not only in the field, but (which is more uncommon) in the cabinet, attempting great things with means that to other men appeared totally unequal to such undertakings, and steadily prosecuting what he had boldly resolved; being never disturbed or disheartened by difficulties, in the course of his enterprizes; but having that noble vigour of mind, which, instead of bending to opposition, rises against it, and seems to have a power of controlling and commanding Fortune herself.

Nor was he less superior to pleasure than to fear: no luxury softened him, no riot disordered, no sloth relaxed. It helped not a little to maintain the high respect his subjects had for him, that the majesty of his character was never let down by any incontinence or indecent excess. His temperance and his chastity were constant guards, that secured his mind from all weakness, supported its dignity, and kept it always as it were on the throne. Through his whole life he had no partner of his bed but his queen; a most extraordinary virtue in one who had lived, even from his earliest youth, amidst all the pleasures of camps, the allurements of a court, and the seductions of sovereign power! Had he kept his oaths to his people as well as he did his marriage vow, he would have been the best of kings; but he indulged other passions of a worse nature, and infinitely more detrimental to the public than those he restrained. A lust of power, which no regard to justice could limit, the most unrelenting cruelty, and the most insatiable avarice, possessed his soul. It is true, indeed, that among many acts of extreme inhumanity some shining instances of great clemency may be produced, that were either effects of his policy, which taught him this method of acquiring friends, or of his magnanimity, which made him slight a weak and subdued enemy, such as was Edgar Atheling, in whom he found neither spirit nor talents able to contend with him for

* Smollett says, 61.

for the crown. But where he had no advantage nor pride in forgiving, his nature discovered itself to be utterly void of all sense of compassion; and some barbarities which he committed, exceeded the bounds that even tyrants and conquerors prescribe to themselves.

Most of our ancient historians give him the character of a very religious prince; but his religion was after the fashion of those times, belief without examination, and devotion without piety. It was a religion that prompted him to endow monasteries, and at the same time allowed him to pillage kingdoms; that threw him on his knees before a relic or cross, but suffered him unrestrained to trample upon the liberties and rights of mankind.

As to his wisdom in government, of which some modern writers have spoken very highly, he was indeed so far wise that, through a long unquiet reign, he knew how to support oppression by terror, and employ the properest means for the carrying on a very iniquitous and violent administration. But that which alone deserves the name of wisdom in the character of a king, the maintaining of authority by the exercise of those virtues which make the happiness of his people, was what, with all his abilities, he does not appear to have possessed. Nor did he excel in those soothing and popular arts, which sometimes change the complexion of a tyranny, and give it a fallacious appearance of freedom. His government was harsh and despotic, violating even the principles of that constitution which he himself had established. Yet so far he performed the duty of a sovereign, that he took care to maintain a good police in his realm; curbing licentiousness with a strong hand, which, in the tumultuous state of his government, was a great and difficult work. How well he performed it, we may learn even from the testimony of a contemporary Saxon historian, who says, that during his reign a man might have travelled in perfect security all over the kingdom with his bosom full of gold, nor durst any kill another in revenge of the greatest offences, nor offer violence to the chastity of a woman. But it was a poor compensation, that the highways were safe, when the courts of justice were dens of thieves, and when almost every man in authority, or in office, used his power to oppress and pillage the people. The king himself did not only tolerate, but encourage, support, and even share these extortions. Though the great-

ness of the ancient landed estate of the crown, and the feudal profits to which he legally was entitled, rendered him one of the richest monarchs in Europe, he was not content with all that opulence, but by authorizing the sheriffs, who collected his revenues in the several counties, to practise the most grievous vexations and abuses, for the raising of them higher, by a perpetual auction of the crown lands, so that none of his tenants could be secure of possession, if any other would come and offer more; by various iniquities in the court of exchequer, which was entirely Norman; by forfeitures wrongfully taken; and, lastly, by arbitrary and illegal taxations, he drew into his treasury much too great a proportion of the wealth of his kingdom.

It must however be owned, that if his avarice was insatiably and unjustly rapacious, it was not meanly pastidious, nor of that sordid kind which brings on a prince dishonour and contempt. He supported the dignity of his crown with a decent magnificence; and though he never was lavish, he sometimes was liberal, more especially to his soldiers and to the church. But looking on money as a necessary means of maintaining and increasing power, he desired to accumulate as much as he could, rather, perhaps, from an ambitious than a covetous nature; at least his avarice was subservient to his ambition, and he laid up wealth in his coffers, as he did arms in his magazines, to be drawn out, when any proper occasion required it, for the defence and enlargement of his dominions.

Upon the whole, he had many great qualities, but few virtues; and if those actions that most particularly distinguish the man or the king are impartially considered, we shall find that in his character there is much to admire, but still more to abhor.

Lyttelton.

§ 45. *The Character of WILLIAM RUFUS.*

The memory of this monarch is transmitted to us with little advantage by the churchmen, whom he had offended; and though we may suspect in general that their account of his vices is somewhat exaggerated, his conduct affords little reason for contradicting the character which they have assigned him, or for attributing to him any very estimable qualities; he seems to have been a violent and tyrannical prince; a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous

dangerous neighbour; an unkind and ungenerous relation. He was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of the treasury; and, if he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration; and he indulged intirely the domineering policy which suited his temper, and, which, if supported, as it was in him, with courage and vigour, proves often more successful in disorderly times, than the deepest forefight and most refined artifice. The monuments which remain of this prince in England are, the Tower, Westminster-Hall, and London Bridge, which he built. Died August 2, 1100, aged 40. *Hume.*

§ 46. *Another Character of WILLIAM RUFUS.*

Thus fell William *, surnamed Rufus, from his red hair and florid complexion, after he had lived four-and-forty years, and reigned near thirteen; during which time he oppressed his people in every form of tyranny and insult. He was equally void of learning, principle, and honour; haughty, passionate, and ungrateful; a scotter at religion, a scourge to the clergy; vain-glorious, talkative, rapacious, lavish, and dissolute; and an inveterate enemy to the English, though he owed his crown to their valour and fidelity, when the Norman lords intended to expel him from the throne. In return for this instance of their loyalty, he took *all* opportunities to fleece and enslave them; and at one time imprisoned fifty of the best families in the kingdom, on pretence of killing his deer; so that they were compelled to purchase their liberty at the expence of their wealth, though not before they had undergone the *very ordeal*. He lived in a scandalous commerce with prostitutes, professing his contempt for marriage; and, having no legitimate issue, the crown devolved to his brother Henry, who was so intent upon the succession, that he paid very little regard to the funeral of the deceased king.

Smollett.

* By the hand of Tyrril, a French gentleman, remarkable for his address in archery, attending him in the recreation of hunting, as William had dismounted after a chase. Tyrril, impatient to shew his dexterity, let fly at a stag which suddenly started before him: the arrow glancing from a tree, struck the king in his breast, and instantly slew him.

§ 47. *Character of HENRY I.*

This prince was one of the most accomplished that has filled the English throne; and possessed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high station to which he attained: his person was manly; his countenance engaging; his eyes clear, serene, and penetrating. The assability of his address encouraged those who might be overawed by the sense of his dignity or his wisdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with discretion, and ever kept at a distance from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers. His superior eloquence and judgment would have given him an ascendant, even if he had been born in a private station; and his personal bravery would have procured him respect, even though it had been less supported by art and policy. By his great progress in literature, he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc*, or the Scholar; but his application to sedentary pursuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government: and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the understanding, his natural good sense preserved itself untainted both from the pedantry and superstition which were then so prevalent among men of letters. His temper was very susceptible of the sentiments as well of friendship as resentment; and his ambition, though high, might be esteemed moderate, had not his conduct towards his brother shewed, that he was too much disposed to sacrifice to it all the maxims of justice and equity. Died December 1, 1135, aged 67, having reigned 35 years. *Hume.*

§ 48. *Another Character of HENRY I.*

Henry was of a middle stature and robust make, with dark brown hair, and blue serene eyes. He was facetious, fluent, and affable to his favourites. His capacity, naturally good, was improved and cultivated in such a manner, that he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc* by his learning. He was cool, cautious, politic, and penetrating; his courage was unquestioned, and his fortitude invincible. He was vindictive, cruel, and implacable, inexorable to offenders, rigid and severe in the execution of justice; and, though temperate in his diet, a voluptuary in his amours, which produced

produced a numerous family of illegitimate issue. His Norman descent and connections with the continent inspired him with a contempt for the English, whom he oppressed in the most tyrannical manner
Smollett.

§ 49. *Character of STEPHEN.*

England suffered great miseries during the reign of this prince: but his personal character, allowing for the temerity and injustice of his usurpation, appears not liable to any great exception; and he seems to have been well qualified, had he succeeded by a just title, to have promoted the happiness and prosperity of his subjects. He was possessed of industry, activity, and courage, to a great degree; was not deficient in ability, had the talent of gaining men's affections; and, notwithstanding his precarious situation, never indulged himself in the exercise of any cruelty of revenge. His advancement to the throne procured him neither tranquillity nor happiness. Died 1154.
Hume.

§ 50. *Another Character of STEPHEN.*

Stephen was a prince of great courage, fortitude, and activity, and might have reigned with the approbation of his people, had he not been harassed by the efforts of a powerful competitor, which obliged him to take such measures for his safety as were inconsistent with the dictates of honour, which indeed his ambition prompted him to forego, in his first endeavours to ascend the throne. His necessities afterwards compelled him to infringe the charter of privileges he granted at his accession; and he was infligated by his jealousy and resentment to commit the most flagrant outrages against gratitude and sound policy. His vices, as a king, seem to have been the effect of troubles in which he was involved; for, as a man, he was brave, open, and liberal; and, during the short calm that succeeded the tempest of his reign, he made a progress through his kingdom, published an edict to restrain all rapine and violence, and disbanded the foreign mercenaries who had preyed to long on his people.
Smollett.

§ 51. *Character of HENRY II.*

Thus died, in the 58th year of his age, and thirty fifth of his reign, the greatest prince of his time for wisdom, virtue, and ability, and the most powerful in extent of dominion, of all those that had ever filled

the throne of England. His character, both in public and private life, is almost without a blemish; and he seems to have possessed every accomplishment, both of body and mind, which makes a man estimable or amiable. He was of a middle stature, strong, and well proportioned; his countenance was lively and engaging; his conversation affable and entertaining; his elocution easy, persuasive, and ever at command. He loved peace, but possessed both conduct and bravery in war; was provident without timidity; severe in the execution of justice without rigour; and temperate without austerity. He preserved health, and kept himself from copulency, to which he was somewhat inclined, by an abstemious diet, and by frequent exercise, particularly by hunting. When he could enjoy leisure, he recreated himself in learned conversation, or in reading; and he cultivated his natural talents by study, above any prince of his time. His affections, as well as his enmities, were warm and durable; and his long experience of ingratitude and infidelity of men never destroyed the natural sensibility of his temper, which disposed him to friendship and society. His character has been transmitted to us by many writers who were his contemporaries; and it resembles extremely, in its most remarkable strokes, that of his maternal grandfather, Henry I. excepting only that ambition, which was a ruling passion in both, found not in the first Henry such unexceptionable means of exerting itself, and pushed that prince into measures which were both criminal in themselves, and were the cause of further crimes, from which his grandson's conduct was happily exempted. Died 1139.
Hume.

§ 52. *Another Character of HENRY II.*

Thus died Henry in the fifty seventh year of his age (*Hume* says 58) and thirty fifth of his reign; in the course of which he had, on sundry occasions, displayed all the abilities of a politician, all the sagacity of a legislator, and all the magnanimity of a hero. He lived revered above all the princes of his time; and his death was deeply lamented by his subjects, whose happiness seems to have been the chief aim of all his endeavours. He not only enacted wholesome laws, but saw them executed with great punctuality. He was generous, even to admiration, with regard to those who committed offences against his own person; but he never forgave the injuries

injuries that were offered to his people, for atrocious crimes were punished severely without respect of persons. He was of a middle stature, and the most exact proportion; his countenance was round, fair, and ruddy; his blue eyes were mild and engaging, except in a transport of passion, when they sparkled like lightning, to the terror of the beholders. He was broad-chested, strong, muscular, and inclined to be corpulent, though he prevented the bad effects of this disposition by hard exercise and continual fatigue; he was temperate in his meals, even to a degree of abstinence, and seldom or ever sat down, except at supper; he was eloquent, agreeable, and facetious; remarkably courteous and polite; compassionate to all in distress; so charitable, that he constantly allotted one-tenth of his household provisions to the poor, and in the time of dearth he maintained ten thousand indigent persons, from the beginning of spring till the end of autumn. His talents, naturally good, he had cultivated with great assiduity, and delighted in the conversation of learned men, to whom he was a generous benefactor. His memory was so surprisingly tenacious, that he never forgot a face nor a circumstance that was worth remembering. Though superior to his contemporaries in strength, riches, true courage, and military skill; he never engaged in war without reluctance, and was so averse to bloodshed, that he expressed an uncommon grief at the loss of every private soldier: yet he was not exempt from human frailties; his passions, naturally violent, often hurried him to excess; he was prone to anger, transported with the lust of power, and particularly accused of incontinence, not only in the affair of Rosamond, whom he is said to have concealed in a labyrinth at Woodstock, from the jealous enquiry of his wife, but also in a supposed commerce with the French princess Adalais, who was bred in England as the future wife of his son Richard. This infamous breach of honour and hospitality, if he was actually guilty, is the foulest stain upon his character; though the fact is doubtful, and we hope the charge untrue. *Smollett.*

§ 53. Character of RICHARD I.

The most shining part of this prince's character was his military talents; no man ever in that romantic age carried courage and intrepidity to a greater height; and this quality gained him the appellation of

the *lion-hearted*, *cœur de lion*. He passionately loved glory; and as his conduct in the field was not inferior to his valour, he seems to have possessed every talent necessary for acquiring it: his resentments also were high, his pride unconquerable, and his subjects, as well as his neighbours, had therefore reason to apprehend, from the continuance of his reign, a perpetual scene of blood and violence. Of an impetuous and vehement spirit, he was distinguished by all the good as well as the bad qualities which are incident to the character. He was open, frank, generous, sincere, and brave; he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and cruel, and was thus better calculated to dazzle men by the splendour of his enterprises, than either to promote their happiness, or his own grandeur by a sound and well-regulated policy. As military talents make great impression on the people, he seems to have been much beloved by his English subjects; and he is remarked to have been the first prince of the Norman line who bore a sincere affection and regard for them. He passed, however, only four months of his reign in that kingdom: the crusade employed him near three years: he was detained about four months in captivity; the rest of his reign was spent either in war, or preparations for war against France; and he was to be pleased with the fame which he had acquired in the East, that he seemed determined, notwithstanding all his past misfortunes, to have further exhausted his kingdom, and to have exposed himself to new hazards, by conducting another expedition against the infidels. Died April 6, 1192, aged 42. Reigned ten years. *Home.*

§ 54. Another Character of RICHARD I.

This renowned prince was tall, strong, straight, and well-proportioned. His arms were remarkably long, his eyes blue, and full of vivacity; his hair was of a yellowish colour; his countenance fair and comely, and his air majestic. He was endowed with good natural understanding; his penetration was uncommon; he possessed a fund of manly eloquence; his conversation was spirited, and he was admired for his talents of repartee; as for his courage and ability in war, both Europe and Asia resound with his praise. The Saracens killed their children with the terror of his name; and Saladin, who was an accomplished prince, admired his valour to such a degree of enthusiasm, that immediately after Richard

Richard had defeated him on the plains of Joppa, he sent him a couple of fine Arabian horses, in token of his esteem; a polite compliment, which Richard returned with magnificent presents. These are the shining parts of his character, which, however, cannot dazzle the judicious observer so much, but that he may perceive a number of blemishes, which no historian has been able to efface from the memory of this celebrated monarch. His ingratitude and want of filial affection are unpardonable. He was proud, haughty, ambitious, choleric, cruel, vindictive, and debauched; nothing could equal his rapaciousness but his profusion, and, indeed, the one was the effect of the other; he was a tyrant to his wife, as well as to his people, who groaned under his taxation, to such a degree, that even the glory of his victories did not exempt him from their execrations; in a word, he has been aptly compared to a lion, a species of animals which he resembled not only in courage, but likewise in ferocity.

Snodgrass.

§ 55. Character of JOHN.

The character of this prince is nothing but a complication of vice, equally mean and odious, ruinous to himself, and destructive to his people: cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiousness, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty; all these qualities too evidently appear in the several incidents of his life, to give us room to suspect, that the disagreeable picture has been anywise overcharged by the prejudice of the ancient historians. It is hard to say, whether his conduct to his father, his brother, his nephew, or his subjects, was most culpable; or whether his crimes in these respects were not even exceeded by the baseness which appeared in his transactions with the king of France, the pope, and the barons. His dominions, when they devolved to him by the death of his brother, were more extensive than have ever since his time been ruled by any English monarch. But he first lost, by his misconduct, the flourishing provinces in France; the ancient patrimony of his family. He subjected his kingdom to a shameful vassalage, under the see of Rome; he saw the prerogatives of his crown diminished by law, and still more reduced by faction; and he died at last when in danger of being totally expelled by a foreign power, and of either ending his life miserably in a prison, or seeking shelter as a fugitive from the pursuit of his enemies.

The prejudices against this prince were so violent, that he was believed to have sent an embassy to the emperor of Morocco, and to have offered to change his religion and become Mahometan, in order to purchase the protection of that monarch; but, though that story is told us on plausible authority, it is in itself utterly improbable, except that there is nothing so incredible as may not become likely from the folly and wickedness of John. Died 1216.

Hume.

§ 56. Another Character of JOHN.

John was in his person taller than the middle size, of a good shape and agreeable countenance; with respect to his disposition, it is strongly delineated in the transactions of his reign. If his understanding was contemptible, his heart was the object of detestation; we find him slothful, shallow, proud, imperious, cowardly, libidinous, and inconstant, abject in adversity, and overbearing in success; contemned and hated by his subjects, over whom he tyrannized to the utmost of his power; abhorred by the clergy, whom he oppressed with exactions; and despised by all the neighbouring princes of Europe: though he might have passed through life without incurring such a load of odium and contempt, had not his reign been perplexed by the turbulence of his barons, the rapaciousness of the pope, and the ambition of such a monarch as Philip Augustus; his character could never have afforded one quality that would have exempted him from the disgust and scorn of his people: nevertheless, it must be owned, that his reign is not altogether barren of laudable transactions. He regulated the form of the government in the city of London, and several other places in the kingdom. He was the first who coined sterling money.

Snodgrass.

§ 57. Character of HENRY III.

The most obvious circumstance of Henry the Third's character, is his incapacity for government, which rendered him as much a prisoner in the hands of his own ministers and favourites, and as little at his own disposal, as when detained a captive in the hands of his enemies. From this source, rather than from insincerity and treachery, arose his negligence in observing his promises; and he was too easily induced, for the sake of present convenience, to sacri-

free the lasting advantages arising from the trust and confidence of his people. Hence were derived his profusion to favourites, his attachment to strangers, the variable-ness of his conduct, his hasty repentments, and his sudden forgiveness and return of affection. Instead of reducing the dangerous power of his nobles, by obliging them to observe the laws towards their inferiors, and setting them the salutary example in his own government, he was seduced to imitate their conduct, and to make his arbitrary will, or rather that of his ministers, the rule of his actions.

Instead of accommodating himself, by a strict frugality, to the embarrassed situation to which his revenue had been left, by the military expedition of his uncle, the dissipation of his father, and the usurpations of the barons; he was tempted to levy money by irregular exactions, which, without enriching himself, impoverished, or at least disgusted, his people. Of all men, nature seemed least to have fitted him for being a tyrant; yet are there instances of oppression in his reign, which, though derived from the precedents left him by his predecessors, had been carefully guarded against by the great charter; and are inconsistent with all rules of good government: and, on the whole, we may say, that greater abilities, with his good dispositions, would have prevented him from falling into his faults; or, with worse dispositions, would have enabled him to maintain and defend them. Died November 16, 1272, aged 64. Reigned 56 years.

Hume.

§ 58. *Another Character of HENRY III.*

Henry was of a middle size and robust make, and his countenance had a peculiar cast from his left eye-lid, which hung down so far as to cover part of his eye. The particulars of his character may be gathered from the detail of his conduct. He was certainly a prince of very mean talents; irresolute, inconstant, and capricious; proud, insolent, and arbitrary; arrogant in prosperity, and abject in adversity; profuse, rapacious, and choleric, though destitute of liberality, œconomy, and courage; yet his continence was praise-worthy, as well as his aversion to cruelty; for he contented himself with punishing the rebels in their effects, when he might have glutted his revenge with their blood. He was prodigal even to excess, and therefore always in necessity. Notwithstanding the great

sums he levied from his subjects, and though his occasions were never so pressing, he could not help squandering away his money upon worthless favourites, without considering the difficulty he always found in obtaining supplies from parliament.

Smollett.

§ 59. *Character of EDWARD I.*

The enterprizes finished by this prince, and the projects which he formed, and brought very near to a conclusion, were more prudent and more regularly conducted, and more advantageous to the solid interest of this kingdom, than those which were undertaken in any reign either of his ancestors or successors. He restored authority to the government, disordered by the weakness of his father; he maintained the laws against all the efforts of his turbulent barons; he fully annexed to the crown the principality of Wales; he took the wisest and most effectual measures for reducing Scotland to a like condition; and though the equity of this latter enterprize may reasonably be questioned, the circumstances of the two kingdoms promised such success, and the advantage was so visible, of uniting the whole island under one head, that those who give great indulgence to reasons of state in the measures of princes, will not be apt to regard this part of his conduct with much severity.

But Edward, however exceptionable his character may appear on the head of justice, is the model of a politic and warlike king. He possessed industry, penetration, courage, vigour, and enterprize. He was frugal in all expences that were not necessary; he knew how to open the public treasures on proper occasions; he punished criminals with severity; he was gracious and affable to his servants and courtiers; and being of a majestic figure, expert at all bodily exercise, and in the main well-proportioned in his limbs, notwithstanding the great length of his legs, he was as well qualified to captivate the populace by his exterior appearance, as to gain the approbation of men of sense by his more solid virtues. Died July 7, 1307, aged 69. Reigned 35 years.

Hume.

§ 60. *Another Character of EDWARD I.*

He was a prince of very dignified appearance, tall in stature; regular and comely in his features; with keen piercing eyes, and of an aspect that commanded reverence and esteem. His constitution

W.D.

was robust; his strength and dexterity perhaps unequalled in his kingdom; and his shape was unblemished in all other respects, but that of his legs, which are said to have been too long in proportion to his body; whence he derived the epithet of *Long Shanks*. In the qualities of his head, he equalled the greatest monarchs who have sat on the English throne. He was cool, penetrating, sagacious, and circumspect. The remotest corners of the earth founded with the fame of his courage; and all over Europe he was considered as the flower of chivalry. Nor was he less consummate in his legislative capacity, than eminent for his prowess. He may be styled the English Justinian: for, besides the excellent statutes that were enacted in his reign, he new-modelled the administration of justice, so as to render it more sure and summary; he fixed proper bounds to the courts of jurisdiction; settled a new and easy method of collecting the revenue, and established wise and effectual methods of preserving peace and order among his subjects. Yet, with all these good qualities, he cherished a dangerous ambition, to which he did not scruple to sacrifice the good of his country; witness his ruinous war with Scotland, which drained the kingdom of men and money, and gave rise to that rancorous enmity which proved so prejudicial to both nations. Though he is celebrated for his chivalry and regular deportment, there is not, in the whole course of his reign, one instance of his liberality and munificence. He had great abilities, but no genius; and was an accomplished warrior, without the least spark of heroism.

Smollett.

§ 61. Character of EDWARD II.

It is not easy to imagine a man more innocent or inoffensive than this unhappy king; nor a prince less fitted for governing that fierce and turbulent people subjected to his authority. He was obliged to devolve on others the weight of government which he had neither ability nor inclination to bear: the same indolence and want of penetration led him to make choice of ministers and favourites, which were not always best qualified for the trust committed to them. The seditious grandees, pleased with his weakness, and complaining of it, under pretence of attacking his ministers, insulted his person, and invaded his authority; and the impatient populace, ignorant of the source of their grievances, threw all the blame

upon the king, and increased the public disorders by their faction and insolence. It was in vain to look for protection from the laws, whose voice, always feeble in those times, was not heard in the din of arms; what could not defend the king, was less able to give shelter to any one of his people; the whole machine of government was torn in pieces, with fury and violence; and men, instead of complaining against the manners of the age, and the form of their constitution, which required the most steady and the most skilful hand to conduct them, imputed all errors to the person who had the misfortune to be intrusted with the reins of empire. Murdered 21 September, 1327.

Hume.

§ 62. Another Character of EDWARD II.

Thus perished Edward II. after having atoned by his sufferings for all the errors of his conduct. He is said to have resembled his father in the accomplishments of his person, as well as in his countenance: but in other respects he seems only to have inherited the defects of his character: for he was cruel and illiberal, without his valour or capacity. He had levity, indolence, and irresolution, in common with other weak princes; but the distinguishing foible of his character was that unaccountable passion for the reigning favourites, to which he sacrificed every other consideration of policy and convenience, and at last fell a miserable victim.

• *Smollett.*

§ 63. Character of EDWARD III.

The English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness the history of Edward the Third, and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious also, which occurs in the annals of the nation. The ascendant which they began to have over France, their rival and national enemy, makes them cast their eyes on this period with great complacency, and sanctifies every measure which Edward embraced for that end. But the domestic government is really more admirable than his foreign victories; and England enjoyed, by his prudence and vigour of administration, a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity, than she had been blest with in any former period, or than she experienced for many years after. He gained the affections of the great, and curbed their licentiousness: he made them feel his power, without their daring, or

even being inclined to murmur at it; his amiable and obliging behaviour, his munificence and generosity, made them submit with pleasure to his dominion; his valour and conduct made them successful in most of their enterprises; and their unquiet spirits, directed against a public enemy, had no leisure to breed disturbances, to which they were naturally so much inclined, and which the form of the government seemed so much to authorize. This was the chief benefit which resulted from Edward's victories and conquests. His foreign wars were, in other respects, neither founded in justice, nor directed to any very salutary purpose. His attempt against the king of Scotland, a minor, and a brother-in-law, and the revival of his grandfather's claim of superiority over that kingdom, were both unreasonable and ungenerous: and he allowed himself to be too soon seduced by the glazing prospects of French conquest, from the acquisition of a point which was practicable, and which might really, if attained, have been of lasting utility to his country and to his successors. But the glory of a conqueror is so dazzling to the vulgar, and the animosity of nations so extreme, that the fruitless desolation of so fine a part of Europe as France is totally disregarded by us, and never considered as a blemish in the character or conduct of this prince: and indeed, from the unfortunate state of human nature, it will commonly happen that a sovereign of great genius, such as Edward, who usually finds every thing easy in the domestic government, will turn himself towards military enterprises, where alone he meets opposition, and where he has full exercise for his industry and capacity. Died 21st of June, aged 65, in the 51st year of his reign. *Irene.*

§ 64. *Another Character of EDWARD III.*

Edward's constitution had been impaired by the fatigues of his youth: so that he began to feel the infirmities of old age, before they approach the common course of nature: and now he was seized with a malignant fever, attended with eruptions, that soon put a period to his life. When his distemper became so violent, that no hope of his recovery remained, all his attendants forsook him, as a bankrupt no longer able to requite their services. The ungrateful ARCEB, waiting until she perceived him in the agonies of death, was so inhuman as to strip him of his rings and

jewels, and leave him without one domestic to close his eyes, and do the last offices to his breathless corpse. In this deplorable condition, bereft of comfort and assistance, the mighty Edward lay expiring; when a priest, not quite so savage as the rest of his domestics, approached his bed; and, finding him still breathing, began to administer some comfort to his soul. Edward had not yet lost all perception, when he found himself thus abandoned and forlorn, in the last moments of his life. He was just able to express a deep sense of remorse and contrition for the errors of his conduct, and died pronouncing the name of Jesus.

Such was the piteous and obscure end of Edward the Third, undoubtedly one of the greatest princes that ever twined the scepter of England; whether we respect him as a warrior, a lawgiver, a monarch, or a man. He possessed all the romantic traits of Alexander; the penetration, the fortitude, the polished manners of Julius; the liberality, the munificence, the wisdom of Augustus Cæsar. He was tall, majestic, well shaped, with a piercing eye, and aquiline visage. He excelled all his contemporaries in feats of arms, and personal address. He was courteous, affable, and eloquent; of a free deportment, and agreeable conversation; and had the art of commanding the affection of his subjects, without seeming to solicit popularity. The love of glory was certainly the predominant passion of Edward, to the gratification of which he did not scruple to sacrifice the feelings of humanity, the lives of his subjects, and the interests of his country. And nothing could have induced or enabled his people to bear the load of taxes with which they were encumbered in his reign, but the love and admiration of his person, the fame of his victories, and the excellent laws and regulations which the parliament enacted with his advice and concurrence.

Smollett.

§ 65. *Character of RICHARD II.*

All the writers who have transmitted to us the history of Richard, composed their works during the reign of the Lancastrian princes; and candour requires that we should not give entire credit to the approaches which have been thrown upon his memory. But after making all proper abatements, he still appears to have been a weak prince, and unfit for government; less for want of natural parts and capacity,

city, than of solid judgment and good education. He was violent in his temper, profuse in his expences, fond of idle show and magnificence, devoted to favourites, and addicted to pleasure; passions, all of them, the most inconsistent with a prudent œconomy, and consequently dangerous in a limited and mixed government. Had he possessed the talents of gaining, and, still more, of overruling his great barons, he might have escaped all the misfortunes of his reign, and been allowed to carry much further his oppressions over his people, if he really was guilty of any, without their daring to rebel, or even murmur, against him. But when the grandees were tempted, by his want of prudence and rigour, to resist his authority, and execute the most violent enterprises upon him, he was naturally led to seek for an opportunity of retaliation; justice was neglected; the lives of the chief nobility sacrificed; and all these evils seem to have proceeded more from a settled design of establishing arbitrary power, than from the insolence of victory, and the necessities of the king's situation. The manners, indeed, of the age, were the chief sources of such violence; laws, which were feebly executed in peccable times, lost all their authority in public convulsions. Both parties were alike guilty; or, if any difference may be remarked between them, we shall find the authority of the crown, being more legal, was commonly carried, when it prevailed, to less desperate extremities than those of aristocracy. *

Henry.

§ 66. *Another Character of RICHARD II.*

Such was the last conclusion of Richard II. a weak, vain, frivolous, inconsistent prince; without weight to balance the scales of government, without discernment to choose a good ministry; without virtue to oppose the measures, or advice, of evil counsellors, even where they happened to clash with his own principles and opinion. He was a dupe to flattery, a slave to ostentation, and not more apt to give up his reason to the suggestion of sycophants, and vicious ministers, than to sacrifice those ministers to his safety. He was idle, profuse, and profligate; and, though brave by starts, naturally pusillanimous, and irre-

solute. His pride and resentment prompted him to cruelty and breach of faith; while his necessities obliged him to fleece his people, and degrade the dignity of his character and situation. Though we find none of his charities on record, all his historians agree, that he excelled all his predecessors in state hospitality, and fed a thousand every day from his kitchen.

Sm.lett.

§ 67. *Another Character of RICHARD II.*

Richard of Bourdeaux (so called from the place of his birth) was remarkably beautiful and handsome in his person; and does not seem to be naturally defective, either in courage or understanding. For on some occasions, particularly in the dangerous insurrections of the crown, he acted with a degree of spirit and prudence superior to his years. But his education was miserably neglected; or, rather, he was intentionally corrupted and debauched by three ambitious uncles, who, being desirous of retaining the management of his affairs, encouraged him to spend his time in the company of dissolute young people of both sexes, in a continued course of feasting and dissipation. By this means, he contracted a taste for pomp and pleasure, and a dislike to business. The greatest foible in the character of this unhappy prince was an excessive fondness for, and unbounded liberality to his favourites, which enraged his uncles, particularly the Duke of Gloucester, and disgusted such of the nobility as did not partake of his bounty. He was an affectionate husband, a generous master, and a faithful friend; and if he had received a proper education, might have proved a great and good king.

Henry.

§ 68. *Character of HENRY IV.*

The great popularity which Henry enjoyed before he attained the crown, and which had so much aided him in the acquisition of it, was entirely lost, many years before the end of his reign, and he governed the people more by terror than affection, more by his own policy than their sense of duty and allegiance. When men came to reflect in cold blood on the crimes which led him to the throne; and the rebellion against his prince; the deposition of a lawful king, guilty sometimes of oppression, but more frequently of imprudences; the exclusion of the true heir;

the

* He was starved to death in prison, or murdered, after having been dethroned, A. D. 1399 in the year of his age 34; of his reign 2.

the murder of his sovereign and near relation; these were such enormities, as drew on him the hatred of his subjects, sanctified all the rebellions against him, and made the executions, though not remarkably severe, which he found necessary for the maintenance of his authority, appear cruel as well as iniquitous to his people. Yet, without pretending to apologize for these crimes, which must ever be held in detestation, it may be remarked, that he was insensibly led into this blameable conduct, by a train of incidents, which few men possess virtue enough to withstand. The injustice with which his predecessor had treated him, in first condemning him to banishment, and then despoiling him of his patrimony, made him naturally think of revenge, and of recovering his lost rights; the headstrong zeal of the people hurried him into the throne, the care of his own security, as well as his ambition, made him an usurper; and the steps have always been so few between the prisons of princes and their graves, that we need not wonder that Richard's fate was no exception to the general rule. All these considerations made the king's situation, if he retained any sense of virtue, very much to be lamented; and the inquietudes, with which he possessed his envied greatness, and the remorse by which, it is said, he was continually haunted, rendered him an object of our pity, even when seated upon the throne. But it must be owned, that his prudence, vigilance, and foresight in maintaining his power, were admirable; his command of temper remarkable; his courage, both military and political, without blemish: and he possessed many qualities, which fitted him for his high station, and which rendered his usurpation of it, though pernicious in after-times, rather salutary during his own reign, to the English nation.

Died 1413. Aged 43.

Hume.

§ 69. *Another Character of* HENRY IV.

Henry IV. was of amiddle stature, well-proportioned, and perfect in all the exercises of arms and chivalry; his countenance was severe, rather than serene, and his disposition sour, sullen, and reserved: he possessed a great share of courage, fortitude, and penetration; was naturally imperious, though he bridled his temper with a great deal of caution; superstitious though without the least tincture of virtue and true religion; and meanly, passion-

nous, though justly censured for want of economy, and ill-judged profusion. He was tame from caution, humble from fear, cruel from policy, and rapacious from indigence. He rose to the throne by perfidy and treason; and established his authority in the blood of his subjects, and died a penitent for his sins, because he could no longer enjoy the fruit of his transgressions.

Small, &c.

§ 70. *Character of* HENRY V.

This prince possessed many eminent virtues; and, if we give indulgence to ambition in a monarch, or rank it, as the vulgar do, among his virtues, they were unstained by any considerable blemish; his abilities appeared equally in the cabinet and in the field: the boldness of his enterprises was no less remarkable than his personal valour in conducting them. He had the talent of attaching his friends by assiduity, and gaining his enemies by address and clemency.

The English, dazzled by the lustre of his character, still more by that of his victories, were reconciled to the defects of his title. The French almost forgot he was an enemy; and his care of maintaining justice in his civil administration, and preserving discipline in his armies, made some amends to both nations for the calamities inseparable from those wars in which his short reign was almost occupied. That he could forgive the earl of Marche, who had a better right to the throne than himself, is a sure proof of his magnanimity; and that the earl relied so on his friendship, is no less a proof of his established character for candour and sincerity.

There remain, in history, few instances of such mutual trust; and still fewer, where neither found reason to repent it.

The exterior figure of this great prince, as well as his deportment, was engaging. His stature was somewhat above the middle size; his countenance beautiful, his limbs genteel and slender, but full of vigour; and he excelled in all warlike and manly exercises.

Died 31st August, 1422: in the year of his age 34; of his reign, the 10th. *Hume.*

§ 71. *Another Character of* HENRY V.

Henry was tall and slender, with a long neck, and engaging aspect, and limbs of the most elegant turn. He excelled all the youth of that age, in agility, and the exercise of arms; was hardy, patient, laborious,

rious, and more capable of enduring cold, hunger, and fatigue, than any individual in his army. His valour was such as no danger could startle, and no difficulty oppose; nor was his policy inferior to his courage.

He managed the dissensions among his enemies with such address, as spoke him consummate in the arts of the cabinet. He fomented their jealousy, and converted their mutual resentment to his own advantage.

Henry possessed a self-taught genius, that blazed out at once, without the aid of instruction and experience: and a fund of natural sagacity, that made ample amends for all these defects. He was chaste, temperate, moderate, and devout, scrupulously just in his administration, and severely exact in the discipline of his army; upon which he knew his glory and success, in a great measure, depended. In a word, it must be owned, he was without an equal in the arts of war, policy, and government. But we cannot be so far dazzled with his great qualities, as to overlook the defects in his character. His pride and imperious temper lost him the hearts of the French nobility, and frequently fell out into outrage and abuse; as at the siege of Melun, when he treated the Marechal d'Isle d'Adam with the utmost indignity, although that nobleman had given him no other offence, than that of coming into his presence in plain decent apparel.

Smollett.

§ 72. *HUME's Account of HENRY VI. (for there is no regular Character of this Prince given by this Historian) is expressed in the following Manner.*

In this manner finished the reign of Henry VI. who, while yet in his cradle, had been proclaimed king both of France and England, and who began his life with the most splendid prospects which any prince in Europe had ever enjoyed. The revolution was unhappy for his people, as it was the source of civil wars; but was almost entirely indifferent to Henry himself, who was utterly incapable of exercising his authority, and who, provided he met perpetually with good usage, was equally easy, as he was equally enslaved, in the hands of his enemies and of his friends. His weakness, and his disputed title, were the chief causes of his public misfortunes: but whether his queen and his ministers were not guilty of some great abuses of

power, it is not easy for us, at this distance of time, to determine. There remain no proofs on record of any considerable violation of the laws, except in the death of the Duke of Gloucester, which was a private crime, formed no precedent, and was but too much of a piece with the usual ferocity and cruelty of the times.

§ 73. *SMOLLETT's Account of the Death of HENRY VI. with some Structures of Character, is as follows.*

This insurrection* in all probability hastened the death of the unfortunate Henry, who was found dead in the Tower, in which he had been confined since the restoration of Edward. The greater part of historians have alledged, that he was assassinated by the Duke of Gloucester, who was a prince of the most brutal disposition; while some moderns, from an affection of singularity, affirm that Henry died of grief and vexation. This, no doubt, might have been the case; and it must be owned, that nothing appears in history, from which either Edward or Richard could be convicted of having contrived or perpetrated his murder: but, at the same time, we must observe some concurring circumstances that amount to strong presumption against the reigning monarch. Henry was of a hale constitution, but just turned of fifty, naturally insensible of affliction, and hackneyed in the vicissitudes of fortune, so that one would not expect he should have died of age and infirmity, or that his life would have been affected by grief arising from his last disaster. His sudden death was suspicious, as well as the conjuncture at which he died, immediately after the suppression of a rebellion, which seemed to declare that Edward would never be quiet, while the head of the house of Lancaster remained alive: and lastly, the suspicion is confirmed by the characters of the reigning king and his brother Richard, who were bloody, barbarous, and unrelenting. Very different was the disposition of the ill-fated Henry, who, without any princely virtue or qualification, was totally free from cruelty or revenge: on the contrary, he could not, without reluctance, consent to the punishment of those malefactors who were sacrificed to the public safety; and frequently sustained indignities of the grossest nature, without discovering the least mark of resentment. He was chaste, pious, compo-

* Revolt of the bastard of Flanders.

sionate, and charitable; and so inoffensive, that the bishop, who was his confessor for ten years, declares, that in all that time he had never committed any sin that required penance or rebuke. In a word, he would have adorned a cloister, though he disgraced a crown; and was rather respectable for those vices he wanted, than for those virtues he possessed. He founded the colleges of Eton and Windsor, and King's College in Cambridge, for the reception of those scholars who had begun their studies at Eton.

On the morning that succeeded his death, his body was exposed at St. Paul's church, in order to prevent unfavourable conjectures; and, next day, sent by water to the abbey of Chertsey, where he was interred: but it was afterwards removed, by order of Richard III. to Windsor, and there buried with great funeral solemnity.

§ 74. *Character of EDWARD IV.*

Edward IV. was a prince more splendid and showy, than either prudent or virtuous; brave, though cruel; addicted to pleasure, though capable of activity in great emergencies; and less fitted to prevent ills by wise precautions, than to remedy them after they took place, by his vigour and enterprize.

Hume.

§ 75. *Another Character of EDWARD IV.*

He was a prince of the most elegant person and insinuating address; endowed with the utmost fortitude and intrepidity; possessed of uncommon sagacity and penetration; but, like all his ancestors, was brutally cruel and vindictive, perfidious, lewd, perjured, and rapacious; without one liberal thought, without one sentiment of humanity.

Susliott.

§ 76. *Another Character of EDWARD IV.*

When Edward ascended the throne, he was one of the handsomest men in England, and perhaps in Europe. His noble mien, his free and easy way, his affable carriage, won the hearts of all at first sight. These qualities gained him esteem and affection, which flood him in great stead in several circumstances of his life. For some time he was exceeding liberal; but at length he grew covetous, not so much from his natural temper, as out of a necessity to bear the immediate expences which his pleasures ran him into.

Though he had a great deal of wit, and

a sound judgment, he committed, however, several overights. But the crimes for which he is most justly charged with, are his cruelty, perjury, and incontinence. The first appears in the great number of princes and lords he put to death, on the scaffold, after he had taken them in battle. If there ever was reason to show mercy in case of rebellion, it was at that fatal time, when it was almost impossible to stand neuter, and so difficult to chuse the justest side between the two houses that were contending for the crown.

And yet we do not see that Edward had any regard to that consideration. As for Edward's incontinence, one may say, that his whole life was one continued scene of excess that way; he had abundance of mistresses, but especially three, of whom he said, that one was the wisest, the other the wittiest, and the other the holiest in the world, since she would not stir from the church but when he sent for her—*What* is most astonishing in the life of this prince is his good fortune; which seemed to be prodigious.

He was raised to the throne, after the loss of two battles, one by the Duke his father, the other by the Earl of Warwick, who was devoted to the house of York. The head of the father was still upon the walls of York, when the son was proclaimed in London.

Edward escaped, as it were, by miracle, out of his confinement at Middleham. He was restored to the throne, or at least received into London, at his return from Holland, before he had overcome, and whilst his fortune yet depended upon the issue of a battle which the Earl of Warwick was ready to give him. In a word, he was ever victorious in all the battles wherein he fought in person. Edward died the 9th of April, in the 42d year of his age, after a reign of twenty-two years and one month.

Rapin.

§ 77. EDWARD V.

Immediately after the death of the fourth Edward, his son was proclaimed king of England, by the name of Edward V. though that young prince was but just turned of twelve years of age, never received the crown, nor exercised any function of royalty; so that the interval between the death of his father, and the usurpation of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. was properly an interregnum, during which the

the uncle took his measures for wresting the crown from his nephew.

§ 78. *Character of RICHARD III.*

These historians who favour Richard, for even *He* his met partizans among later writers, maintain that he was well qualified for government, had he legally obtained it; and that he committed no crimes but such as were necessary to procure him possession of the crown: but this is a very poor apology, when it is considered, that he was ready to commit the most horrid crimes which appeared necessary for that purpose; and it is certain that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really seems not to have been deficient, would never have made compensation to the people, for the danger of the precedent, and for the contagious example of vice and murder, evaded upon the throne. This prince was of small stature, hump-backed, and had a very harsh disagreeable visage; so that his body was in every particular no less deformed than his mind. *Hume.*

§ 79. *Another Character of RICHARD III.*

Such was the end of Richard III. the most cruel, unrelenting tyrant that ever sat on the throne of England. He seems to have been an utter stranger to the softer emotions of the human heart, and entirely destitute of every social enjoyment. His ruling passion was ambition; for the gratification of which he trampled upon every law, both human and divine; but this thirst of dominion was unattended with the least work of generosity, or any desire of rendering himself agreeable to his fellow-creatures: it was the ambition of a savage, not of a prince; for he was a solitary king, altogether detached from the rest of mankind, and incapable of that satisfaction which results from private friendship and disinterested society. We must acknowledge, however, that after his accession to the throne, his administration in general was conducted by the rules of justice; that he enacted salutary laws, and established wise regulations; and that, if his reign had been protracted, he might have proved an excellent king to the English nation. He was dark, silent, and reserved, and so much master of dissimulation, that it was almost impossible to dive into his real sentiments, when he wanted to conceal his designs. His stature was small, his aspect cloudy, severe, and forbidding: one of his arms

was withered, and one shoulder higher than another, from which circumstance of deformity he acquired the epithet of Crook-backed. *Smollett.*

§ 80. *Character of HENRY VII.*

The reign of Henry VII. was in the main fortunate for his people at home, and honorable abroad. He put an end to the civil wars with which the nation had been so long troubled; he maintained peace and order to the state; he deprested the former exorbitant power of the nobility; and, together with the friendship of some foreign princes, he acquired the consideration and regard of all.

He loved peace, without fearing war; though agitated with continual intrusions of his servants and manors, he did overlook the impunity, either in the conduct or the execution of the acts of battle; and, though often severe in his punishments, he was commonly less actuated by revenge than by the motives of policy.

The services which he rendered his people were derived from his views of private interest, rather than the motives of public spirit; and where he deviated from selfish regards, it was unknown to himself, and ever from motives of policy, or the mean prospect of advantage; not from the sallies of passion, or the moments of pleasure. Still less from any high motives of friendship or humanity.

His capacity was excellent, though somewhat contracted by the narrowness of his heart; he possessed information and talents, but never employed these talents except some great point of interest was to be attained; and while he neglected to cultivate the affections of his people, he often felt the danger of resting his authority on their fear and reverence alone. He was always extremely attentive to his affairs; but possessed not the steadiness of seeing far into futurity; and was more expert at promoting a remedy for his misdeeds, than judicious in avoiding them. Avarice was on the whole his ruling passion; and he remained an instance almost singular, of a man placed in a high station, and possessed of talents for great affairs, in whom that passion predominated above ambition. Even among private persons, avarice is nothing but a species of ambition, and is chiefly incited by the prospect of that regard, distinction, and consideration, which attends on riches.

Died April 12th, 1509, aged 52, having reigned 23 years. *Hume.*

* Slain at the battle of Bosworth.

§ 81. *Another Character of* HENRY VII.

Henry was tall, straight, and well-shaped, though slender; of a grave aspect, and saturnine complexion; austere in his dress, and reserved in conversation, except when he had a favourite point to carry; and then he would fawn, flatter, and practise all the arts of insinuation. He inherited a natural fund of sagacity, which was improved by study and experience; nor was he deficient in personal bravery and political courage. He was cool, close, cunning, dark, distrustful, and designing; and of all the princes who had sat on the English throne, the most sordid, selfish, and ignorant. He possessed, in a peculiar manner, the art of turning all his domestic troubles, and all his foreign disputes, to his own advantage; hence he acquired the appellation of the English Solomon; and all the powers of the continent courted his alliance, on account of his wealth, wisdom, and uninterrupted prosperity.

The nobility he excluded entirely from the administration of public affairs, and employed clergymen and lawyers, who, as they had no interest in the nation, and depended entirely upon his favour, were more obsequious to his will, and ready to concur in all his arbitrary measures. At the same time it must be owned, he was a wise legislator; chaste, temperate, and assiduous in the exercise of religious duties; decent in his deportment, and exact in the administration of justice, when his private interest was not concerned; though he frequently used religion and justice as cloaks for perfidy and oppression. His soul was continually actuated by two ruling passions, equally base and unkingly, namely, the fear of losing his crown, and the desire of amassing riches: and these motives influenced his whole conduct. Nevertheless, his apprehension and avarice redounded, on the whole, to the advantage of the nation. The first induced him to depress the nobility, and abolish the feudal tenures, which rendered them equally formidable to the prince and people; and his avarice prompted him to encourage industry and trade, because it improved his customs, and enriched his subjects, whom he could afterwards pillage at discretion.

Smollett.

§ 82. *Character of* HENRY VIII.

It is difficult to give a just summary of this prince's qualities; he was so different from

himself in different parts of his reign, that, as is well remarked by Lord Heibert, his history is his best character and description. The absolute and uncontrolled authority which he maintained at home, and the regard he obtained among foreign nations, are circumstances which entitle him to the appellation of a great prince; while his tyranny and cruelty seem to exclude him from the character of a good one.

He possessed, indeed, great vigour of mind, which qualified him for exercising dominion over men; courage, intrepidity, vigilance, inflexibility; and though these qualities lay not always under the guidance of a regular and solid judgment, they were accompanied with good parts, and an extensive capacity; and every one dreaded a contest with a man who was never known to yield, or to forgive; and who, in every controversy, was determined to ruin himself, or his antagonist.

A catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worst qualities incident to human nature. Violence, cruelty, profusion, rapacity, injustice, obstinacy, arrogance, bigotry, presumption, caprice; but neither was he subject to all these vices in the most extreme degree, nor was he at intervals altogether devoid of virtues. He was sincere, open, gallant, liberal, and capable at least of a temporary friendship and attachment. In this respect he was unfortunate, that the incidents of his times served to display his faults in their full light; the treatment he met with from the court of Rome provoked him to violence; the danger of a revolt from his superstitious subjects seemed to require the most extreme severity. But it must at the same time be acknowledged, that his situation tended to throw an additional lustre on what was great and magnanimous in his character.

The emulation between the Emperor and the French King rendered his alliance, notwithstanding his impolitic conduct, of great importance to Europe. The extensive powers of his prerogative, and the submission, not to say slavish disposition of his parliament, made it more easy for him to assume and maintain that entire dominion, by which his reign is so much distinguished in English history.

It may seem a little extraordinary, that notwithstanding his cruelty, his extortion, his violence, his arbitrary administration, this prince not only acquired the regard of his subjects, but never was the object of their

their hatred; he seems even, in some degree, to have possessed their love and affection. His exterior qualities were advantageous, and fit to captivate the multitude; his magnificence, and personal bravery, rendered him illustrious to vulgar eyes; and it may be said with truth, that the English in that age were so thoroughly subdued, that, like eastern slaves, they were inclined to admire even those acts of violence and tyranny, which were exercised over themselves, and at their own expence.

Died January 28th, 1547, anno ætatis 57, regni 37. *Hume.*

§ 83. *Another Character of HENRY VIII.*

Henry VIII. before he became corpulent, was a prince of a goodly personage, and commanding aspect, rather imperious than dignified. He excelled in all the exercises of youth, and possessed a good understanding, which was not much improved by the nature of his education, instead of learning that philosophy which opens the mind, and extends the qualities of the heart, he was confined to the study of gloomy and scholastic disquisitions, which served to cramp his ideas, and pervert the faculty of reason, qualifying him for the disputant of a cloister, rather than the lawgiver of a people. In the first years of his reign, his pride and vanity seemed to domineer over all his other passions; though from the beginning he was impetuous, headstrong, impatient of contradiction and advice. He was rash, arrogant, prodigal, vain-glorious, pedantic, and superstitious. He delighted in pomp and pageantry, the baubles of a weak mind. His passions, soothed by adulation, rejected all restraint; and as he was an utter stranger to the finer feelings of the soul, he gratified them at the expence of justice and humanity, without remorse or compunction.

He wrested the supremacy from the bishop of Rome, partly on conscientious motives, and partly from reasons of state and conveniency. He suppressed the monasteries, in order to supply his extravagance with their spoils; but he would not have made those acquisitions, had they not been productive of advantage to his nobility, and agreeable to the nation in general. He was frequently at war; but the greatest conquest he obtained was over his own parliament and people.—Religious disputes had divided them into two fac-

tions. As he had it in his power to make either scale preponderate, each counted his favour with the most obsequious submission, and, in trimming the balance, he kept them both in subjection. In accustoming them to these abject compliances, they degenerated into slaves, and he from their prostitution acquired the most despotic authority. He became rapacious, arbitrary, froward, fretful, and so cruel that he seemed to delight in the blood of his subjects.

He never seemed to betray the least symptoms of tenderness in his disposition; and, as we already observed, his kindness to Cranmer was an inconsistency in his character. He seemed to live in defiance of censure, whether ecclesiastical or secular; he died in apprehension of futurity; and was buried at Windsor, with idle processions and childish pageantry, which in those days passed for real taste and magnificence. *Smollett.*

§ 84. *Character of EDWARD VI.*

Thus died Edward VI. in the sixteenth year of his age. He was counted the wonder of his time; he was not only learned in the tongues and the liberal sciences, but he knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a table-book, in which he had written the characters of all the eminent men of the nation: he studied fortification, and understood the mint well. He knew the harbours in all his dominions, with the depth of the water, and way of coming into them. He understood foreign affairs so well, that the ambassadors who were sent into England, published very extraordinary things of him, in all the courts of Europe. He had great quickness of apprehension; but being distrustful of his memory, he took notes of every thing he heard (that was considerable) in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand what he writ, which he afterwards copied out fair in the journal that he kept. His virtues were wonderful: when he was made to believe that his uncle was guilty of conspiring the death of the other counsellors, he upon that abandoned him.

Barnaby Fitz Patrick was his favourite; and when he sent him to travel, he writ oft to him to keep good company, to avoid excess and luxury; and to improve himself in those things that might render him capable of employment at his return. He was afterwards made Lord of Upper Ossory in Ireland, by Queen Elizabeth, and died

but a few the hopes this excellent king had of him. He was very merciful in his nature, which appeared in his unwillingness to sign the warrant for burning the heretics. He took great care to have his subjects well paid, reckoning that a prince who breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and had, himself liable to perpetual contempt, and extreme contempt. He took great care of the petitions that were given him by poor and oppressed people. But his great zeal for religion crowned all the rest—it was not an angry heat about it that actuated him, but it was a true tenderness of conscience, founded on the love of God and his neighbour. These extraordinary qualities, set off with great sweetness and affability, made him universally beloved by his people. *Burnet.*

§ 85. *Another Character of EDWARD VI.*

All the English historians dwell with pleasure on the excellencies of this young prince, whom the flattering promises of hope, joined to many real virtues, had made an object of the most tender affections of the public. He possessed mildness of disposition, application to study and business, a capacity to learn and judge, and an attachment to equity and justice. He seems only to have contracted, from his education, and from the age in which he lived, too much of a narrow prepossession in matters of religion, which made him incline somewhat to bigotry and persecution. But as the bigotry of Protestants, less governed by priests, lies under more restraints than that of Catholics, the effects of this malignant quality were the less to be apprehended, if a longer life had been granted to young Edward. *Hume.*

§ 86. *Another Character of EDWARD VI.*

Edward is celebrated by historians for the beauty of his person, the sweetness of his disposition, and the extent of his knowledge. By that time he had attained his sixteenth year, he understood the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish languages; he was versed in the sciences of logic, music, natural philosophy, and master of all theological disputes; inasmuch that the famous Cardanus, in his return from Scotland, visiting the English court, was astonished at the progress he had made in learning; and afterwards extolled him in his works as a prodigy of nature. Notwithstanding these encomiums, he seems to

have had an ingredient of bigotry in his disposition, that would have rendered him very troublesome to those of tender consciences, who might have happened to differ with him in religious principles; nor can we reconcile either to his boasted humanity or penetration, his consenting to the death of his uncle, who had served him faithfully; unless we suppose he wanted resolution to withstand the importunities of his ministers, and was deficient in that vigour of mind, which often exists independent of learning and culture. *Smollett.*

§ 87. *Character of MARY.*

It is not necessary to employ many words in drawing the character of this princess. She possessed few qualities either estimable or amiable, and her person was as little engaging as her behaviour and address. Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malignity, revenge, and tyranny; every circumstance of her character took a tincture from her bad temper and narrow understanding. And amidst that complication of vices which entered into her composition, we shall scarcely find, any virtue but sincerity; a quality which she seems to have maintained throughout her whole life, except in the beginning of her reign, when the necessity of her affairs obliged her to make some promises to the Protestants, which she certainly never intended to perform. But in these cases a weak bigoted woman, under the government of priests, easily finds casuistry sufficient to justify to herself the violation of an engagement. She appears, as well as her father, to have been susceptible of some attachment of friendship; and that without caprice and inconstancy, which were so remarkable in the conduct of that monarch. To which we may add, that in many circumstances of her life, she gave indication of resolution and vigour of mind; a quality which seems to have been inherent in her family.

Died Nov. 7, A. D. 1558. *Hume.*

§ 88. *Another Character of MARY.*

We have already observed, that the characteristics of Mary were bigotry and revenge: we shall only add, that she was proud, imperious, froward, avaricious, and wholly destitute of every agreeable qualification. *Smollett.*

§ 89. *Character of ELIZABETH.*

Elizabeth had a great deal of wit, and

was naturally of a sound and solid judgment. This was visible by her whole management, from one end of her reign to the other. Nothing shews her capacity more, than her address in surmounting all the difficulties and troubles created by her enemies, especially when it is considered who these enemies were; persons the most powerful, the most artful, the most subtle, and the least scrupulous in Europe. The following are the maxims which she laid down for the rule and measures of her whole conduct, and from which she never swerved: "To make herself beloved by her people: To be frugal of her treasure: To keep up dissension amongst her neighbours."

Her enemies pretend that her abilities consisted wholly in overstrained dissimulation, and a profound hypocrisy. In a word, they say she was a perfect comedian. For my part, I don't deny that she made great use of dissimulation, as well with regard to the courts of France and Spain, as to the queen of Scotland and the Scots. I am also persuaded that, being as much concerned to gain the love and esteem of her subjects, she affected to speak frequently, and with exaggeration, of her tender affection for them. And that she had a mind to make it believed that she did some things from an excessive love to her people, which she was led to more by her own interest.

Avarice is another failing which her own friends reproach her with. I will not deny that she was too parsimonious, and upon some occasions stuck too close to the maxims she had laid down, not to be at any expence but what was absolutely necessary. However in general I maintain, that if her circumstances did not require her to be covetous, at least they required that she should not part with her money but with great caution, both in order to preserve the affection of her people, and to keep herself always in a condition to withstand her enemies.

She is accused also of not being so chaste, as she affected to appear. Nay, some pretend that there are now in England, the descendants of a daughter she had by the Earl of Leicester; but as hitherto nobody has undertaken to produce any proofs of this accusation, one may safely reckon it among the slanders which they endeavoured to stain her reputation with, both in her life-time and after her decease.

It is not so easy to justify her concerning the death of the queen of Scots. Here it must be owned the sacrificed equity, justice, and it may be her own conscience, to her safety. If Mary was guilty of the murder of her husband, as there is ground to believe, it was not Elizabeth's business to punish her for it. And truly it was not for that she took away her life; but she made use of that pretence to detain her in prison, under the deceitful colour of making her innocence appear. On this occasion her dissimulation was blame-worthy. This first piece of injustice, drew her in afterwards to use a world of artful devices to get a pretence to render Mary's imprisonment perpetual. From hence arose in the end, the necessity of putting her to death on the scaffold. This doubtless is Elizabeth's great blemish, which manifestly proves to what degree she carried the fear of losing a crown. The continual fear and uneasiness she was under on that account, is what characterises her reign, because it was the main spring of almost all her actions. The best thing that can be said in Elizabeth's behalf is, that the queen of Scots and her friends had brought matters to such a pass, that one of the two queens must perish, and it was natural that the weakest should fall. I don't believe anybody ever questioned her being a true Protestant. But, as it was her interest to be so, some have taken occasion to doubt whether the zeal she expressed for her religion, was the effect of her persuasion or policy. All that can be said is, that she happened sometimes to prefer her temporal concerns, before those of religion. To sum up in two words what may serve to form Elizabeth's character, I shall add, she was a good and illustrious queen, with many virtues and noble qualities, and few faults. But what ought above all things to make her memory precious is, that she caused the English to enjoy a state of felicity unknown to their ancestors, under most part of the kings, her predecessors.

Died March 24, 1603, aged 70, having reigned 44 years, 4 months, and 8 days.

Rafin.

§ 90. Another Character of ELIZABETH.

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarce any whole reputation has been more certainly determined, by the unanimous

unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, and vigilance, are allowed to merit the highest praise, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less vigorous, less imperious; more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controuled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active spirit from turbulence and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care, or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command of herself, she obtained an uncontrouled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior providence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes in Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness mean while untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed all of

them their advancement to her choice, they were supported by her constancy; and with all their ability they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded in consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are apt also to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all those considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife, or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

* * * * *

thus left unfinished by

Hume.

§ 91. *Another Character of ELIZABETH.*

Elizabeth, in her person, was masculine, tall, straight, and strong-limbed, with an high round forehead, brown eyes, fair complexion, fine white teeth, and yellow hair; she danced with great agility; her voice was strong and shrill; she understood music, and played upon several instruments. She possessed an excellent memory, and understood the dead and living languages, and made good proficiency in the sciences and was well read in history. Her conversation was sprightly and agreeable, her judgment solid, her apprehension acute, her application indefatigable, and her courage invincible. She was the great bul-

work of the Protestant religion; she was highly commendable for her general regard to the impartial administration of justice; and even for her rigid œconomy, which saved the public money, and evinced that love for her people which she so warmly professed. Yet she deviated from justice in some instances when her interest and passions were concerned; and, notwithstanding all her great qualities, we cannot deny she was vain, proud, imperious, and in some cases cruel: her predominant passion was jealousy and avarice; though she was also subject to such violent gusts of anger as overwhelmed all regard to the dignity of her station, and even hurried her beyond the common bounds of decency. She was wise and steady in her principles of government, and above all princes fortunate in a ministry.

Smollett.

§ 92. *Character of JAMES I.*

James was of a middle stature, of a fine complexion, and a soft skin; his person plump, but not corpulent, his eyes large and rolling, his beard thin, his tongue too big for his mouth, his countenance disagreeable, his air awkward, and his gait remarkably ungraceful, from a weakness in his knees that prevented his walking without assistance; he was tolerably temperate in his diet, but drank of little else than rich and strong wines. His character, from the variety of grotesque qualities that compose it, is not easy to be delineated. The virtues he possessed were so loaded with a greater proportion of their neighbouring vices, that they exhibit no lights, to set off the dark shades; his principles of generosity were tainted by such a childish profusion, that they left him without means of paying his just obligations, and subjected him to the necessity of attempting irregular, illegal, and unjust methods of acquiring money. His friendship, not to give it the name of vice, was directed by so puerile a fancy, and so absurd a caprice, that the objects of it were contemptible, and its consequences attended with such an unmerited profusion of favours, that it was perhaps the most exceptionable quality of any he possessed. His distinctions were formed on principles of selfishness; he valued no person for any endowments that could not be made subservient to his pleasures or his interest; and thus he rarely advanced any man of real worth to preferment. His

familiar conversation, both in writing and in speaking, was studded with vulgar and indecent phrases. Though proud and arrogant in his temper, and full of the importance of his station, he descended to buffoonry, and suffered his favourites to address him in the most disrespectful terms of gross familiarity.

Himself affected a sententious wit, but rose no higher in those attempts than to quaint, and often stale conceits. His education had been a more learned one than is commonly bestowed on princes; this, from the conceit it gave him, turned out a very disadvantageous circumstance, by contracting his opinions to his own narrow views; his pretences to a consummate knowledge in divinity, politics, and the art of governing, expose him to a high degree of ridicule; his conduct shewing him more than commonly deficient in all these points. His romantic idea of the natural rights of princes, caused him publicly to avow pretensions that impressed into the minds of the people an incurable jealousy; this, with an affectation of a profound skill in the art of dissembling, or 'kingcraft, as he termed it, rendered him the object of fear and distrust; when at the same time he was himself the only dupe to an impertinent, useless hypocrisy.

If the laws and constitution of England received no prejudice from his government, it was owing to his want of ability to effect a change suitable to the purpose of an arbitrary sway. Stained with these vices, and sullied with these weaknesses, if he is even exempt from our hatred, the exemption must arise from motives of contempt. Despicable as he appears through his own Britannic government, his behaviour when king of Scotland was in many points unexceptionable; but, intoxicated with the power he received over a people whose privileges were but feebly established, and who had been long subjected to civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, he at once slung off that moderation that hid his deformities from the common eye. It is alledged, that the corruption he met with in the court of England, and the time-serving genius of the English noblemen, were the great means that debauched him from his circumpect conduct. Among the forwardest of the worthless tribe was Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury, who told him on his coming to the crown, that he should find his English subjects like asses, on whom he might lay any burden, and should need neither

bit not bridle, but their asses ears. Died March 27, A.D. 1625. Aged 59.

Macarlay.

§ 93. *Another Character of JAMES.*

James was in his stature of the middle size, inclining to corpulency; his forehead was high, his beard scanty, and his aspect mean; his eyes, which were weak and languid, he rolled about incessantly, as if in quest of novelty; his tongue was so large, that in speaking or drinking, he beslabbered the by-standers; his knees were so weak as to bend under the weight of his body; his address was awkward, and his appearance slovenly. There was nothing dignified either in the composition of his mind or person. We have in the course of his reign exhibited repeated instances of his ridiculous vanity, prejudices, profusion, folly, and littleness of soul. All that we can add in his favour is, that he was averse to cruelty and injustice; very little addicted to excess, temperate in his meal, kind to his servants, and even desirous of acquiring the love of his subjects, by granting that as a favour, which they claimed as a privilege. His reign, though ignoble to himself, was happy to his people. They were enriched by commerce, which no war interrupted. They felt no severe impositions; and the commons made considerable progress in ascertaining the liberties of the nation.

Smollett.

§ 94. *Another Character of JAMES.*

No prince, so little enterprising and so inoffensive, was ever so much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, of satire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries. Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he was possessed of; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy, and boyish fondness. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected in some of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have encroached on the liberties of his people.

While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good-will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable, but fitter to discourse on general maxims than to conduct any intricate business.

His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect: partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper more than of a frugal judgment; exposed to our ridicule from his vanity, but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And upon the whole it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity. Political courage he was certainly devoid of; and from thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal bravery: an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious.

Hume.

§ 95. *Another Character of JAMES.*

The principal thing which is made to serve for matter for king James's panegyric, is the constant peace he caused his subjects to enjoy. This cannot be said to be the effect of chance, since it clearly appears, it was his sole, or at least his chief aim in the whole course of his administration. Nothing, say his friends, is more worthy a great king than such a design. But the same design loses all its merit, if the prince discovers by his conduct, that he preserves peace only out of fear, carelessness, excessive love of ease and repose; and king James's whole behaviour shews he acted from these motives, though he coloured it with the pretence of his affection for the people.

His liberality, which some praise him for, is exclaimed against by others as prodigality. These last pretend he gave without measure and discretion, without any regard to his own wants, or the merit of those whom he heaped his favours upon.

As to his manners, writers are not less divided: some will have him to be looked on as a very wise and virtuous prince; whilst others speak of him as a prince of a dissolute life, given to drinking, and a

great

great swearer in common conversation, especially when in a passion. He is likewise tired with dissolving the Earl of Essex's marriage, the pardoning the Earl and Countess of Somerset, the death of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the confidence wherewith in full parliament he called God to witness, that he never had any thoughts of giving the Papists a toleration, which he could not affirm but by means of some mental reservation.

But whatever may be said for or against James's person, it is certain England never flourished less than in his reign; the English saw themselves exposed to the insults and jests of other nations, and all the world in general threw the blame on the king.

Rapin.

§ 96. Character of CHARLES I.

Such was the unworthy and unexampled fate of Charles I. king of England, who fell a sacrifice to the most atrocious insolence of treason, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and in the twenty-fourth of his reign. He was a prince of a middling stature, robust, and well-proportioned. His hair was of a dark colour, his forehead high, his complexion pale, his visage long, and his aspect melancholy. He excelled in riding, and other manly exercises; he inherited a good understanding from nature, and had cultivated it with great assiduity. His perception was clear and acute, his judgment solid and decisive; he possessed a refined taste for the liberal arts, and was a munificent patron to those who excelled in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. In his private morals he was altogether unblemished and exemplary. He was merciful, modest, chaste, temperate, religious, personally brave, and we may join the noble historian in saying, "He was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best christian of the age in which he lived." He had the misfortune to be bred up in high notions of the prerogative, which he thought his honour and his duty obliged him to maintain. He lived at a time when the spirit of the people became too mighty for those restraints which the regal power derived from the constitution; and when the tide of fanaticism began to overbear the religion of his country, to which he was conscientiously devoted, he suffered himself to be guided by counsellors, who were not only inferior to himself in knowledge and

judgment, but generally proud, partial, and inflexible; and from an excess of conjugal affection that bordered upon weakness, he paid too much deference to the advice and desires of his consort, who was superstitiously attached to the errors of popery, and importuned him incessantly in favour of the Roman Catholics.

Such were the sources of all that misgovernment which was imputed to him during the first fifteen years of his reign. From the beginning of the civil war to his fatal catastrophe, his conduct seems to have been unexceptionable. His infirmities and imperfections have been candidly owned in the course of this narration. He was not very liberal to his dependants; his conversation was not easy, nor his address pleasing; yet the probity of his heart, and the innocence of his manners, won the affection of all who attended his person, not even excepting those who had the charge of his confinement. In a word, he certainly deserved the epithet of a virtuous prince, though he wanted some of those shining qualities which constitute the character of a great monarch. Behеaded January 30, 1648 9.

Smollett.

§ 97. Another Character of CHARLES I.

The character of this prince, as that of most men, if not of all men, was mixed, but his virtues predominated extremely above his vices; or, more properly speaking, his imperfections: for scarce any of his faults arose to that pitch, as to merit the appellation of vices. To consider him in the most favourable light, it may be affirmed, that his dignity was exempted from pride, his humanity from weakness, his bravery from rashness, his temperance from austerities, and his frugality from avarice: all these virtues in him maintained their proper bounds, and merited unreserved praise. To speak the most harshly of him, we may affirm, that many of his good qualities were attended with some latent frailty, which, though seemingly inconsiderable, was able, when seconded by the extreme malevolence of his fortune, to disappoint them of all their influence. His beneficent disposition was clouded by a manner not gracious, his virtue was tinged with superstition, his good sense was disfigured by a deference to persons of a capacity much inferior to his own, and his moderate temper exempted him not from hasty and precipitate resolutions. He deserves the epithet of a good, rather than of a great man; and was

more fitted to rule in a regular established government, than either to give way to the encroachments of a popular assembly, or finally to subdue their pretensions. He wanted suppleness and dexterity sufficient for the first measure; he was not endowed with vigour requisite for the second. Had he been born an absolute prince, his humanity and good sense had rendered his reign happy, and his memory precious. Had the limitations on the prerogative been in his time quite fixed and certain, his integrity had made him regard as sacred the boundaries of the constitution. Unhappily his fate threw him into a period, when the precedents of many former reigns favoured strongly of arbitrary power, and the genius of the people ran violently towards liberty. And if his political prudence was not sufficient to extricate him from so perilous a situation, he may be excused; since, even after the event, when it is commonly easy to correct all errors, one is at a loss to determine what conduct in his circumstances would have maintained the authority of the crown, and preserved the peace of the nation. Exposed without revenue, without arms, to the assault of furious, implacable, and bigoted factions; it was never permitted him, but with the most fatal consequences, to commit the smallest mistake; a condition too rigorous to be imposed on the greatest human capacity.

Some historians have rashly questioned the good faith of this prince: but, for this reproach, the most malignant scrutiny of his conduct, which in every circumstance is now thoroughly known, affords not any reasonable foundation. On the contrary, if we consider the extreme difficulties to which he was so frequently reduced, and compare the sincerity of his professions and declarations, we shall avow, that probity and honour ought justly to be numbered among his most shining qualities. In every treaty, those concessions which he thought in conscience he could not maintain, he never would by any motive or persuasion be induced to make.

And though some violations of the petition of right may be imputed to him; these are more to be ascribed to the necessity of his situation, and to the lofty ideas of royal prerogative which he had imbibed, than to any failure of the integrity of his principles. This prince was of a comely presence; of a sweet and melancholy aspect; his face was regular,

handsome, and well complexioned; his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and being of middle stature, he was capable of enduring the greatest fatigues. He excelled in horsemanship and other exercises; and he possessed all the exterior, as well as many of the essential qualities, which form an accomplished prince.

Hume.

§ 98. *Another Character of CHARLES I.*

In the character of Charles, as represented by his panegyrist, we find the qualities of temperance, chastity, regularity, piety, equity, humanity, dignity, condescension, and equanimity; some have gone so far as to allow him integrity, and many writers, who condemn his political principles, give him the title of a moral man. In the comparison of this representation with Charles's conduct, accurately and justly described, it is discernible that vices of the worst tendency, when shaded by a plausible and formal carriage, when concordant to the interests of a faction, and the prejudices of the vulgar, assume the appearances of, and are imposed on the credulous world as, virtues of the first rank.

Passion for power was Charles's predominant vice; idolatry to his regal prerogatives, his governing principle. The interests of the crown, legitimated every measure, and sanctified in his eye the widest deviation from moral rule.

Neither gratitude, clemency, humanity, equity, nor generosity, have place in the fair part of Charles's character; of the virtues of temperance, fortitude, and personal bravery, he was undeniably possessed. His manners partook of dissipation, and his conversation of the indecency of a court. His chastity has been called in question, by an author of the highest repute; and were it allowed, it was tainted by an excess of uxoriousness, which gave it the properties and the consequences of vice. The want of integrity is manifest in every part of his conduct; which, whether the corruption of his judgment or heart, lost him fair opportunities of reinstatement in the throne, and was the vice for which above all others he paid the tribute of his life. His intellectual powers were naturally good, and so improved by a continual exercise, that though in the beginning of his reign he spoke with difficulty and hesitation, towards the close of his life he discovered in his writings purity of language and dignity of style;

style; in his debates elocution, and quickness of perception. The high opinion he entertained of regal dignity, occasioned him to observe a stateliness and imperiousness in his manner; which, to the rational and intelligent, was unamiable and offensive; by the weak and formal it was mistaken for dignity.

In the exercise of horsemanship he excelled; had a good taste, and even skill, in several of the polite arts; but though a proficient in some branches of literature, was no encourager of useful learning, and only patronized adepts in jargon of the divine right, and utility of kings and bishops. His understanding in this point was so depraved by the prejudices of his education, the flattery of priests, and the affections of his heart, that he would never endure conversation which tended to inculcate the principles of equal right in men; and notwithstanding that the particularity of his situation enforced his attention to doctrines of this kind, he went out of the world with the same fond prejudices with which he had been fostered in his nursery, and cajoled in the zenith of his power.

Charles was of a middle stature, his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and his aspect melancholy, yet not unpleasing. His surviving issue, were three sons and three daughters. He was executed in the 49th year of his age, and buried, by the appointment of the parliament, at Windsor, decently, yet without pomp.

Macauley.

§ 99. *Character of OLIVER CROMWELL* *.

Oliver Cromwell was of a robust make and constitution, his aspect manly though clownish. His education extended no farther than a superficial knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he inherited great talents from nature; though they were such as he could not have exerted to advantage at any juncture than that of a civil war, inflamed by religious contests. His character was formed from an amazing conjunction of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition. He was possessed of courage and resolution, that overlooked all dangers, and saw no difficulties. He dived into the characters of mankind with wonderful saga-

city, whilst he concealed his own purposes, under the impenetrable shield of dissimulation.

He reconciled the most atrocious crimes to the most rigid notions of religious obligations. From the severest exercise of devotion, he relaxed into the most ridiculous and idle buffoonry; yet he preserved the dignity and distance of his character, in the midst of the coarsest familiarity. He was cruel and tyrannic from policy; just and temperate from inclination; perplexed and despicable in his discourse; clear and consummate in his design; ridiculous in his reveries; respectable in his conduct; in a word, the strongest compound of villainy and virtue, baseness and magnanimity, absurdity and good sense, that we find on record in the annals of mankind *.

Noble.

§ 100. *Character of CHARLES II.*

If we survey the character of Charles the Second in the different lights which it will admit of, it will appear very various, and give rise to different and even opposite sentiments. When considered as a companion, he appears the most amiable and engaging of men; and, indeed, in this view, his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good-breeding, that it was never offensive. His propensity to satire was so checked with discretion, that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it. His wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself an exquisite judge †, could not be said so much to be very refined or elevated, qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company, as to be a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit. And though perhaps he talked more than strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable, communi-

* Cromwell died more than five millions in debt; though the parliament had left him in the treasury above five hundred thousand pounds, and in stores to the value of seven hundred thousand pounds.

Richard, the son of Cromwell, was proclaimed protector in his room; but Richard, being of a very different disposition to his father, resigned his authority the 22d of April 1659; and soon after signed his abdication in form, and retired to live several years after his resignation, at first on the Continent, and afterwards upon his paternal fortune at home.

† Marquis of Halifax.

* From Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell.

cative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves. This indeed is the most shining part of the king's character, and he seems to have been sensible of it; for he was fond of dropping the formalities of state, and of relapsing every moment into the companion.

In the duties of private life, his conduct though not free from exception, was in the main laudable. He was an easy generous lover, a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master. The voluntary friendships, however, which this prince contracted, nay, even his sense of gratitude, were feeble; and he never attached himself to any of his ministers or courtiers with a very sincere affection. He believed them to have no other motive for serving him but self-interest, and he was still ready, in his turn, to sacrifice them to present ease and convenience.

With a detail on his private character we must set bounds to our panegyric on Charles. The other parts of his conduct may admit of some apology, but can deserve small applause. He was indeed so much fitted for private life, preferably to public, that he even possessed order, frugality, economy in the former; was profuse, thoughtless, negligent in the latter. When we consider him as a sovereign, his character, though not altogether void of virtues, was in the main dangerous to his people, and dishonourable to himself. Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, and sparing only of its blood; he exposed it by his measures (though he appeared ever but in sport) to the danger of a furious civil war, and even to the ruin and ignominy of a foreign contest. Yet may all these enormities, if fairly and candidly examined, be imputed, in a great measure, to the indolence of his temper: a fault which, however unfortunate in a monarch, it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.

It has been remarked of this king, that he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one: a censure, which, though too far carried, seems to have some foundation in his character and deportment. Died Feb. 6, 1685, aged 54.

Hume.

§ 101. *Another Character of CHARLES II.*

Charles II. was in his person tall and

swarthy, and his countenance marked with strong, harsh lineaments. His penetration was keen, his judgment clear, his understanding extensive, his conversation lively and entertaining, and he possessed the talent of wit and ridicule. He was easy of access, polite, and affable; had he been limited to a private station, he would have passed for the most agreeable and best-natured man of the age in which he lived. His greatest enemies allow him to have been a civil husband, an obliging lover, an affectionate father, and an indulgent master; even as a prince he manifested an aversion to cruelty and injustice. Yet these good qualities were more than over-balanced by his weakness and defects. He was a scoffer at religion, and a libertine in his morals; careless, indolent, profuse, abandoned to effeminate pleasure, incapable of any noble enterprise, a stranger to any manly friendship and gratitude, deaf to the voice of honour, blind to the allurements of glory, and, in a word, wholly destitute of every active virtue. Being himself unprincipled, he believed mankind were false, perfidious, and interested; and therefore practised dissimulation for his own convenience. He was strongly attached to the French manners, government, and monarch; he was dissatisfied with his own limited prerogative. The majority of his own subjects he despised or hated, as hypocrites, fanatics, and republicans, who had persecuted his father and himself, and sought the destruction of the monarchy. In these sentiments, he could not be supposed to pursue the interest of the nation; on the contrary, he seemed to think that his own safety was incompatible with the honour and advantage of his people.

Smollett.

§ 102. *Another Character of CHARLES II.*

Thus lived and died king Charles the Second. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life, with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years in great inequalities, unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England.—While he was abroad at Paris, Colen, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay any thing to heart. He pursued all his diversions, and irregular pleasures, in a free career; and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown, as the

the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects, with which, he complained often, his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expence. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading and study; and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most: so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things, and all persons, with a depth of craft and dissimulation. He desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and laws; yet he would neither run the risque, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment; but he seemed to have no bowels, nor tenderness in his nature; and in the end of his life he became cruel.

Cont.

§ 123. *Another Character of CHARLES II.*

The character of Charles the Second, like the transactions of his reign, has assumed various appearances, in proportion to the passions and prejudices of different writers. To affirm that he was a great and good king, would be as unjust as to allege that he was destitute of all virtue, and a bloody and inhuman tyrant. The indolence of his disposition, and the dissipation occasioned by his pleasures, as they were at first the source of his misfortunes, became afterwards the safety of the nation. Had he joined the ambition of power, and the perseverance and attention of his brother, to his own insinuating and engaging address, he might have secured his reputation with writers, by enslaving them with the nation.

In his person he was tall and well made. His complexion was dark, the lines of his face strong and harsh, when singly traced: but when his features were comprehended in one view, they appeared dignified and

even pleasing. In the motions of his person he was easy, graceful, and firm. His constitution was strong, and communicated an active vigour to all his limbs. Though a lover of ease of mind, he was fond of bodily exercise. He rose early, he walked much, he mixed with the meanest of his subjects, and joined in their conversation, without diminishing his own dignity, or raising their presumption. He was acquainted with many persons in the lower stations of life. He captivated them with sprightly turns of humour, and with a kind of good-natured wit, which rendered them pleased with themselves. His guards only attended him on public occasions. He took the air frequently in company with a single friend; and though crowds followed him, it was more from a wish to attract his notice, than from an idle curiosity. When evident designs against his life were daily exhibited before the courts of justice, he changed not his manner of appearing in public. It was soon after the Rye-house plot was discovered, he is said to have been severe on his brother's character, when he exhibited a striking feature of his own. The duke returning from hunting with his guards, found the king one day in Hyde Park. He expressed his surprise how his majesty could venture his person alone at such a perilous time. "James," (replied the king,) "take you care of yourself, and I am safe. No man in England will kill me, to make you king."

When he was opposed with most violence in parliament, he continued the most popular man in the kingdom. His good-breeding as a gentleman, overcame the opinion conceived of his faults as a king. His affability, his easy address, his attention to the very prejudices of the people, rendered him independent of all the arts of his enemies to inflame the vulgar. He is said with reason to have died opportunely for his country. Had his life extended to the number of years which the strength of his constitution seemed to promise, the nation would have lost all memory of their liberties. Had his fate placed Charles the Second in these latter times; when influence supplies the place of obvious power; when the crown has ceased to be distressed through the channel of its necessities; when the representatives of the people, in granting supplies for the public service, provide for themselves; his want of ambition would have precluded the jealousy, and his po-

popular

pular qualities secured the utmost admiration of his subjects. His gallantry itself would be construed into spirit, in an age where decency is only an improvement on vice.

Macpherson.

§ 104. *Character of JAMES II.*

In many respects it must be owned, that he was a virtuous man, as well as a good monarch. He was frugal of the public money; he encouraged commerce with great attention; he applied himself to naval affairs with success; he supported the fleet as the glory and protection of England. He was also zealous for the honour of his country; he was capable of supporting its interests with a degree of dignity in the scale of Europe. In his private life he was almost irreproachable; he was an indulgent parent, a tender husband, a generous and steady friend; in his deportment he was affable, though stately; he bestowed favours with peculiar grace; he prevented solicitation by the suddenness of his disposal of places; though scarce any prince was ever so generally deserted, few ever had so many private friends; those who injured him most were the first to implore his forgiveness, and even after they had raised another prince to the throne, they respected his person, and were anxious for his safety. To these virtues he added a steadiness of counsels, a perseverance in his plans, and courage in his enterprises. He was honourable and fair in all his dealings; he was unjust to men in their principles, but never with regard to their property. Though few monarchs ever offended a people more, he yielded to none in his love of his subjects; he even affirmed, that he quitted England to prevent the horrors of a civil war, as much as from fear of a restraint upon his person from the prince of Orange. His great virtue was a strict adherence to facts and truth in all he wrote and said, though some parts of his conduct had rendered his sincerity in his political profession suspected by his enemies. Abdicated his throne 1689. *Macpherson.*

§ 105. *Another Character of JAMES II.*

The enemies of James did not fail to make the most of the advantages they had gained by their subtle manœuvres; some said, that the king's flight was the effect of a disturbed conscience, labouring under the load of secret guilt; and those whose censures were more moderate, asserted, that his incurable bigotry had led him even to

sacrifice his crown to the interests of his priests; and that he chose rather to depend on the precarious support of a French force to subdue the refractory spirit of his people, than to abide the issue of events which threatened such legal limitations as should effectually prevent any further abuse of power.

The whole tenor of the king's past conduct, undoubtedly gave a countenance to insinuations which were in themselves sufficiently plausible to answer all the purposes for which they were industriously circulated; but when the following circumstances are taken into consideration, namely, that timidity is natural to the human mind, when oppressed with an uninterrupted series of misfortunes; that the king's life was put entirely into the hands of a rival, whose ambitious views were altogether incompatible even with the shadow of regal power in his person; that the means taken to increase the apprehensions which reflections of this nature must necessarily occasion, were of the most mortifying kind; it must be acknowledged, that if the principles of heroic virtue might have produced conduct in some exalted individuals, yet that the generality of mankind would, in James's situation, have sought shelter in the professed generosity of a trusted friend, from personal insult, personal danger, and from all the harassing suspense under which the mind of this imprudent and unfortunate monarch had long laboured.

The opposition of James's religious principles to those of his subjects, his unpopular connections with the court of France; but, above all, the permanent establishment of a rival family on the throne of England, has formed in his favour such an union of prejudice and interest, as to destroy in the minds of posterity, all that sympathy which, on similar occasion, and in similar misfortunes, has so wonderfully operated in favour of other princes; and whilst we pay the tribute of unavailing tears over the memory of Charles the First; whilst, with the Church of England, we venerate him as a martyr to the power and office of prelates; whilst we see, with regret, that he was stripped of his dignity and life at the very time when the chastening hand of affliction had, in a great measure, corrected the errors of a faulty education; the irresistible power of truth must oblige us to confess, that the adherence to religious principle, which cost the father his life, deprived the son of his dominions; that the enormous

enormous abuses of power with which both sovereigns are accursed, owed their origin to the same source; the errors arising from a bad education, aggravated and extended by the impious flattery of designing priests; we shall also be obliged to confess, that the parliament itself, by an unprecedented servility helped to confirm James in the exalted idea he had entertained of the royal office, and that the doctrines of an absolute and unconditional submission on the part of subjects, which, in the reign of his father, was, in a great measure, confined to the precepts of a Laud, a Sibthorpe, and Maynwaring, were now taught as the avowed doctrines of the Church of England, were acknowledged by the two Universities, and implicitly avowed by a large majority of the nation; so great, indeed, was the change in the temper, manners, and opinions of the people, from the commencement of the reign of Charles the First to the commencement of the reign of his son James, that at this shameful period the people gloried in having laid all their privileges at the foot of the throne, and execrated every generous principle of freedom, as arising from a spirit totally incompatible with the peace of society, and altogether repugnant to the doctrines of Christianity.

This was the situation of affairs at the accession of the unfortunate James; and had he been equally unprincipled as his brother, the deceased king; had he professed himself a Protestant, whilst he was in his heart a Papist; had he not regarded it as his duty to use his omnipotent power for the restoring to some parts of its ancient dignity a Church which he regarded as the only true Church of Christ; or had he, instead of attacking the prerogative of the prelacy, suffered them to share the regal despotism which they had fixed on the basis of conscience, the most flagrant abuses of civil power would never have been called in judgment against him, and parliament themselves would have lent their constitutional authority to have riveted the chains of the empire in such a manner as should have put it out of the power of the most determined votaries of freedom to have re-established the government on its ancient foundation. From this immediate evil England owes its deliverance to the bigoted sincerity of James; a circumstance which ought, in some measure, to conciliate our affections to the memory of the sufferers, and induce us to treat those errors with

lenity, which have led to the enjoyment of privileges which can never be entirely lost, but by a general corruption of principle and depravity of manners.

It was said by the witty duke of Buckingham, "that Charles the Second might do well if he would, and that James would do well if he could;" an observation which says little for the understanding of James, but a great deal for his heart; and, with all the blemishes with which his public character is stained, he was not deficient in several qualities necessary to compose a good sovereign. His industry and business were exemplary, he was frugal of the public money, he cherished and extended the maritime power of the empire, and his encouragement of trade was attended with such success, that, according to the observation of the impartial historian Ralph, as the frugality of his administration helped to increase the number of malcontents, so his extreme attention to trade was not less alarming to the whole body of the Dutch, than his resolution not to rush into a war with France was mortifying to their stadtholder.

In domestic life, the character of James, though not irreproachable, was comparatively good. It is true, he was in a great measure tainted with that licentiousness of manners, which at this time pervaded the whole society, and which reigned triumphant within the circle of the court; but he was never carried into any excesses which trenchd deeply on the duties of social life; and if the qualities of his heart were only to be judged by his different conduct in the different characters of husband, father, master, and friend, he might be pronounced a man of very amiable disposition. But those who know not how to forgive injuries, and can never pardon the errors, the infirmities, the vices, or even the virtues of their fellow creatures, when in any respect they affect personal interest or inclination, will aim against them the sensibility of every humane mind, and can never expect from others that justice and commiseration which themselves have never exercised: but whilst we execrate that rancorous cruelty with which James, in the short hour of triumph, persecuted all those who endeavoured to thwart his ambitious hopes, it is but justice to observe, that the rank vices of pride, malice, and revenge, which blacken his conduct, whilst he figured in the station of presumptive heir to the crown, and afterwards in the character of sovereign, on the successful

successful quelling of the Monmouth rebellion, were thoroughly collected by the chastising hand of affliction: that the whole period of his life, from his return to Ireland to the day of his death, was spent in the exercise of the first Christian virtues, patience, fortitude, humility, and resignation. Bretonneau, his biographer, records, that he always spoke with an extreme moderation of the individuals who had acted the most successfully in his disfavour; that he reproved those who mentioned their conduct with severity; that he read, even with a stoical apathy, the bitterest writings which were published against him; that he regarded the loss of empire as a necessary correction of the middlemeans of his life, and even rebuked those who expressed any concern for the issue of events, which he respected as ordinations of the divine will.

According to the same biographer, James was exact in his devotion, moderate even to abstinence in his life; full of sentiments of the highest contrition for past offences; and, according to the discipline of the Romish church, was very severe in the austerities which he insisted on his person. As this prince justly regarded himself as a martyr to the Catholic faith, as his warmest friends were all of this persuasion, as his conversation in his retirement at St. Germain was entirely, in a great measure, confined to priests and devotees, it is natural that this superstition should increase with the increase of religious sentiment; and as he had made use of his power and authority, whilst in England, to enlarge the number of proselytes in popery, so, in a private station, he laboured incessantly, by prayer, exhortation, and example, to confirm the piety of his Popish adherents, and to effect a reformation in those who still continued firm to the doctrines of the church of England. He visited the monks of La Trappe once a year, the severest order of religionists in France; and his conformity to the discipline of the convent was so strict and exact, that he impressed those devotees with sentiments of admiration at his piety, humility, and constancy.

Thus having spent twelve years with a higher degree of peace and tranquillity than he had ever experienced in the most triumphant part of his life, he was seized with a palsy in September 1701, and after having languished fifteen days, died in the sixty-eighth year of his age, having filled up the interval between his first seizure and his exit with the whole train of religious

exercises enjoined on similar occasions by the church of Rome, with solemn and repeated professions of his faith, and earnest exhortation to his two children, the youngest of whom was born in the second year of his exile, to keep steadfast to the religion in which they had been educated. These precepts and commands have acted with a force superior to all the temptations of a crown, and have been adhered to with a firmness which obliges an historian to acknowledge the superiority which James's descendants, in the nice points of honour and conscience, have gained over the character of Henry the Fourth, who, at the period when he was looked up to as the great hero of the Protestant cause, made no scruple to accept a crown on the disgraceful terms of abjuring the principles of the Reformation, and embracing the principles of a religion, which, from his early infancy, he had been taught to regard as idolatrous and profane.

The dominion of error over the minds of the generality of mankind is irresistible. James, to the last hour of his life, continued as great a bigot to his political as his religious errors: he could not help considering the strength and power of the crown as a circumstance necessary to the preservation and happiness of the people; and in a letter of advice which he wrote to his son, whilst he conjures him to pay a religious observance to all the duties of a good sovereign, he cautions him against suffering any enticement on the royal prerogative. Among several heads, containing excellent instructions on the art of reigning happily and justly, he warns the young prince never to disquiet his subjects in their property or their religion; and, what is remarkable, to his last breath he persisted in asserting, that he never attempted to subvert the laws, or procure more than a toleration and equality of privilege to his Catholic subjects. As there is great reason to believe this assertion to be true, it shews, that the delusion was incurable under which the king laboured, by the truth he had put in the knavish doctrines of lawyers and priests; and that neither himself, nor his Protestant abettors, could fathom the consequences of that enlarged toleration which he endeavoured to establish. *Macaulay.*

§ 106. Character of WILLIAM III.

William III. was in his person of the middle stature, a thin body, and delicate constitution, subject to an asthma and continual

usual cough from his infancy. He had an aquiline nose, sparkling eyes, a large forehead, and grave, solemn aspect. He was very sparing of speech; his conversation was dry, and his manner disgusting, except in battle, when his deportment was free, spirited, and animating. In courage, fortitude, and equanimity, he rivalled the most eminent warriors of antiquity; and his natural sagacity made amends for the defects of his education, which had not been properly superintended. He was religious, temperate, generally just and sincere, a stranger to violent transports of passion, and might have passed for one of the best princes of the age in which he lived, had he never ascended the throne of Great Britain. But the distinguishing criterion of his character was ambition; to this he sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in disposing his own father-in-law and uncle; and thus he gratified at the expence of the nation that raised him to sovereign authority. He aspired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the contests of Europe, and the second object of his attention was, the prosperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extinction. Whether he really thought the interests of the Continent and Great Britain were inseparable, or sought only to drag England into the confederacy as a convenient ally; certain it is, he involved these kingdoms in foreign connections, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin. In order to establish this favourite point, he scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which means the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary fraction for a standing army, which now seems to be interwoven in the constitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that necessarily hatched a brood of usurers, brokers, and stock-jobbers, to prey upon the vitals of their country. He entailed upon the nation a growing debt, and a system of politics big with misery, despair, and destruction. To sum up his character in a few words, William was a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart, a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign.

Died March 8th, 1701, aged 52, having reigned 13 years. *Smollett.*

§ 107. *Another Character of WILLIAM III.*

William the Third, king of Great Britain and Ireland, was in his person of middle size, ill-shaped in his limbs, somewhat round in his shoulders, light brown in the colour of his hair, and in his complexion. The lines of his face were hard, and his nose was aquiline; but a good and penetrating eye threw a kind of light on his countenance, which tempered its severity, and rendered his harsh features, in some measure, agreeable. Though his constitution was weak, delicate, and infirm, he loved the manly exercises of the field; and often indulged himself in the pleasures, and even sometimes in the excesses, of the table. In his private character he was frequently harsh, passionate, and severe, with regard to trifles; but when the subject rose equal to his mind, and in the tumult of battle, he was dignified, cool, and serene. Though he was apt to form bad impressions, which were not easily removed, he was neither vindictive in his disposition, nor obdurate in his resentment. Neglected in his education, and, perhaps, destitute by nature of an elegance of mind, he had no taste for literature, none for the sciences, none for the beautiful arts. He paid no attention to music, he understood no poetry; he disregarded learning; he encouraged no men of letters, no painters, no artists of any kind. In fortification and the mathematics he had a considerable degree of knowledge. Though unsuccessful in the field, he understood military operations by land; but he neither possessed nor pretended to any skill in maritime affairs.

In the distributions of favours he was cold and injudicious. In the punishment of crimes, often too easy, and sometimes too severe. He was parsimonious where he should have been liberal; where he ought to be sparing, frequently profuse. In his temper he was silent and reserved, in his address ungraceful; and though not destitute of dissimulation, and qualified for intrigue, less apt to conceal his passions than his designs: these defects, rather than vices of the mind, combining with an indifference about humouring mankind through their ruling passions, rendered him extremely unfit for gaining the affections of the English nation. His reign, therefore, was crowded with mortifications of various kinds; the discontented parties among his subjects found no difficulty in estranging the minds of the people from a prince

prince possessed of few talents to make him popular. He was trusted, perhaps, less than he deserved, by the most obsequious of his parliaments; but it seems, upon the whole, apparent, that the nation adhered to his government more from a fear of the return of his predecessor, than from any attachment to his own person, or respect for his right to the throne. *Macpherson.*

§ 108. *Character of MARY, Queen Consort of WILLIAM III.*

Mary was in her person tall and well-proportioned, with an oval visage, lively eyes, agreeable features, a mild aspect, and an air of dignity. Her apprehension was clear, her memory tenacious, and her judgment solid. She was a zealous Protestant, scrupulously exact in all the duties of devotion, of an even temper, of a calm and mild conversation; she was ruffled by no passion, and seems to have been a stranger to the emotions of natural affection, for she ascended the throne from which her father had been deposed, and treated her sister as an alien to her blood. In a word, Mary seems to have imbibed the cold disposition and apathy of her husband, and to have centered all her ambition in deserving the epithet of an humble and obedient wife. *Smollett.*

Died 28th December, 1694, aged 33.

§ 109. *Character of ANNE.*

The queen continued to dose in a lethargic insensibility, with very short intervals, till the first day of August in the morning, when she expired, in the fiftieth year of her age, and in the thirteenth of her reign. Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, was in her person of the middle size, well-proportioned; her hair was of a dark brown colour, her complexion ruddy, her features were regular, her countenance was rather round than oval, and her aspect more comely than majestic: her voice was clear and melodious, and her presence engaging; her capacity was naturally good, but not much cultivated by learning; nor did she exhibit any marks of extraordinary genius, or personal ambition. She was certainly deficient in that vigour of mind by which a prince ought to preserve her independence, and avoid the snares and fetters of sycophants and favourites; but, whatever her weakness in this particular might have been, the virtues of her heart were never called in question; she was a pattern of conjugal affection and fidelity, a tender mo-

ther, a warm friend, an indulgent mistress, a munificent patron, a mild and merciful princess; during whose reign no blood was shed for treason. She was zealously attached to the Church of England, from conviction rather than from prepossession, unaffectedly pious, just, charitable, and compassionate. She felt a mother's fondness for her people, by whom she was universally beloved with a warmth of affection which even the prejudice of party could not abate. In a word, if she was not the greatest, she was certainly one of the best and most unblemished sovereigns that ever sat upon the throne of England, and well deserved the expressive, though simple epithet of, the "good queen Anne." *Smollett.*

She died in 1714.

§ 110. *Another Character of ANNE.*

Thus died Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, and one of the best and greatest monarchs that ever filled that throne. What was most remarkable, was a clear harmonious voice, always admired in her graceful delivery of her speeches to parliament, inasmuch that it used to be a common saying in the mouth of every one, "that her very speech was music." Good-nature, the true characteristic of the Stuarts, predominated in her temper, which was a compound of benevolence, generosity, indolence, and timidity, but not without a due sensibility of any slight which she thought was offered to her person or her dignity; to these all her actions, both as a monarch and as a woman, may be ascribed; these were the sources both of her virtues and her failings; her greatest blessing upon earth was that entire union of affections and inclinations between her and her royal consort; which made them a perfect pattern of conjugal love. She was a fond and tender mother, an easy and indulgent mistress, and a most gracious sovereign; but she had more than once reason to repent her giving up her heart, and trusting her secrets without reserve to her favourites. She retained to the last the principle of that true religion which she had imbibed early; being devout without affectation, and charitable without ostentation. She had a great reverence for clergymen eminent for learning and good lives, and was particularly beneficent to the poorer sort of them, of which she left an evidence which bears her name, and will perpetuate both that and her bounty to all succeeding generations. *Chamberlaine.*

§ 111. *Another Character of ANNE.*

Thus died Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, in the fiftieth year of her age, and thirteenth of her reign. In her person she was of a middle stature, and, before she bore children, well made. Her hair was dark, her complexion sanguine, her features strong, but not irregular, her whole countenance more dignified than agreeable. In the accomplishments of the mind, as a woman, she was not deficient; she understood music; she loved painting; she had even some taste for works of genius; she was always generous, sometimes liberal, but never profuse. Like the rest of the family, she was good-natured to a degree of weakness; indolent in her disposition, timid by nature, devoted to the company of her favourites, easily led. She possessed all the virtues of her father, except political courage; she was subject to all his weaknesses, except enthusiasm in religion; she was jealous of her authority, and sullenly irreconcilable towards those who treated either herself or prerogative with disrespect; but, like him also, she was much better qualified to discharge the duties of a private life than to act the part of a sovereign. As a friend, a mother, a wife, she deserved every praise. Her conduct as a daughter could scarcely be exceeded by a virtue much superior to all these. Upon the whole, though her reign was crowded with great events, she cannot, with any justice, be called a great princess. Subject to terror, beyond the constitutional timidity of her sex, she was altogether incapable of decisive counsels, and nothing but her irresistible popularity could have supported her authority amidst the ferment of those distracted times.

Macpherson.

§ 112. *The Character of MARY Queen of Scots.*

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that per-

fidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure, with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire; she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnly was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Botwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachments to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene, which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her disposition; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance and elegance of shape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and

and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism which deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

Robertson.

§ 113. *The Character of FRANCIS I. with some Reflections on his Rivalship with CHARLES V.*

Francis died at Rambouillet, on the last day of March, in the fifty-third year of his age, and the thirty-third year of his reign. During twenty-eight years of that time, an avowed rivalry subsisted between him and the emperor, which involved not only their own dominions, but the greater part of Europe in wars, prosecuted with more violent animosity, and drawn out to a greater length, than had been known in any former period. Many circumstances contributed to both. Their animosity was founded in opposition of interest, heightened by personal emulation, and exasperated not only by mutual injuries, but by reciprocal insults. At the same time, whatever advantage one seemed to possess towards gaining the ascendant, was wonderfully balanced by some favourable circumstance, peculiar to the other. The emperor's dominions were of great extent, the French king's lay more compact: Francis governed his kingdom with absolute power; that of Charles was limited, but he supplied the want of authority by address: the troops of the former were more impetuous and enterprising; those of the latter better disciplined, and more patient of fatigue. The talents and abilities of the two monarchs were as different as the advantages which they possessed, and contributed no less to prolong the contest between them. Francis took his resolutions suddenly, prosecuted them at first with warmth, and pushed them into execution with a most adventurous courage; but being destitute of the perseverance necessary to surmount difficulties, he often abandoned his designs, or relaxed the vigour of pur-

suit from impatience, and sometimes from levity.

Charles deliberated long, and determined with coolness; but, having once fixed his plan, he adhered to it with inflexible obstinacy, and neither danger nor discouragement could turn him aside from the execution of it. The success of their enterprises was as different as their characters, and was uniformly influenced by them. Francis, by his impetuous activity, often disconcerted the emperor's best-laid schemes: Charles, by a more calm, but steady prosecution of his designs, checked the rapidity of his rival's career, and baffled or repelled his most vigorous efforts. The former at the opening of a war or of a campaign, broke in upon his enemy with the violence of a torrent, and carried all before him; the latter waiting until he saw the force of his rival begin to abate, recovered in the end not only all that he had lost, but made new acquisitions. Few of the French monarch's attempts towards conquest, whatever promising aspect they might wear at first, were conducted to an happy issue: many of the emperor's enterprises, even after they appeared desperate and impracticable, terminated in the most prosperous manner. Francis was dazzled with the splendour of an undertaking; Charles was allured by the prospect of turning to his advantage. The degree, however, of their comparative merit and reputation has not been fixed, either by a strict scrutiny into their abilities for government, or by an impartial consideration of the greatest and success of their undertakings; and Francis is one of those monarchs who occupies a higher rank in the temple of fame, than either his talents or performances entitle him to hold. This pre-eminence he owed to many different circumstances. The superiority which Charles acquired by the victory of Pavia, and which from that period he preserved through the remainder of his reign, was so manifest, that Francis's struggle against his exorbitant and growing dominion, was viewed by most of the other powers, not only with the partiality which naturally arises from those who gallantly maintain an unequal contest, but with the favour due to one who was resisting a common enemy, and endeavouring to set bounds to a monarch equally formidable to them all. The characters of princes too, especially among their contemporaries, depend not only upon their talents for government, but upon their qualities

qualities as men. Francis, notwithstanding the many errors conspicuous in his foreign policy and domestic administration, was nevertheless humane, beneficent, generous. He possessed dignity without pride; affability free from meanness, and courtesy exempt from deceit. All who had access to him (and no man of merit was ever denied that privilege) respected and loved him. Captivated with his personal qualities, his subjects forgot his defects as a monarch, and admiring him as the most accomplished and amiable gentleman in his dominions, they never murmured at acts of mal-administration, which in a prince of less engaging dispositions would have been deemed unpardonable. This admiration, however, must have been temporary only, and would have died away with the courtiers who bestowed it; the illusion arising from his private virtues must have ceased, and posterity would have judged of his public conduct with its usual impartiality; but another circumstance prevented this, and his name hath been transmitted to posterity with increasing reputation. Science and the arts had, at that time, made little progress in France. They were just beginning to advance beyond the limits of Italy, where they had revived, and which had hitherto been their only seat. Francis took them immediately under his protection, and vied with Leo himself in the zeal and munificence with which he encouraged them. He invited learned men to his court; he conversed with them familiarly, he employed them in business; he raised them to offices of dignity, and honoured them with his confidence. That race of men, not more prone to complain when denied the respect to which they fancy themselves entitled, than apt to be pleased when treated with the distinction which they consider as their due, though they could not exceed in gratitude to such a benefactor, strained their invention, and employed all their ingenuity in panegyric.

Succeeding authors, warmed with their descriptions of Francis's bounty, adopted their encomiums, and refined upon them. The appellation of Father of Letters, bestowed upon Francis, hath rendered his memory sacred among historians, and they seem to have regarded it as a sort of impunity to uncover his infirmities, or to point out his defects. Thus Francis, notwithstanding his inferior abilities, and want of success, hath more than equalled the fame of Charles. The virtues which he possessed

as a man have entitled him to greater admiration and praise, then have been bestowed upon the extensive genius and fortunate arts of a more capable, but less amiable rival.

Robertson.

§ 114. *The Character of CHARLES V.*

As Charles was the first prince of his age in rank and dignity, the part which he acted, whether we consider the greatness, the variety, or the success of his undertaking, was the most conspicuous. It is from an attentive observation to his conduct, not from the exaggerated praises of the Spanish historians, or the undistinguishing censure of the French, that a just idea of Charles's genius and abilities is to be collected. He possessed qualities so peculiar, as strongly mark his character, and not only distinguish him from the princes who were his contemporaries, but account for that superiority over them which he so long maintained. In forming his schemes, he was, by nature as well as by habit, cautious and considerate. Born with talents, which unfolded themselves slowly, and were late in attaining maturity, he was accustomed to ponder every subject that demanded his consideration, with a careful and deliberate attention. He bent the whole force of his mind towards it, and dwelling upon it with serious application, undiverted by pleasure, and hardly relaxed by any amusement, he revolved it in silence in his own breast: he then communicated the matter to his ministers; and after hearing their opinions, took his resolution with a decisive firmness, which seldom follows such slow consultations. In consequence of this, Charles's measures, instead of resembling the desultory and irregular sallies of Henry VIII. or Francis I. had the appearance of a consistent system, in which all the parts were arranged, the effects were foreseen, and the accidents were provided for. His promptitude in execution was no less remarkable than his patience in deliberation. He consulted with phlegm, but he acted with vigour; and did not discover greater sagacity in his choice of the measures which it was proper to pursue, than fertility of genius in finding out the means for rendering his pursuit of them successful. Though he had naturally so little of the martial turn, that during the most ardent and bustling period of life, he remained in the cabinet inactive; yet when he chose at length to appear at the head of his armies, his mind was so formed

for

for vigorous exertions in every direction, that he acquired such knowledge in the art of war, and such talents for command, as rendered him equal in reputation and success to the most able generals of the age. But Charles possessed, in the most eminent degree, the science which is of greatest importance to a monarch, that of knowing men, and of adapting their talents to the various departments which he allotted to them. From the death of Chievres to the end of his reign, he employed no general in the field, no minister in the cabinet, no ambassador to a foreign court, no governor of a province, whose abilities were inadequate to the trust which he reposed in them. Though destitute of that bewitching affability of manner, which gained Francis the hearts of all who approached his person, he was no stranger to the virtues which secure fidelity and attachment. He placed unbounded confidence in his generals; he rewarded their services with munificence; he neither envied their fame, nor discovered any jealousy of their power. Almost all the generals who conducted his armies, may be placed on a level with those illustrious personages who have attained the highest eminence of military glory; and his advantages over his rivals are to be ascribed so manifestly to the superior abilities of the commanders whom he set in opposition to them, that this might seem to detract, in some degree, from his own merit, if the talent of discovering and employing such instruments were not the most undoubted proof of his capacity for government.

There were, nevertheless, defects in his political character, which must considerably abate the admiration due to his extraordinary talents. Charles's ambition was insatiable; and though there seems to be no foundation for an opinion prevalent in his own age, that he had formed the chimerical project of establishing an universal monarchy in Europe, it is certain that his desire of being distinguished as a conqueror involved him in continual wars, which exhausted and oppressed his subjects, and left him little leisure for giving attention to the interior police and improvement of his kingdoms, the great objects of every prince who makes the happiness of his people the end of his government. Charles, at a very early period of life, having added the imperial crown to the kingdoms of Spain, and to the hereditary dominions of the houses of Austria and

Burgundy; this opened to him such a vast field of enterprise, and engaged him in schemes so complicated as well as arduous, that feeling his power to be unequal to the execution of these, he had often recourse to low artifices, unbecoming his superior talents; and sometimes venerated on such deviations from integrity, as were dishonourable in a great prince. His insidious and fraudulent policy appeared more conspicuous, and was rendered more odious, by a comparison with the open and undersigning character of his contemporaries, Francis I. and Henry VIII. This difference, though occasioned chiefly by the diversity of their tempers, must be ascribed in some degree to such an opposition in the principles of their political conduct, as affords some excuse for this defect in Charles's behaviour, though it cannot serve as a justification of it. Francis and Henry seldom acted but from the impulse of their passions, and rushed headlong towards the object in view. Charles's measures being the result of cool reflection, were disposed into a regular system, and carried on upon a concerted plan. Persons who act in the former manner naturally pursue the end in view, without assuming any disguise, or displaying much address. Such as hold the latter course, are apt, in forming, as well as in executing their designs, to employ such refinements, as always lead to artifice in conduct, and often degenerate into deceit.

Robertson.

§ 115. *The Character of EPAMINONDAS.*

Epaminondas was born and educated in that honest poverty which those less corrupted ages accounted the glorious mark of integrity and virtue. The instructions of a Pythagorean philosopher, to whom he was entrusted in his earliest years, formed him to all the temperance and severity peculiar to that sect, and were received with a docility and pleasure which bespoke an ingenuous mind. Music, dancing, and all those arts which were accounted honourable distinctions at Thebes, he received from the greatest masters. In the athletic exercises he became conspicuous, but soon learned to apply particularly to those which might prepare him for the labours and occasions of a military life. His modesty and gravity rendered him ready to hear and receive instruction; and his genius enabled him to learn and improve. A love of truth, a love of virtue, tenderness, and humanity, and an exalted patriotism, he had

had learned, and soon displayed, 'To these glorious qualities he added penetration and sagacity, a happiness in improving every incident, a consummate skill in war, an unconquerable patience of toil and distress, a boldness in enterprise, vigour, and magnanimity. Thus did he become great and terrible in war: nor was he less distinguished by the gentler virtues of peace and retirement. He had a soul capable of the most exalted and disinterested friendship. The warmth of his benevolence supplied the deficiencies of his fortune; his credit and good offices frequently were employed to gain that relief for the necessities of others, which his own circumstances could not grant them: within the narrow sphere of these were his desires regularly confined; no temptations could corrupt him; no prospects of advantage could shake his integrity; to the public he appeared unalterably and solely devoted; nor could neglect or injuries abate his zeal for Thebes. All these illustrious qualities he adorned with that eloquence which was then in such repute, and appeared in council equally eminent, equally useful to his country as in action. By him Thebes first rose to sovereign power, and with him she lost her greatness.

Leland.

§ 116. *A Comparison of the political Principles and Conduct of CATO, ATTICUS, and CICERO.*

The three sects which chiefly engrossed the philosophical part of Rome were, the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic; and the chief ornaments of each were, Cato, Atticus, and Cicero; who lived together in strict friendship, and a mutual esteem of each other's virtue: but the different behaviour of these three will shew, by fact and example, the different merit of their several principles, and which of them was the best adapted to promote the good of society.

The Stoics were the bigots or enthusiasts in philosophy; who held none to be truly wise or good but themselves; placed perfect happiness in virtue, though stripped of every other good; affirmed all sins to be equal, all deviations from right equally wicked; to kill a dunghill-cock without reason, the same crime as to kill a parent; that a wife man could never forgive; never be moved by anger, favour, or pity; never be deceived; never repent; never change his mind. With these principles Cato entered into public life;

and acted in it, as Cicero says, 'as if he had lived in the polity of Plato, not in the drags of Romulus.' He made no distinction of times or things; no allowance for the weakness of the republic, and the power of those who oppressed it: it was his maxim to combat all power not built upon the laws, or to defy it at least, if he could not controul it: he knew no way to his end, but the direct; and whatever obstructions he met with, resolved still to rush on, and either to surmount them, or perish in the attempt; taking it for a baseness, and confession of being conquered, to decline a little from the true road. In an age, therefore, of the utmost libertinism, when the public discipline was lost, and the government itself tottering, he struggled with the same zeal against all corruption, and waged a perpetual war with a superior force; whilst the rigour of his principles tended rather to alienate his friends, than reconcile enemies; and by provoking the power that he could not subdue, help to hasten that ruin which he was striving to avert: so that after a perpetual course of disappointments and repulses, finding himself unable to pursue his old way any farther, instead of taking a new one, he was driven by his philosophy to put an end to his life.

But as the Stoics exalted human nature too high, so the Epicureans depressed it too low; as those raised it to the heroic, these debased it to the brutal state; they held pleasure to be the chief good of man; death the extinction of his being; and placed their happiness, consequently, in the secure enjoyment of a pleasurable life; esteeming virtue on no other account than as it was a handmaid to pleasure, and helped to ensure the possession of it, by preserving health and conciliating friends. Their wise man, therefore, had no other duty, but to provide for his own ease, to decline all struggles, to retire from public affairs, and to imitate the life of their gods, by passing his days in a calm, contemplative, undisturbed repose, in the midst of rural shades and pleasant gardens. This was the scheme that Atticus followed: he had all the talents that could qualify a man to be useful to society; great parts, learning, judgment, candour, benevolence, generosity, the same love of his country, and the same sentiments in politics, with Cicero; whom he was always advising and urging to act, yet determined never to act himself; or never, at least,

so far as to disturb his ease, or endanger his safety. For though he was so strictly united with Cicero, and valued him above all men, yet he managed an interest all the while with the opposite faction, and a friendship even with his mortal enemies, Clodius and Antony; that he might secure, against all events, the grand point which he had in view, the peace and tranquillity of his life. Thus two excellent men, by their mistaken notions of virtue, drawn from their principles of philosophy, were made useless in a manner to their country, each in a different extreme of life; the one always acting and exposing himself to dangers, without the prospect of doing good; the other, without attempting to do any, resolving never to act at all.

Cicero chose the middle way, between the obliquity of Cato, and the indolence of Atticus; he preferred always the readiest road to what was right, if it lay open to him; if not, he took the next that seemed likely to bring him to the same end; and in politics, as in morality, when he could not arrive at the true, contented himself with the probable. He often compares the statesman to the pilot, whose art consists in managing every turn of the winds, and applying even the most perverse of the prognosts to his voyage; so as, by changing his course, and enlarging his circuit of sailing, to arrive with safety, though late, at his destined port. He mentions likewise an observation, which long experience had confirmed to him, that none of the popular and ambitious, who aspired to extraordinary commands, and to be leader in the republic, ever chose to obtain their end from the people, till they had first been repulsed by the senate. This was verified by all their civil dissensions, from the Gracchi down to Cæsar: so that when he saw men of this spirit at the head of the government, who, by the splendor of their lives and actions, had acquired an ascendancy over the populace, it was his constant advice to the senate, to gain them by gentle compliances, and to gratify their thirst of power by voluntary grants of it, as the best way to moderate their ambition, and reclaim them from desperate councils. He declares his intention to be no longer prudent than while it either did service, or at least no harm; but when faction was grown too strong to be withstood, that it was time to give over fighting; and nothing left but to extract some good out of the ill, by mitigating that power by patience, which they could not

reduce by force, and conciliating it, if possible, to the interest of the state. This was what he had advised, and what he practised; and it will account, in a great measure, for those parts of his conduct which are the most liable to exception on the account of that complaisance which he is supposed to have paid, at different times, to the several usurpers of illegal power.

Middleton.

§ 117. *The Character of Lord Townshend.*

Lord Townshend, by very long experience, and unwearied application, was certainly an able man of business, which was his only passion. His parts were neither above nor below it; they were rather slow, a defect of the faster side. He required time to form his opinion; but when formed, he adhered to it with invincible firmness, not to say obliquity, whether right or wrong, and was impatient of contradiction.

He was a most ungraceful and confused speaker in the house of lords, inelegant in his language, perplexed in his arguments, but always near the stress of the question.

His manners were coarse, rustic, and seemingly brutal; but his nature was by no means so; for he was a kind husband to both his wives, a most indulgent father to all his children, and a benevolent master to his servants; sure tests of real goodness: for no man can long together simulate or dissimulate at home.

He was a warm friend, and a warm enemy; defects, if defects they are, inseparable in human nature, and often accompanying the most generous minds.

Never a master had cleaner hands than he had. More domestic economy was his only care as to money; for he did not add one acre to his estate, and left his younger children very moderately provided for, though he had been in considerable and lucrative employment near thirty years.

As he only loved power for the sake of power, in order to preserve it, he was obliged to have a most unwarrantable complaisance for the interests and even dictates of the electorate, which was the only way by which a British minister could hold either favour or power during the reigns of king George the First and Second.

The coarseness and imperiousness of his manners, made him disagreeable to queen Caroline.

Lord Townshend was not of a temper

tract a second part, after having acted a part, as he did during the reign of king George the First. He resolved, therefore, to make one convulsive struggle to revive his expiring power, or, if that did not succeed, to retire from business. He tried the experiment upon the king, with whom he had a personal interest. The experiment failed, as he might easily, and ought to have foreseen. He retired to his seat in the country, and, in a few years, died of an apoplexy.

Having thus mentioned the slight defects, as well as the many valuable parts of his character, I must declare, that I owed the former to truth, and the latter to gratitude and friendship as well as to truth, since, for some years before he retired from business, we lived in the strictest intimacy that the difference of our age and situations could admit, during which time he gave me many unasked and unequivocal proofs of his friendship.

Chytsfield.

§ 118. *The Character of Mr. POPE.*

Pope in conversation was below himself; he was seldom easy and natural, and seemed afraid that the man should degrade the poet, which made him always attempt wit and humour, often unsuccessfully, and too often unseasonably. I have been with him a week at a time at his house at Twickenham, where I necessarily saw his mind in its undress, when he was both an agreeable and instructive companion.

His moral character has been warmly attacked, and but weakly defended; the natural consequence of his shining turn to satire, of which many felt, and all feared the smart. It must be owned that he was the most irritable of all the *gens irrascibles*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them; but in this I really think that the poet was more to fault than the man. He was as great an instance as any he quotes, of the contradictions and inconsistencies of human nature; for, notwithstanding the malignancy of his satires, and some blameable passages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and piously attentive to an old bedridden mother, who died but a little time before him. His poor, crazy, deformed body was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the physical ills that ever afflicted humanity. This, perhaps, whetted the edge of his satire, and may in some degree excuse it.

I will say nothing of his works, they

speak sufficiently for themselves; they will live as long as letters and taste shall remain in this country, and be more and more admired as envy and resentment shall subside. But I will venture it is piece of classical blasphemy, which is, that however he may be supposed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him.

Ch. Herford.

§ 119. *Character of Lord BOLINGBROKE.*

It is impossible to find lights and shades strong enough to paint the character of lord Bolingbroke, who was a most mortifying instance of the violence of human passions, and of the most improved and exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tint, but formed a shining and sudden contrast.

Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours, and both rendered more striking from their proximity. Impetuosity, excess, and almost extravagance, characterized not only his passions, but even his reason. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he licentiously triumphed, dismissing all decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exalted, with his body, in celebrating and desiring the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were pushed to all the extravagance of frantic bacchanals. These passions were never interrupted but by a stronger ambition. The former impaired both his constitution and his character; but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself in business. His penetration was almost intuition, and he adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon, by the most splendid eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but by such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care, perhaps, at first) was become to habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press, without the least correction, either as to method or style. He had noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed reflected principles of good-nature and friendship; but they were more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons. He received the common attention of civility as obligation, which he returned with interest; and repented with passion

the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repaid with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject, would provoke and prove him no practical philosopher at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he had an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which, from the clearest and quickest conception, and the happiest memory that ever man was blessed with, he always carried about him. It was his pocket-money, and he never had occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excelled more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative, political, and commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, were better known to him than perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily he pursued the latter in his public conduct, his enemies of all parties and denominations tell with pleasure.

During his long exile in France, he applied himself to study with his characteristic ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly executed, the plan of his great philosophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge were too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination; he must go *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics, which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination; where endless conjectures supply the defects of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence.

He had a very handsome person, with a most engaging address in his air and manners; he had all the dignity and good-breeding which a man of quality should or can have, and which so few, in this country at least, really have.

He professed himself a deist, believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting, (as is commonly supposed) the immortality of the soul, and a future state.

He died of a cruel and shocking distemper, a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmness. A week before he died, I took my last leave of him with grief; and he returned me his last farewell with tenderness, and said, "God, who placed me here, will do what he pleases with me hereafter; and he knows best what to do. May he bless you!"

Upon the whole of this extraordinary

character, what can we say, but, alas! poor human nature! *Chesterfield.*

§ 120. *Character of Mr. PULTENEY.*

Mr. Pulteney was formed by nature for social and convivial pleasures. Retirement made him engage in business. He had thought himself slighted by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he publicly avowed not only revenge, but utter destruction. He had lively and shining parts, a surprising quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the most amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes, &c.; in all which he had an uncommon facility. His compositions in that way were sometimes satirical, often licentious, but always full of wit.

He had a quick and clear conception of business; could equally detect and practise sophistry. He could state and explain the most intricate matters, even in figures, with the utmost perspicuity. His parts were rather above business; and the warmth of his imagination, joined to the impetuosity and restlessness of his temper, made him incapable of conducting it long together with prudence and steadiness.

He was a most complete orator and debater in the house of commons; eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required; for he had arguments, wit, and tears, at his command. His breast was the seat of all those passions which degrade our nature and disturb our reason. There they raged in perpetual conflict; but avarice, the meanest of them all, generally triumphed, ruled absolutely, and in many instances, which I forbear to mention, most scandalously.

His sudden passion was outrageous, but supported by great personal courage. Nothing exceeded his ambition, but his avarice; they often accompany, and are frequently and reciprocally the causes and the effects of each other; but the latter is always a clog upon the former. He affected good-nature and compassion; and perhaps his heart might feel the misfortunes and distresses of his fellow-creatures, but his hand was seldom or never stretched out to relieve them. Though he was an able actor of truth and sincerity, he could occasionally lay them aside, to serve the purposes of his ambition or avarice.

He was once in the greatest point of view that ever I saw any subject in. When the opposition, of which he was the leader in the house of commons, prevailed at last against

gainst Sir Robert Walpole, he became the arbiter between the crown and the people; the former imploring his protection, the latter his support. In that critical moment his various jarring passions were in the highest ferment, and for a while suspended his ruling one. Sense of shame made him hesitate at turning courtier on a sudden, after having acted the patriot so long, and with so much applause; and his pride made him declare, that he would accept of no place; vainly imagining, that he could, by such a simulated and temporary self-denial, preserve his popularity with the public, and his power at court. He was mistaken in both. The king hated him, almost as much for what he might have done, as for what he had done; and a motley ministry was formed, which by no means desired his company. The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificance and an earldom.

He made several attempts afterwards to retrieve the opportunity he had lost, but in vain; his situation would not allow it.—He was fixed in the house of lords, that hospital of incurables; and his retreat to popularity was cut off: for the confidence of the public, when once great, and once lost, is never to be regained. He lived afterwards in retirement, with the wretched comfort of Horace's miser:

Populus me sibilat, &c.

I may, perhaps, be suspected to have given too strong colouring to some features of this portrait; but I solemnly protest, that I have drawn it conscientiously, and to the best of my knowledge, from a very long acquaintance with, and observation of, the original. Nay, I have rather softened than heightened the colouring.

Chesterfield.

§ 121. *Character of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.*

I much question whether an impartial character of Sir Robert Walpole will or can be transmitted to posterity; for he governed this kingdom so long, that the various passions of mankind mingled, and in a manner incorporated themselves, with every thing that was said or written concerning him. Never was man more flattered, nor more abused; and his long power was probably the chief cause of both. I was much acquainted with him, both in his public and his private life. I

mean to do impartial justice to his character; and therefore my picture of him will, perhaps, be more like him than it will be like any of the other pictures drawn of him.

In private life he was good-natured, cheerful, social; in elegant in his manners, loose in his morals. He had a coarse, strong wit, which he was too free of for a man in his station, as it is always inconsistent with dignity. He was very able as a minister, but without a certain elevation of mind necessary for great good or great mischief. Profuse and appetent, his ambition was subservient to his desire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazarin than of the Richelieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory.

He was both the best parliament-man, and the ablest manager of parliament, that, I believe, ever lived. An artful, rather than an eloquent speaker; he saw, as by intuition, the disposition of the house, and pressed or receded accordingly. So clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in the finances, that, whilst he was speaking, the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his administration; and he employed it with a success which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing, which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles II.; but, with uncommon skill, and unbounded profusion, he brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which (if not checked, and God knows how it can be now checked) must ruin it.

Besides this powerful engine of government, he had a most extraordinary talent of persuading and working men up to his purpose. A hearty kind of frankness, which sometimes seemed impudence, made people think that he let them into his secrets, whilst the impoliteness of his manners seemed to attest his sincerity. When he found any body proof against pecuniary temptations; which, alas! was but seldom, he had recourse to a still worse art; for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country, calling them, "The chimerical school-boy flights of classical learning;" declaring himself, at the same time, "No taint, no Spartan, no reformer." He would

would frequently ask young fellows, at their first appearance in the world, while their honest hearts were yet untainted, "Well, are you to be an old Roman? a patriot? you will soon come off of that, and grow wiser." And thus he was more dangerous to the morals than to the liberties of his country, to which I am persuaded he meant no ill in his heart.

He was the easy and profuse dupe of women, and in some instances indecently so. He was excessively open to flattery, even of the grossest kind; and from the coarsest bunglers of that vile profession; which engaged him to pass most of his leisure and jovial hours with people whose blasted characters reflected upon his own. He was loved by many, but respected by none; his familiar and illiberal mirth and raillery leaving him no dignity. He was not vindictive, but, on the contrary, very placable to those who had injured him the most. His good-humeur, good-nature, and beneficence, in the several relations of father, husband, master, and friend, gained him the warmest affections of all within that circle.

His name will not be recorded in history among the "best men," or the "best ministers;" but much less ought it to be ranked among the worst.

Chesterfield.

§ 122. *Character of Lord GRANVILLE.*

Lord Granville had great parts, and a most uncommon share of learning for a man of quality. He was one of the best speakers in the house of lords, both in the declamatory and the argumentative way. He had a wonderful quickness and precision in seizing the stress of a question, which no art, no sophistry, could disguise in him. In business he was bold, enterprising, and overbearing. He had been bred up in high monarchical, that is, tyrannical principles of government, which his ardent and imperious temper made him think were the only rational and practicable ones. He would have been a great first minister in France, little inferior, perhaps, to Richelieu; in this government, which is yet free, he would have been a dangerous one, little less so, perhaps, than Lord Strafford. He was neither ill-natured, nor vindictive, and had a great contempt for money; his ideas were all above it. In social life he was an agreeable, good humoured, and instructive companion; a great but entertaining talker.

He degraded himself by the vice of drinking; which, together with a great stock of Greek and Latin, he brought away with him from Oxford, and retained and practised ever afterwards. By his own industry, he had made himself master of all the modern languages, and had acquired a great knowledge of the law. His political knowledge of the interest of princes and of commerce was extensive, and his notions were just and great. His character may be summed up, in nice precision, quick decision, and unbounded presumption. *Ibid.*

§ 123. *Character of Mr. PELHAM.*

Mr. Pelham had good sense, without either shining parts or any degree of literature. He had by no means an elevated or enterprising genius, but had a mermanly and steady resolution than his brother the Duke of Newcastle. He had a gentleman-like frankness in his behaviour, and as great point of honour as a minister can have, especially a minister at the head of the treasury, where numberless sturdy and unsatiable beggars of condition apply, who cannot all be gratified, nor all with safety be refused.

He was a very inelegant speaker in parliament, but spoke with a certain candour and openness that made him be well heard, and generally believed.

He wished well to the public, and managed the finances with great care and personal purity. He was *par vegetis neque supra*: had many domestic virtues and no vices. If his place, and the power that accompanies it, made him some public enemies, his behaviour in both secured him from personal and vicious ones. Those who wished him worst, only wished themselves in his place.

Upon the whole, he was an honourable man, and a well-wishing minister.

Ibid.

§ 124. *Character of RICHARD Earl of SCARBOROUGH.*

In drawing the character of Lord Scarborough, I will be strictly upon my guard against the partiality of that intimate and unreserved friendship, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendship, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own. If this may be suspected to have biased my judgment, it must, at the same time, be allowed to have informed

informed it; for the most secret movements of his whole soul were, without disguise, communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring; I will mark the shades, and draw a credible rather than an exact likeness.

He had a very good person, rather above the middle size; a handsome face, and, when he was cheerful, the most engaging countenance imaginable: when grave, which he was oftentimes, the most respectable one. He had in the highest degree the air, manners, and address, of a man of quality; politeness with ease, and dignity without pride.

Bred in camps and courts, it cannot be supposed that he was untainted with the fashionable vices of these warm climates; but (if I may be allowed the expression) he dignified them, instead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action. He had a good degree of classical, and a great one of modern, knowledge; with a just, and, at the same time, a delicate taste.

In his common expences he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities, and bounties he had none. I have known them put him to some present inconveniencies.

He was a strong, but not an eloquent or florid speaker in parliament. He spoke to unaffectedly the honest dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and seldom wear, ornaments, seemed only to borrow his voice. This gave such an astonishing weight to all he said, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such is the authority of unsusppected virtue, that it will sometimes shun vice into decency at least.

He was not only offered, but pressed to accept, the post of secretary of state; but he constantly refused it. I once tried to persuade him to accept it; but he told me, that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper made him unfit for it; and that moreover he knew very well that, in those ministerial employments, the course of business made it necessary to do many hard things, and some unjust ones, which could only be authorized by the jesuitical casuistry of the direction of the intention: a doctrine which he said he could not possibly adopt. Whether he was the first that ever made that objection. I cannot affirm; but I suspect that he will be the last.

He was a true constitutional, and yet

practicable patriot; a sincere lover, and a zealous assertor of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country: but he would not quarrel with the crown, for some slight stretches of the prerogative; nor with the people, for some unwary ebullitions of liberty; nor with any one for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much.

His moral character was so pure, that if one may say of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated historian says of Scipio, *nihil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit*; I sincerely think (I had almost said I know), one might say it with great truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be mentioned.

He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honour and generosity, the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion; and, as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injustice or a baseness, without a sudden indignation; nor of the misfortunes or miseries of a fellow-creature, without melting into softness, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was so universally known, that our best and most satirical English poet says,

When I confess there is who feels for pain,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough
name?

He had not the least pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken succedaneum of merit; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserve a good one. And such was his diffidence upon that subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did; for surely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universal esteem. Even knaves respected him; and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies (for I protest I never knew one), they could be only such as were weary of always hearing of Aristides the just.

He was too subject to sudden gusts of passion, but they never hurried him into any illiberal or indecent expression or action; so invincibly habitual to him were good-nature and good-manners. But if

ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which upon subsequent reflection he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it.

He had a most unfortunate, I will call it a most fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or sour. At other times he was a cheerful and agreeable companion; but, conscious that he was not always so, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflections.

His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind.

I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, writ for the sake of writing it; but as my solemn deposit of the truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small deposit of justice, such as it is, to the memory of the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had. *Chesterfield.*

§ 125. *Character of Lord HARDWICKE.*

Lord Hardwicke was, perhaps, the greatest magistrate that this country ever had. He presided in the court of Chancery above twenty years, and in all that time none of his decrees were reversed, nor the justice of them ever questioned. Though avarice was his ruling passion, he was never in the least suspected of any kind of corruption: a rare and meritorious instance of virtue and self-denial, under the influence of such a craving, insatiable, and increasing passion.

He had great and clear parts; understood, loved, and cultivated the *belles lettres*. He was an agreeable, eloquent speaker in parliament, but not without some little tincture of the pleader.

Men are apt to mistake, or at least to seem to mistake, their own talents, in hopes, perhaps, of misleading others to allow them that which they are conscious they do not possess. Thus Lord Hardwicke valued himself more upon being a great minister of state, which he certainly was not, than upon being a great magistrate, which he certainly was.

All his notions were clear, but none of them great. Good order and domestic details were his proper department. The

great and shining parts of government, though not above his parts to conceive, were above his timidity to undertake.

By great and lucrative employment, during the course of thirty years, and by still greater parsimony, he acquired an immense fortune, and established his numerous family in advantageous posts and profitable alliances.

Though he had been solicitor and attorney general, he was by no means what is called a prerogative lawyer. He loved the constitution, and maintained the just prerogative of the crown, but without stretching it to the oppression of the people.

He was naturally humane, moderate, and decent; and when, by his former employments, he was obliged to prosecute state-criminals, he discharged that duty in a very different manner from most of his predecessors, who were too justly called the "blood-hounds of the crown."

He was a cheerful and instructive companion, humane in his nature, decent in his manners, unstained with any vice (avarice excepted), a very great magistrate, but by no means a great minister.

Chesterfield.

§ 126. *Character of the Duke of NEWCASTLE.*

The Duke of Newcastle will be so often mentioned in the history of these times, and with so strong a bias either for or against him, that I resolved, for the sake of truth, to draw his character with my usual impartiality: for as he had been a minister for above forty years together, and in the last ten years of that period first minister, he had full time to oblige one half of the nation, and to offend the other.

We were cotemporaries, near relations, and familiar acquaintances; sometimes well and sometimes ill together, according to the several variations of political affairs, which know no relations, friends, or acquaintances.

The public opinion put him below his level: for though he had no superior parts, or eminent talents, he had a most indefatigable industry, a perseverance, a court craft, a servile compliance with the will of his sovereign for the time being; which qualities, with only a common share of common sense, will carry a man sooner and more safely through the dark labyrinths of a court, than the most shining

parts

parts would do, without those meaner talents.

He was good-natured to a degree of weakness, even to tears, upon the slightest occasions. Exceedingly timorous, both personally and politically, dreading the least innovation, and keeping, with a scrupulous timidity, in the beaten track of business, as having the safest bottom.

I will mention one instance of this disposition, which, I think, will set it in the strongest light. When I brought the bill into the house of lords, for correcting and amending the calendar, I gave him previous notice of my intentions: he was alarmed at so bold an undertaking, and conjured me not to stir matters that had been long quiet; adding, that he did not love new-fangled things. I did not, however, yield to the cogency of these arguments, but brought in the bill, and it passed unanimously. From such weaknesses it necessarily follows, that he could have no great ideas, nor elevation of mind.

His ruling, or rather his only, passion was, the agitation, the bustle, and the hurry of business, to which he had been accustomed above forty years; but he was as dilatory in dispatching it, as he was eager to engage in it. He was always in a hurry, never walked, but always run, inasmuch that I have sometimes told him, that by his swiftness one should rather take him for the courier than the author of the letters.

He was as jealous of his power as an impotent lover of his mistress, without activity of mind enough to enjoy or exert it, but could not bear a share even in the appearances of it.

His levees were his pleasure, and his triumph; he loved to have them crowded, and consequently they were so: there he made people of business wait two or three hours in the anti-chamber, while he trifled away that time with some insignificant favourites in his closet. When at last he came into his levee-room, he accosted, hugged, embraced, and promised every body, with a seeming cordiality, but at the same time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity.

He was exceedingly disinterested: very profuse of his own fortune, and abhorring all those means, too often used by persons in his station, either to gratify their avarice, or to supply their prodigality; for he retired from business in the year 1762, above

four hundred thousand pounds poorer than when he first engaged in it.

Upon the whole, he was a compound of most human weaknesses, but untainted with any vice or crime. *Chesefield.*

§ 127. *Character of the Duke of BEDFORD.*

The Duke of Bedford was more considerable for his rank and immense fortune, than for either his parts or his virtues.

He had rather more than a common share of common sense, but with a head so wrong-turned, and so invincibly obdurate, that the share of parts which he had was of little use to him, and very troublesome to others.

He was passionate, though obdurate; and, though both, was always governed by some low dependants; who had art enough to make him believe that he governed them.

His manners and address were exceedingly illiberal; he had neither the talent nor the desire of pleasing.

In speaking in the house, he had an inelegant flow of words, but not without some reasoning, matter, and method.

He had no amiable qualities; but he had no vicious nor criminal ones: he was much below thining, but above contempt in any character.

In short, he was a Duke of a respectable family, and with a very great estate.

§ 128. *Another Character.*

The Duke of Bedford is indeed a very considerable man. The highest rank, a splendid fortune, and a name glorious till it was his, were sufficient to have supported him with meaner abilities than he possessed. The use he made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honourable to himself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. The eminence of his station gave him a commanding prospect of his duty. The road which led to honour was open to his view. He could not lose it by mistake, and he had no temptation to depart from it by design.

An independent, virtuous Duke of Bedford, would never prostitute his dignity in parliament by an indecent violence, either in oppressing or defending a minister: he would not at one moment rancorously persecute, at another basely cringe to the favourite

vourite of his sovereign. Though deceived perhaps in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind: his own honour would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamesters, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to, the humiliating necessity of engaging in the interest and intrigues of his dependants; of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expence of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt of the constitution, as openly to avow in a court of justice the purchase and sale of a borough. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict him with a domestic misfortune, he would submit to the stroke with feeling, but not without dignity; and not look for, or find, an immediate consolation for the loss of an only son in consultations and empty bargains for a place at court, nor in the misery of balloting at the India house.

The Duke's history began to be important at that auspicious period, at which he was deputed to the court of Versailles. It was an honourable office, and was executed with the same spirit with which it was accepted. His patrons wanted an ambassador who would submit to make concessions:—their business required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity, as for the welfare of his country; and they found him in the first rank of the nobility.

Junius.

§ 129. *Character of Mr. HENRY FOX, afterwards Lord Holland.*

Mr. Henry Fox was a younger brother of the lowest extraction. His father, Sir Stephen Fox, made a considerable fortune, somehow or other, and left him a fair younger brother's portion, which he soon spent in the common vices of youth, gaming included: this obliged him to travel for some time.

When he returned, though by education a Jacobite, he attached himself to Sir Robert Walpole, and was one of his ablest allies. He had no fixed principles either of religion or morality, and was too unwary in ridiculing and exposing them.

He had very great abilities and indefatigable industry in business; great skill in

managing, that is, in corrupting, the heads of commons; and a wonderful dexterity in attaching individuals to himself. He promoted, encouraged, and practised their vices; he gratified their avarice, or supplied their profusion. He wisely and punctually performed whatever he promised, and most liberally rewarded their attachment and dependence. By these, and all other means that can be imagined, he made himself many personal friends and political dependants.

He was a most disagreeable speaker in parliament, inelegant in his language, hesitating and ungraceful in his elocution, but skilful in discerning the temper of the house, and in knowing when and how to press, or to yield.

A constant good-humour and seeming frankness made him a welcome companion in social life, and in all domestic relations he was good-natured. As he advanced in life, his ambition became subservient to his avarice. His early profusion and dissipation had made him feel the many inconveniences of want, and, as it often happens, carried him to the contrary and worse extreme of corruption and rapine. *Rem, quocunque modo venit*, became his maxim, which he observed (I will not say religiously and scrupulously, but) invariably and shamefully.

He had not the least notion of, or regard for, the public good or the constitution, but despised those cares as the objects of narrow minds, or the pretences of interested ones: and he lived, as Brutus died, calling virtue only a name.

Chesterfield.

§ 130. *Character of Mr. PITT.*

Mr. Pitt owed his rise to the most considerable posts and power in this kingdom singly to his own abilities; in him they supplied the want of birth and fortune, which latter in others too often supply the want of the former. He was a younger brother of a very new family, and his fortune only an annuity of one hundred pounds a year.

The army was his original destination, and a cornetcy of horse his first and only commission in it. Thus, unassisted by favour or fortune, he had no powerful protector to introduce him into business, and (if I may use that expression) to do the honours of his parts; but their own strength was fully sufficient.

His constitution refused him the usual pleasures,

pleasures, and his genius forbade him the idle dissipations of youth; for so early as at the age of sixteen, he was the martyr of an hereditary gout. He therefore employed the leisure which that tedious and painful distemper either procured or allowed him, in acquiring a great fund of premature and useful knowledge. Thus, by the unaccountable relation of causes and effects, what seemed the greatest misfortune of his life was, perhaps, the principal cause of its splendor.

His private life was stained by no vices, nor sullied by any meannesses. All his sentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling passion was an unbounded ambition, which, when supported by great abilities, and crowned by great success, make what the world calls "a great man." He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and overbearing; qualities which too often accompany, but always clog, great ones.

He had manners and address; but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. He was a most agreeable and lively companion in social life; and had such a versatility of wit, that he could adapt it to all sorts of conversation. He had also a most happy turn to poetry, but he seldom indulged, and seldom avowed it.

He came young into parliament, and upon that great theatre soon equalled the oldest and the ablest actors. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as in the declamatory way; but his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such energy of diction, and stern dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him*; their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrunk under the ascendancy which his genius gained over them.

In that assembly, where the public good is so much talked of, and private interest singly pursued, he set out with acting the patriot, and performed that part so nobly, that he was adopted by the public as their chief, or rather only unsuspected, champion.

The weight of his popularity, and his universally acknowledged abilities, obtruded him upon King George II. to whom he was personally obnoxious. He was made

* Hume, Campbell, and Lord Chief Justice Mansfield.

secretary of State: in this difficult and delicate situation, which one would have thought must have reduced either the patriot or the minister to a decisive option, he managed with such ability, that while he served the king more effectually in his most unwarrantable electoral views, than any former minister, however willing, had dared to do, he still preserved all his credit and popularity with the public; whom he assured and convinced, that the protection and defence of Hanover, with an army of seventy-five thousand men in British pay, was the only possible method of securing our possessions or acquisitions in North America. So much easier is it to deceive than to undeceive mankind.

His own disinterestedness, and even contempt of money, smoothed his way to power, and prevented or silenced a great deal of that envy which commonly attends it. Most men think that they have an equal natural right to riches, and equal abilities to make the proper use of them; but not very many of them have the impudence to think themselves qualified for power.

Upon the whole, he will make a great and shining figure in the annals of this country, notwithstanding the blot which his acceptance of three thousand pounds per annum pension for three lives, on his voluntary resignation of the seals in the first year of the present king, must make in his character, especially as to the disinterested part of it. However, it must be acknowledged, that he had those qualities which none but a great man can have, with a mixture of those failings which are the common lot of wretched and imperfect human nature.

Chesterfield.

§ 131. *Another Character.*

Mr. Pitt had been originally designed for the army, in which he actually bore a commission; but fate reserved him for a more important station. In point of fortune he was barely qualified to be elected member of parliament, when he obtained a seat in the house of commons, where he soon outshone all his compatriots. He displayed a surprising extent and precision of political knowledge, and irresistible energy of argument, and such power of elocution as struck his hearers with astonishment and admiration: it flashed like the lightning of heaven against the ministers and sons of corruption, blasting where it struck, and withering the nerves of opposition; but his more substantial praise was founded upon his

his disinterested integrity, his incorruptible heart, his unconquerable spirit of independence, and his invariable attachment to the interest and liberty of his country.

Smollett.

§ 132. *Another Character.*

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind over-awed majesty, and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite: and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unfilled by its intercourts, he came occasionally into our system, to council and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an aria in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of De-

mosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation; nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion, but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

Anonymous.

§ 133. *Another Character.*

Lord Chatham is a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

—Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus, et multum nomine quod proderat urbi.

The venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind, and, more than all the rest, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him: let those who have betrayed him by their adulation, insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure, I may have leave to lament.

For a wise man, he seemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims: one or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself; and for that reason, among others, perhaps fatal to his country; measures, the effects of which I am afraid are for ever incurable. He made an administration so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically

dove-

dove-tailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic, such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name, &c." It so happened, that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to each other in their lives; until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.

In consequence of this arrangement having put so much the larger part of his enemies and opposers into power, the confusion was such that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand upon: when he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer a minister.

When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, in various departments of ministry, with a confidence in him which was justified, even in its extravagance, by his superior abilities, had never in any instance presumed on any opinion of their own; deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every gulf, and easily driven into any port; and as those who joined with them in manning the vessel were the most directly opposite to his opinions, measures, and character, and far the most artful and most powerful of the set, they easily prevailed, so as to seize upon the most vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends, and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of the course of his policy. As if it were to insult as well as to betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when every thing was publicly transacted, and with great parade, in his name, they made an act, declaring it high-

ly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, even before the splendid orb was entirely set, and while the western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary (Charles Townshend) and for his hour became lord of the ascendant, who was officially the reproducer of the fatal scheme, the unfortunate act to tax America for a revenue. *Edm. Burke.*

§ 134. *Mr. PULTENEY'S Speech on the Motion for reducing the Army.*

Sir,

We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year; I have always been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing; whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle. The rations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means: by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties; it is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the example of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men, we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a

braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever any army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country, yet that army enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under-officers, are not to be depended on: by the military law the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander; he must not consult his own inclinations: if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least crumpling. And if an officer were sent into the count of requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with sciewed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this house; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby; but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in the house, or in any house of commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things: I talk of what has happened to an English house of commons, and from an English army: not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very house of commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of parliament will always be submissive to them; if any army be so numerous as to have it in their power to over-awe the parliament, they will be submissive as long as the parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general; but when that case happens, I am afraid that in place of the parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that parliament, or of that army alter the case; for, with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the parliament dismissed by them was a legal parliament; they were an army raised and maintained according to law, and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of

those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever, for the Protestant succession, must be continuing the army: for that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the Protestant succession in his majesty's most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be lasting, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary successions. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A collier, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers?

We are told this army is desired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How absurd is this distinction? Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the most absolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the standing armies of those countries which have already submitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his majesty's own mouth we are assured of a profound tranquillity abroad, we know there is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if these circumstances do not afford us a safe opportunity for reducing at least a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to see any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, must be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually supporting a numerous standing army; and remain for ever exposed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future king or ministry, who shall take it in their heads to do so, and shall take a proper care to model the army for that purpose.

§ 135. *Sir JOHN ST. AUBIN'S Speech for repealing the Septennial Act.*

Mr. Speaker.

The subject matter of this debate is of such importance, that I should be ashamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the best manner I am able, to declare publicly the reasons which induced me to give my most ready assent to this question.

The people have an unquestionable right to frequent new parliaments by ancient usage; and this usage has been confirmed by several laws which have been progressively made by our ancestors, as often as they found it necessary to insist on this essential privilege.

Parliaments were generally annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every restraint; the laws of God and man full equally a sacrifice, as they stood in the way of his avarice, or disappointed his ambition: he therefore introduced long parliaments, because he very well knew that they would become the proper instruments of both; and what a slavish obedience they paid to all his measures is sufficiently known.

If we come to the reign of King Charles the First, we must acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper; he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune; he was led from his natural disposition by sycophants and flatterers; they advised him to neglect the calling of frequent new parliaments, and therefore, by not taking the constant sense of his people in what he did, he was worked up into so high a notion of prerogative, that the commons, in order to restrain it, obtained that independent fatal power, which at last unhappily brought him to his most tragical end, and at the same time subverted the whole constitution; and I hope we shall learn this lesson from it, never to compliment the crown with any extraordinary powers, nor to deny the people those rights which by ancient usage they are entitled to; but to preserve the just and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual security, and which, if duly observed, will render our constitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

King Charles the Second naturally took

a suseit of parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely desirous to lay them aside: but this was a scheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did so; for he obtained a parliament which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became so exactly disciplined to his own measures, that they knew no other command but from that person who gave them their pay.

This was a safe and most ingenious way of enslaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here; the people were amused with the specious form of their ancient constitution: it existed, indeed, in their fancy; but, like a mere phantom, had no substance nor reality in it: for the power, the authority, the dignity of parliaments were wholly lost. This was that remarkable parliament which so justly obtained the opprobrious name of the Pension Parliament; and was the model from which, I believe, some later parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the Revolution, the people made a sixth claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had so lately experienced the misfortune of long and servile parliaments, it was then declared, that they should be held frequently. But, it seems, their full meaning was not understood by this declaration; and, therefore, as in every new settlement the intention of all parties should be specifically manifested, the parliament never ceased struggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained: the preamble of it is extremely full and strong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared* before *enacted*, by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of their first meaning, and therefore stands a part of that original contract under which the constitution was then settled. His majesty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract; and if upon a review there shall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as so many injuries done to that title. And I dare say, that this house, which has gone through so long a series of services to his majesty, will at last be willing to revert to those original stated measures of government, to renew and strengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the septennial law was first introduced, is a

very strong reason why it should be repealed. People, in their fears, have very often recourse to desperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in season, will themselves prove fatal to that constitution which they were meant to secure. Such is the nature of the septennial law; it was intended only as a preservative against a temporary inconvenience: the inconvenience is removed, but the mischievous effects still continue; for it not only altered the constitution of parliaments, but it extended that same parliament beyond its natural duration; and therefore carries this most unjust implication with it, That you may at any time usurp the most indubitable, the most essential privilege of the people, I mean that of choosing their own representatives: a precedent of such a dangerous consequence, of so fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our statute-book, if that law was any longer to subsist, which might record it to posterity.

This is a season of virtue and public spirit; let us take advantage of it to repeal those laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce such as may restore the vigour of our ancient constitution.

Human nature is so very corrupt, that all obligations lose their force, unless they are frequently renewed: long parliaments become therefore independent of the people, and when they do so, there always happens a most dangerous dependence elsewhere.

Long parliaments give the minister an opportunity of getting acquaintance with members, of practising his several arts to win them into his schemes. This must be the work of time. Corruption is of so base a nature, that at first sight it is extremely shocking; hardly any one has submitted to it all at once: his disposition must be previously understood, the particular bait must be found out with which he is to be allured, and after all, it is not without many struggles that he surrenders his virtue. Indeed, there are some who will at once plunge themselves into any base action; but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leisurely degrees; one or two perhaps have deserted their colours the first campaign, some have done it a second; but a great many, who have not that eager disposition to vice, will wait till a third.

For this reason, short parliaments have been less corrupt than long ones; they are

observed, like streams of water, always to grow more impure the greater distance they run from the fountain-head.

I am aware it may be said, that frequent new parliaments will produce frequent new expences; but I think quite the contrary: I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy against the evil of bribery at elections, especially as you have provided so wholesome a law to co-operate upon these occasions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it arise? not from country gentlemen, for they are sure of being chosen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt ministers, who have from time to time led weak princes into such destructive measures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural representation of the people. Long parliaments, Sir, first introduced bribery, because they were worth purchasing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to serve, are unable to oppose it, especially if at any time the public treasure shall be unfaithfully squandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make some weak efforts, but as they generally prove unsuccessful, and the time of a fresh struggle is at so great a distance, they at last grow faint in the dispute, give up their country for lost, and retire in despair; despair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper disposition for slavery. Ministers of state understand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections. They know that the spirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by constant action, that it is impossible to enslave this nation, while it is perpetually upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themselves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raise that zeal and spirit, which will at last get the better of those undue influences by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the several boroughs, have been able to supplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood.—I do not say this upon idle speculation only: I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the house, to more out of it, (and who are so for this very reason) for the truth of my assertion. Sir

it is a sore which has been long eating into the most vital part of our constitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom. For if a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs; if he should keep a register of them in his closet, and, by sending down his treasury mandates, should procure a numerous representation of the people, the clearing of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and justify the most contradictory measures of his administration, and even to vote every crude indigested dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of parliamentary trust, by giving the king a discretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or control; the last fatal compliment they can pay to the crown;—if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place, where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them.

Our disease, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wisely intended to remove the first and principal disorder. Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will restore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our constitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot express a greater zeal for his Majesty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this house, than by seconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

§ 136. *Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's Reply.*

Mr. Speaker,

Though the question has been already so fully opposed, that there is no great occasion to say any thing farther against it, yet I hope the house will indulge me the liberty of giving some of those reasons which induce me to be against the motion. In general, I must take notice, that the nature of our constitution seems to be very much mistaken by the gentlemen who have spoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixed government, and the perfection of our constitution consists in this, that the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical form of

government, are mixt and interwoven in ours, so as to give us all the advantages of each, without subjecting us to the dangers and inconveniences of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occasion to take notice of, is liable to the ten inconveniences;—that they are generally too tedious in their coming to any resolution, and seldom brisk and expeditious enough in carrying their resolutions into execution: that they are always wavering in their resolutions, and never steady in any of the measures they resolve to pursue; and that they are often involved in factions, seditions, and insurrections, which expose them to be made the tools, if not the prey, of their neighbours: therefore, in all regulations we make with respect to our constitution, we are to guard against running too much into that form of government, which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect, if ever it should be restored.

That triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their resolves, is evident; because, in such case, no prudent administration would ever resolve upon any measure of consequence till they had felt not only the pulse of the parliament, but the pulse of the people; and the ministers of state would always labour under this disadvantage, that, as secrets of state must not be immediately divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for exposing their measures, and rendering them disagreeable to the people, and thereby carrying perhaps a new election against them, before they could have an opportunity of justifying their measures, by divulging those facts and circumstances, from whence the justice and the wisdom of their measures would clearly appear.

Then, Sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country, are apt to be too much elated with success, and too much dejected with every misfortune: this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of state, and never long of the same mind; and as this House is chosen by the free and unbiassed voice of the people in general, if this choice were so often renewed, we might expect that this house would be as wavering, and as unsteady, as the people usually are: and it being impossible to carry on the public affairs of the nation without the

concurrent

concurrence of this house, the ministers would always be obliged to comply, and consequently would be obliged to change their measures, as often as the people changed their minds.

With septennial parliaments, Sir, we are not exposed to either of these misfortunes, because, if the ministers, after having felt the pulse of the parliament, which they can always soon do, resolve upon any measures, they have generally time enough, before the new elections come on, to give the people a proper information, in order to shew them the justice and the wisdom of the measures they have pursued; and if the people should at any time be too much elated, or too much dejected, or should without a cause change their minds, those at the helm of affairs have time to set them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and sedition, Sir, I will grant, that, in monarchical and aristocratical governments, it generally arises from violence and oppression; but, in democratical governments, it always arises from the people's having too great a share in the government. For in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet spirits, who can never be at rest either in power or out of power: when in power, they are never easy, unless every man submits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing against those that are in, without any regard to justice, or to the interest of their country. In popular governments such men have too much game, they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impression of, and to raise discontents against, those that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and these discontents often break out into seditions and insurrections. This, Sir, would in my opinion be our misfortune, if our parliament were either annual or triennial: by such frequent elections there would be so much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would destroy that equal mixture which is the beauty of our constitution: in short, our government would really become a democratical government, and might from thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preserve our constitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preserve that law, which I really think has brought our constitution

to a more equal mixture, and consequently to a greater perfection, than it was ever in before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were possible to influence, by such base means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain to chuse such men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were possible to influence, by such means, a majority of the members of this house to consent to the establishment of arbitrary power; I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other side were just, and their inference true; but I am persuaded that neither of these is possible. As the members of this house generally are, and must always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it possible to suppose, that any one of them could, by a pension, or a post, be influenced to consent to the overthrow of our constitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that, with respect to bribery, the price must be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it must likewise be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the spirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think themselves in any danger, there may be many of the electors, who, by a bribe of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper spirit would, without doubt, arise in the nation; and in such a case, I am persuaded, that none, or very few, even of such electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate; no, not for ten times the sum.

There may, Sir, be some bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be some: but it is no proof of it, that strangers are sometimes chosen; for a gentleman may have so much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to chuse any person he pleases to recommend; and if upon such recommendation they chuse one or two of his friends, who are perhaps strangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred, that the two strangers were chosen their representatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To

To insinuate, Sir, that money may be issued from the public treasury for bribing elections, is really something very extraordinary, especially in those gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every shilling that can be issued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public service of the nation, must always be accounted for the very next session, in this house, and likewise in the other, if they have a mind to call for any such account. And as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having something else to depend on besides their own private fortunes, they have likewise many disadvantages: they are obliged to live here at London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expence than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country: this lays them under a very great disadvantage, with respect to the supporting their interest in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchasing the necessaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correspondence with them, without putting himself to any extraordinary charge; whereas a gentleman who lives in London has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correspondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a year, at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other business; so that we may conclude, a gentleman in office cannot, even in seven years, save much for distributing in ready money at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly enquired into, it would appear, that the gentlemen in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other set of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often raising among the people without any just cause, is what I am surpris'd to hear controverted, since very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation towards the latter end of the late queen's reign? And it is well known what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at least confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation soon after his late majesty's accession? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have

had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wisely provided against by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

As such ferments may hereafter often happen, I must think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reason, as far as I can see at present, I shall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the septennial bill.

§ 137. *Lord LYTTLETON's Speech on the Repeal of the Act, called the Jew Bill, in the Year 1753.*

Mr. Speaker.

I see no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we passed the last session, for the naturalization of Jews, because I am convinced, that in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew will think it expedient to take the benefit of that act; and therefore the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I assented to it last year, in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among us: in that light I saw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but that any man alive could be zealous, either for or against it, I confess I had no idea. What affects our religion is, indeed, of the highest and most serious importance: God forbid we should ever be indifferent about that! but I thought this had no more to do with religion, than any turnpike-act we passed in that session; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but, it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to resist: and there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration, than obduracy in trifles. Public wisdom, on some occasions, must condescend to give way to popular folly, especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government, a prudent and honest ministry will indulge a small folly, and will resist a great one. Not to vouchsafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would discover an ignorance in human nature; not to resist the latter at all times would be meanness and ferocity.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at present debating, not as a sacrifice made to popularity (for it sacrifices nothing) but as a prudent regard to some consequences arising from the nature of the clamour raised against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigoted pleasures, that furious, that impetuous, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state. But from the ill-understood, insignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to inspire idle fear into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of parliament, to disappoint those endowments. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant, than the benevolent spirit of the Gospel, and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself not a Christian. Christianity, Sir, breathes love, and peace, and good-will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion, has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is hazard at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm, which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived and raised to a flame. The act of legislation for naturalizing Jews, has very unexpectably administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the hier-

archy, have separate interests; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happiness, that here they are but one system. While this harmony lasts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the state; whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its strength, and shakes the whole constitution.

Sir, I trust and believe that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that clamour which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church, for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they should repose that respect which is so justly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself. But if the departing from the measure, should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and, therefore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe concession, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakness in government: it might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorize it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and to the end of the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the Anti-Christian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a charter of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care, that they may never return.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, &c.

WITH OTHER

HUMOROUS, FACETIOUS, AND ENTERTAINING PIECES.

§ 1. *The Story of LE FEVRE.*

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe.—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard;—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty pistol in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any more; till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast.—*I think,* said he, taking my hand from his forehead, *I should forget me.*

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord—*I would almost treat it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.*—*I hope in God he will fill me,* continued he—*we are all of us concerned for him.*

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and

tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow.—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host;—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again:—Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father: he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day;—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little, says my uncle Toby.—

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he

had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin,—I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known too much of this affair—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:—How shall we manage it?—Leave it, an' please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaille a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll

fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it—“Your honour is good:”—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence,—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long:—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him: for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the tin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old foldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a foldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here.

—I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing

blowing his nose.—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast:—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate;—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water.—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harrassing others to-morrow:—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was

piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fufs and hypocrisy.—Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not, and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me,—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was.—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose

whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—the I well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice.—Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby with a deep sigh.—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon;—'Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young Le Feuvre rose from out the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders.—But alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves.—That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counter-scarp: and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade.—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French

king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what Trim,—In the first place, when thou made an offer of my services to Le Feuvre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders;—True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,—thou shouldst have offered him my house too.—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him;—thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an't please your honour, in the world, said the corporal.—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.—An't please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave.—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A well-o'd boy,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die.—He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed

as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—My uncle Toby went to his bureau, —put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair, by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, on—asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?—and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been conceiving with the corporal the night before for him.

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, —not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the good-nature of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, super-added, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son instinctively pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back, the firm forehead his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face.—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—as never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again,—the

film returned to its place,—the pulse flutter'd—stopp'd—went on—throb'd—stopp'd again—mov'd—stopp'd—shall I go on?—No.

Sterne.

§ 2. YORICK'S Death.

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius slept in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, Yorick, said he.—Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand,—and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him,—my dear last, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough of thee left to make a bishop,—and that I may live to see it.—I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,—his right being still grasped close in the clasp of Eugenius.—I beseech thee to take a view of my head.—I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so banded and misshapen with the blows which have been to me so solemnly given me in the dark, that I might fry with Sancho Panza, that should I recover, and "pieces" thereupon be suffered to rain "down" from heaven as thick as hail, not "one of them would fit it."—Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and as he spoke it, his

gave

genius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakspeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeezed his hand,——and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,——he then closed them——and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble-slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph, and elegy——

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him;——a foot-way crolling the church-yard close by his grave,——not a passenger goes by, without stopping to cast a look upon it,——and sighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

Sterne.

§ 3. *The Story of ALCANDER and SEPTIMIUS. Taken from a Byzantine Historian.*

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together: the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum, the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after

passing the first part of his youth in the indulgence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love: and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius: in a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge, or prator.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced

commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning awaked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, fallenood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence, and thus, lowering with resolution he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still further increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal; Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted: shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

§ 4. *The Monk.*

A poor Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a single sou, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—let myself a little more upon my centre,

centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The Monk, as I judge from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a Monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and as it now stands, present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order;—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it—

—A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single sou.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their resource who have

no other but the charity of the world, the flock of which, I fear, is no way furnished for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words, "great claims," he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be carried in the world with so little industry, that you order should wish to procure them by putting upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the order of Mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my postulant, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the relief of the unfortunate. The Monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore.—The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent.—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shew'd none—but letting his staff fall within his arms, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door.—What said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed without the addition of unkind language—I considered his every look—

hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me, what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just let out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

Sterne.

§ 5. *Sir Bertrand. A Fragment.*

———Sir Bertrand, turned his steed towards the woods, hoping to escape these *desolate moors* before the sunrise. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he was at length come uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of these nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendour from her veil, and then instantly retired behind it; having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage awhile urged him to push forward, but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dejected moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pit, and bogs, and alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture, when the sudden toll of a distant bell struck his ears—he started up, and turning towards the sound, discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was stopped by a moated ditch, surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpse of moon light he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A drawbridge, with a ruinous gate-way at each end, led to the court before the building. He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the

same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed, and approaching the house, traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps—All was still as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a maffy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke—the noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again—he repeated the strokes more boldly and louder—another interval of silence ensued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still. He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front—It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away, as before—at the same instant a deep sudden toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—he was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed—but shame stopped his flight; and urged by honour, and a restless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his shoulder to it, and forced it open—he quitted it, and stepped forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large stair-case, a pale bluish flame, which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and after a moment's deliberation ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror, tracing lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps flattered him. It led him to the foot of another stair-case, and then vanished—At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand

Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness, and with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless with his—He dropt it, and rushed forwards with a desperate valour. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to shew the nature of the place—Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room, on both sides, were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habit, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady,

and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil, and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendour, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the knight, and falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast: delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words: —

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Aikin's Mischel.

§ 9. On Human Grandeur.

An alchouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout: at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction

satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal; and, turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "*Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen, patibulum inter et statuum.*" "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands: for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet: her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting at his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give my lord-mayor?"

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that

wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of commonplace, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller of the works of the immortal Xixosou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has he failed to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best cloaths for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail: the rhymist, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? no times so important as our own! ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bulging and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by news-papers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with

scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-Street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations in herring-fishery.

Geldinulb.

§ 7. *A Dialogue between Mr. Addison and Dr. Swift.*

Dr. Swift. Surely, Addison, Fortune was exceedingly bent upon playing the fool (a humour her ladyship, as well as most other ladies of very great quality, is frequently in) when she made you a minister of state, and me a divine!

Addison. I must confess we were both of us out of our elements. But you do not mean to insinuate, that, if our destinies had been reversed, all would have been right?

Swift. Yes, I do—You would have made an excellent bishop, and I should have governed Great Britain as I did Ireland, with an absolute sway, while I talked of nothing but liberty, property, and so forth.

Addison. You governed the mob of Ireland; but I never heard that you governed the kingdom. A nation and a mob are different things.

Swift. Aye, so you fellows that have no genius for politics may suppose. But there are times when, by putting himself at the head of the mob, an able man may get to the head of the nation. Nay, there are times when the nation itself is a mob, and may be treated as such by a skilful observer.

Addison. I do not deny the truth of your axiom: but is there no danger that, from the vicissitudes of human affairs, the favourite of the mob should be mobbed in his turn?

Swift. Sometimes there may; but I risked it, and it answered my purpose. Ask the lord-lieutenants, who were forced to pay court to me instead of my counting them, whether they did not feel my superiority. And if I could make myself so considerable when I was only a dirty dean of St. Patrick's, without a seat in either

house of parliament, what should I have done if fortune had placed me in England, unincumbered with a gown, and in a situation to make myself heard in the house of lords or of commons?

Addison. You would doubtless have done very marvellous acts! perhaps you might have then been as zealous a wai as lord Wharton himself; or, if the whigs had offended the statesman, as they unpleasantly did the doctor, who knows but you might have brought in the Pretender? Pray let me ask you one question, between you and me: If you had been first minister under that prince, would you have tolerated the Protestant religion, or not?

Swift. Ha! Mr. Secretary, are you witty upon me? Do you think, because Sunderland took a fancy to make you a great man in the state, that he could also make you as great in wit as nature made me? No, no; wit is like grace, it must come from above. You can no more get that from the king, than my lords the bishops can the other. And though I will own you had some, yet believe me, my friend, it was no match for mine. I think you have not vanity enough to pretend to a competition with me.

Addison. I have been often told by my friends that I was rather too modest; so, if you please, I will not decide this dispute for myself, but refer it to Mercury, the god of wit, who happens just now to be coming this way, with a soul he has newly brought to the shades.

Hail, divine Hermes! A question of precedence in the class of wit and humour, over which you preside, having arisen between me and my countryman, Dr. Swift, we beg leave—

Mercury. Dr. Swift, I rejoice to see you.—How does my old lad? How does honest Lemuel Gulliver? Have you been in Lilliput lately, or in the Flying Island, or with your good nurse Glumdalclitch? Pray, when did you eat a crust with Lord Peter? Is Jack as mad still as ever? I hear the poor fellow is almost got well by more gentle usage. If he had but more food he would be as much in his senses as brother Martin himself. But Martin, they tell me, has spawned a strange brood of fellows, called Methodists, Moravians, Hutchinsonians, who are madder than Jack was in his worst days. It is a pity you are not alive again to be at them: they would be excellent food for your tooth; and a sharp tooth it was, as ever was placed in the

the gum of a mortal; aye, and a strong one too. The hardest food would not break it, and it could pierce the thickest skulls. Indeed it was like one of Cerberus's teeth: one should not have thought it belonged to a man.—Mr. Addison, I beg your pardon, I should have spoken to you sooner; but I was so struck with the sight of the doctor, that I forgot for a time the respects due to you.

Swift. Addison, I think our dispute is decided before the judge has heard the cause.

Addison. I own it is in your favour, and I submit—but—

Mercury. Do not be discouraged, friend Addison. Apollo perhaps would have given a different judgment. I am a wit, and a rogue, and a foe to all dignity. Swift and I naturally like one another: he worships me more than Jupiter, and I honour him more than Homer; but yet, I assure you, I have a great value for you.—Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Honeycomb, Will Wimble, the country gentleman in the freeholder, and twenty more characters, drawn with the finest strokes of natural wit and humour in your excellent writings, set you very high in the class of my authors, though not quite so high as the dean of St. Patrick's. Perhaps you might have come nearer to him, if the decency of your nature and cautiousness of your judgment would have given you leave. But if in the force and spirit of his wit he has the advantage, how much does he yield to you in all the polite and elegant graces; in the fine touches of delicate sentiment; in developing the secret springs of the soul; in throwing the mild lights and shades of a character; in marking distinctly every line, and every soft gradation of tints which would escape the common eye! Who ever painted like you the beautiful parts of human nature, and brought them out from under the shade even of the greatest simplicity, or the most ridiculous weaknesses; so that we are forced to admire, and feel that we venerate, even while we are laughing? Swift could do nothing that approaches to this.—He could draw an ill face very well, or caricature a good one with a masterly hand; but there was all his power; and, if I am to speak as a god, a worthless power it is. Yours is divine: it tends to improve and exalt human nature.

Swift. Pray, good Mercury, (if I may have leave to say a word for myself) do

you think that my talent was of no use to correct human nature? Is whipping of no use to mend naughty boys?

Mercury. Men are not so patient of whipping as boys, and I seldom have known a rough fustian mend them. But I will allow that you have done some good in that way, though not half so much as Addison did in his. And now you are here, if Pluto and Proserpine would take my advice, they should dispose of you both in this manner:—When any hero comes hither from earth, who wants to be humbled, (as most heroes do) they should set Swift upon him to bring him down. The same good office he may frequently do to a saint swollen too much with the wind of spiritual pride, or to a philosopher, vain of his wisdom and virtue. He will soon shew the first that he cannot be holy without being humble; and the last, that with all his boasted morality, he is but a better kind of Yahoo. I would also have him apply his anticosmetic wash to the painted face of female vanity, and his rod, which draws blood at every stroke, to the hard back of insolent folly or petulant wit. But you, Mr. Addison, should be employed to comfort and raise the spirits of those whose good and noble souls are dejected with a sense of some infirmities in their nature. To them you should hold your fair and charitable mirror, which would bring to their sight all their hidden perfections, cast over the rest a softening shade, and put them in a temper fit for Elysium.—Adieu: I must now return to my business above.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 8. *The Hall of Science. A Vision.*

In that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose

a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; inasmuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more: while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend further, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many who were tost up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves.

The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office it was to cheer the spirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting steps with songs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers springing up in the greatest luxuriance, of richer scents and brighter colours than I had observed in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, so artificially shaded, that the light at noonday was never stronger than that of a bright moon-shine. This gave it a pleasingly romantic air for those who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the statue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muse.

After I had observed these things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent, and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and something fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain; and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure waivered in the valley he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made so many excursions from the road, that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the Muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned aside her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a slow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he saw most of those below him who had at first derided his slow and toilsome progress. Indeed there were few who ascended the hill with equal and uninterrupted steadiness; for, beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually solicited to turn aside by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Passions, and Pleasures, whose importunity, when they had once complied

complied with, they became less and less able to resist; and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt, the hill appeared more steep and rugged, the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing seemed harsh and ill-tasted, their sight grew dim, and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprize, that the Muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of Pleasure, and accompany those who were enticed away at the call of the Passions; they accompanied them; however, but a little way, and always forsook them when they lost sight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without resistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for so she was called) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herself with retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to slide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placid serenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Insignificance; a dark and sluggish water, which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead sea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence.

The captives of Appetite and Passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or asleep to escape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted, and seldom resisted, till resistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddesses seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, said I, are they who are permitted to ascend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I saw standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, said she, are those whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of Content! What, said I, does Virtue then reside in the vale? I am found, said she, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity!—While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

Akun's Mission.

§ 9. On the Love of Life.

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, encreases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution encreasing, our years encrease, fear becomes a prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensati assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those

which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long prospective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gambler, every new disappointment encreases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this encreased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, encreases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us, encreases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not chuse," says a French Philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinwang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now

"lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendor of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead; and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only encreases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have gotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life faces the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; it justly has been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it, husband the wasting treasure with encreasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable." This thought embittered

bitter! every reflection; till, at last, with all the ferocity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society by his future affidui, which he basely injured by his desertion.

Goldsmith.

§ 10. *The Canal and the Brook.*
A Revertie.

A delightfully pleasant evening succeeding a sultry summer-day, invited me to take a solitary walk; and, leaving the dust of the highway, I fell into a path which led along a pleasant little valley watered by a small meandering brook. The meadow ground on its banks had been lately mown, and the new grass was springing up with a lively verdure. The brook was hid in several places by the shrubs that grew on each side, and intermingled their branches. The sides of the valley were roughened by small irregular thickets; and the whole scene had an air of solitude and retirement, uncommon in the neighbourhood of a populous town. The Duke of Bridgewater's canal crossed the valley, high raised on a mound of earth, which preserve^d a level with the elevated ground on each side. An arched road was cutted under it, beneath which the brook that ran along the valley was conveyed by a subterraneous passage. I threw myself upon a green bank, shaded by a leafy thicket, and resting my head upon my hand, this welcome indolence had overcome my mind; I was, with the eyes of fancy, in the following scene.

The firm-built side of the aqueduct suddenly opened, and a gigantic form issued forth, which I soon discovered to be the Genius of the Canal. He was clad in a robe of garment of richest hue. A mural crown, indented with buttlements, surmounted his brow. His naked feet were discoloured with clay. On his left shoulder he bore a large plummet; and in his right hand he held certain instruments, used in surveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harsh. The breach through which he proceeded instantly closed, and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As he approached the brook, the Deity of the Stream arose to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled

with a wreath of water-lily, interwoven with sweet-scented flag: an angling rod supported his steps. The Genius of the Canal eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarse voice thus began:

"Hence, ignoble! with thy scanty tribute to thy lord the Mischief; nor thus waste thy almost-exhausted urn in lingering windings along the vale. Feeble as thine aid is, it will not be unacceptable to that master stream himself; for, as I lately crossed his channel, I perceived his sands loaded with stranded vessels. I saw, and pitied him, for undertaking a task to which he is unequal. But thou, whose languid current is obscured by weeds, and interrupted by misshapen pebbles; who loatest thyself in endless mazes, remote from any sound but thy own idle gurgling; how canst thou suppose an existence to contemptible and useless? For me, the noblest child of Art, who hold my unremitting course from hill to hill, over vales and rivers; who pierce the solid rock for my passage, and connect unknown lands with distant seas; wherever I appear I am viewed with astonishment, and exulting Commerce hails my waves. I hold my channel thronged with capacious vessels for the conveyance of merchandize, and splendid barges for the utmost pleasure of travellers; my banks crowned with airy bridges and huge warehouses, and echoing with the busy sounds of industry! Pay then the homage due from Sloth and Obscurity to Grandeur and Utility."

"I readily acknowledge," replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modest accent, "the superior magnificence and more extensive utility of which you so proudly boast; yet in my humble walk, I am not void of a praise less thing, but not less solid than yours. The nymph of this peaceful valley, rendered more fertile and beautiful by my stream; the neighbouring sylvan deities, to whose pleasure I contribute; will pay a grateful testimony to my merit. The windings of my course, which you so much blame, serve to diffuse over a greater extent of ground the refreshment of my waters; and the lovers of nature and the Muses, who are fond of straying on my banks, are better pleased that the line of beauty marks my way, than if, like yours, it were directed in a straight, unvaried line. They prize the irregular wildness with
"which

" which I am decked, as the charms of
 " beauteous simplicity. What you call
 " the weeds which darken and obscure
 " my waves, afford to the botanist a pleas-
 " ing speculation of the works of nature;
 " and the poet and painter think the lustre
 " of my stream greatly improved by glit-
 " tering through them. The pebbles which
 " diversify my bottom, and make these
 " ripples in my current, are pleasing
 " objects to the eye of taste; and my sim-
 " ple murmurs are more melodious to the
 " learned ear than all the rude noises of
 " your banks, or even the music that re-
 " sounds from your stately barges. If
 " the unfeeling sons of Wealth and Com-
 " merce judge of me by the mere standard
 " of usefulness, I may claim no undistin-
 " guished rank. While your waters, con-
 " fined in deep channels, or lifted above
 " the valleys, roll on, a useless burden to
 " the fields, and only subservient to the
 " drudgery of bearing temporary mer-
 " chandizes, my stream will bestow unvary-
 " ing fertility on the meadows, during the
 " summers of future ages. Yet I stoop to
 " submit my honours to the decision of
 " those whose hearts are shut up to taste
 " and sentiment: let me appeal to nobler
 " judges. The philosopher and poet, by
 " whose labours the human mind is ele-
 " vated and refined, and opened to plea-
 " sures beyond the conception of vulgar
 " souls, will acknowledge that the elegant
 " deities who preside over simple and nat-
 " ural beauty, have inspired them with
 " their charming and instructive ideas.
 " The sweetest and most majestic bard that
 " ever sung, has taken a pride in owning
 " his affection to woods and streams; and,
 " while the stupendous monuments of Ro-
 " man grandeur, the columns which pierced
 " the skies, and the aqueducts which poured
 " their waves over mountains and vallies,
 " are sunk in oblivion, the gently-winding
 " Minus still retains his tranquil honours.
 " And when thy glories, proud Genius!
 " are lost and forgotten; when the flood of
 " commerce, which now supplies thy urn,
 " is turned into another course, and has
 " left thy channel dry and desolate; the
 " softly flowing Avon shall still murmur in
 " song, and his banks receive the homage
 " of all who are beloved by Phœbus and
 " the Muses."

Aiken's Miscell.

§ 11. *The Story of a disabled Soldier.*

No observation is more common, and
 at the same time more true, than, That

one half of the world are ignorant how the
 other half lives. The misfortunes of the
 great are held up to engage our attention;
 are enlarged upon in tones of declamation;
 and the world is called upon to gaze at the
 noble sufferers: the great, under the pres-
 sure of calamity, are conscious of several
 others sympathizing with their distress;
 and have, at once, the comfort of admira-
 tion and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bear-
 ing misfortunes with fortitude, when the
 whole world is looking on: men in such
 circumstances will act bravely, even from
 motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale
 of obscurity, can brave adversity; who,
 without friends to encourage, acquaint-
 ances to pity, or even without hope to al-
 leviate his misfortunes, can behave with
 tranquillity and indifference, is truly great;
 whether peasant or courtier, he deserves
 admiration, and should be held up for our
 imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniencies of
 the great are magnified into calamities;
 while tragedy mouths out their sufferings
 in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries
 of the poor are entirely disregarded; and
 yet some of the lower ranks of people un-
 dergo more real hardships in one day, than
 those of a more exalted station suffer in
 their whole lives. It is inconceivable what
 difficulties the meanest of our common
 sailors and soldiers endure without mur-
 muring or regret; without passionately de-
 claiming against Providence, or calling
 themselves to be gazers on their intrepidity.
 Every day is to them a day of misery,
 and yet they entertain their hard fate with-
 out repining.

With what indignation do I hear an
 Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain
 of their misfortunes and hardships, whose
 greatest calamity was that of being unable
 to visit a certain spot of earth, to which
 they had foolishly attached an idea of hap-
 piness! Their distresses were pleasures,
 compared to what many of the adventur-
 ing poor every day endure without mur-
 muring. They ate, drank, and slept; they
 had slaves to attend them; and were sure
 of subsistence for life: while many of their
 fellow-creatures are obliged to wander
 without a friend to comfort or assist them,
 and even without shelter from the severity
 of the season.

I have been led into these reflections
 from accidentally meeting, some days ago,
 a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy,
 dressed

dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least, to know my letters; but the master of the workhouse put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole house, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to

"town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spy'd a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it:—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me; he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, feed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage, for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see Old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy in this manner for some time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a prett-gang: I was carried before the justice, and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice

"left, whether to go on board a man of war, or list for a soldier: I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breast here; but the doctor of our regiment soon mended me well again.

"When the peace came on I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East India company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be sent on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

"The boatswain found me, and he said, 'an obdurate fellow: he knows he knew that I understood my business well, but that I despised adventures, to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of fearfulness, and he beat me without considering what he was about.' I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail, but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lantern in his hand: 'Jack,' says he to me, 'will you knock out the French centries' brains?' 'I don't care,' says I, striving to keep myself awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' says he, 'and I hope we shall do business.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, because

"they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

"Though we had no arms, one English man is able to beat five French at any time; so we went down to the deck, where both the centries were posted, and rushing upon them, seized their arms, a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to sea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dutch privateer, who were glad of so many good hands, and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty three; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as we were going to get the victory.

"I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have been hard with me had I been brought back to Brest; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the *Viper*. I had almost got to tell you that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places, I lost four fingers on the left hand, and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a king's ship, and not a board a privateer, I should have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the rest of my life! but that was not my chance: one man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever. *huzzah!*"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery, serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it. *Gildenrb.*

§ 12. *A Dialogue between ULYSSES and CIRCE, in CIRCE'S Island.*

Circe. You will go then, Ulysses; but why

Why will you go? I desire you to speak the thoughts of your heart. Speak without reserve.—What carries you from me?

Ulysses. Pardon, goddess, the weakness of human nature. My heart will fight for my country. It is a tenderness which all my attachment to you cannot overcome.

Circé. This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: but what do you fear? My terrors are gone. The proudest goddess on earth, when she has frowned a mortal as I have frowned on such as laid her divinity and power at his feet.

Ulysses. It may be so, while there still remains in her heart the fondness of being in her mind the fear of shame, but you, *Circé*, are above those vulgar sensations.

Circé. I understand your caution, it belongs to your character; and, therefore, to all diffidence from you, I swear by *Jove*. I will do no harm to you or your friends for any thing which you say, though it should offend me ever so much; but will send you away with all marks of my friendship. Tell me now, truly, what pleasure you hope to enjoy in the barren bosom of *Ithaca*, which can compensate for the you leave in this paradise, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all pleasures.

Ulysses. The pleasures of virtue; the satisfaction of doing good. Time I am wasting; my mind is in a passion; its faculties are benumbed. I long to return to my country again, that I may employ those labours and virtues which I have cultivated from the earliest days of my youth. Tolls and toils fright not me: they are the exercise of my soul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of *Troy*, rather than those vacant groves; where I could reap the bright harvest of glory; here I am hid from the eyes of the world, and begin to appear contemptible to my own. The image of my former self haunts and seems to upbraid me wherever I go: I meet it under the gloom of every shade; it even intrudes itself into your presence, and eludes me from your arms. O goddess! unless you have power to drive that troublesome spirit, unless you can make me forget myself, I cannot be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched.

Circé. May not a wife and good man

who has spent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, have leave to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in quiet and pleasure?

Ulysses. No retreat can be honourable to a wife and good man, but in company with the Muses; I am deprived of that sacred society here. The Muses will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, how can I think, while to my ears (and the world hears I think) are men turned into beasts) are howlings, or cursing, or grunting about me?

Circé. There is something in this; but this is not all you oppress the strongest reason that draws you to *Ithaca*. There is another reason, besides that of your former self, which appeals to you in all parts of this island, which follows your walks, which interposes itself between you and me, and eludes you from my arms: it is *Penelope*, *Ulysses*! I know it is—Do not pretend to deny it; you sigh for her in my bosom itself—And yet she is not an immortal—She is not, as I am, endowed with the gift of unfading youth: several years have passed since hers has been faded. I think, without vanity, that she was never so handsome as I. But what is the now?

Ulysses. You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I enquired of you about her, that she is true to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years absence, as when I left her to go to *Troy*. I left her in the bloom of her youth and her beauty. How much must her constancy have been tried since that time! How meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falsehood! shall I forget her who cannot forget me? who has nothing so dear to her as my remembrance?

Circé. Her love is preserved by the continual hope of your speedy return. Take that hope from her: let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your abode here with me; that you have fixed it for ever: let her know that she is free to dispose of her heart and her hand as she pleases. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it with her own face—If all this does not cure her of the remains of her passion, if you do not hear of her marrying *Eumachius* in a twelve-month, I understand nothing of woman-kind.

Ulysses. O cruel goddess! why will you

foe.

force me to tell you those truths I wish to conceal? If by such unjust, such barbarous usage, I could lose her heart, it would break mine. How should I endure the torment of thinking that I had wronged such a wife? what could make me amends for her not being mine, for her being another's? Do not frown, Circe; I own, (since you will have me speak) I own you could not: with all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to assist those of nature, you are not such a powerful charmer as she. You feel desire, and you give it; but you never felt love, nor can you inspire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beast? Penelope raised me into a hero: her love enobled, invigorated, exalted my mind. She bid me go to the siege of Troy, though the parting with me was worse than death to herself: she bid me expose myself there to all perils among the foremost heroes of Greece, though her poor heart trembled to think of the least I should meet, and would have given all its own blood to save a drop of mine. Then there was such a conformity in all our inclinations! when Minerva taught me the lessons of wisdom, she loved to be present; she heard, she retained the moral instructions, the sublime truths of nature, she gave them back to me, softened and sweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of poetry, when we read together the poems of Orpheus, Musæus, and Linus, with what taste did she mark every excellence in them! My feelings were dull, compared to her's. She seemed herself to be the Muse who had inspired those verses, and had tuned their lyres to infuse into the hearts of mankind the love of wisdom and virtue, and the fear of the gods. How beneficent was she, how good to my people! what care did she take to instruct them in the finer and more elegant arts; to relieve the necessities of the sick and the aged: to superintend the education of children; to do my subjects every good office of kind intercession; to lay before me their wants; to assist their petitions; to mediate for those who were objects of mercy; to sue for those who deserved the favours of the crown! And shall I banish myself for ever from such a comfort? shall I give up her society for the brutal joys of a sensual life, keeping indeed the form of a man, but having lost the human soul, or at least all its noble and god-

like powers? Oh, Circe, forgive me; I cannot bear the thought.

Circe. Be gone—do not imagine I ask you to stay. The daughter of the Sun is not so mean-spirited as to solicit a moment to share her happiness with her. It is a happiness which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity you and despise you. That which you seem to value so much I have no part in of. All you have said seems to me a jargon of sentiments fitter for a silly woman than for a great man. Go, read, and spin too, if you please, with your wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my island. You shall have a fair wind to carry you from it. After that, may every storm that Neptune can raise pursue and overwhelm you! Be gone, I say; quit my sight.

Ulysses. Great goddess, I obey—but remember your oath.—

§ 13. *Love and Joy, a Tale.*

In the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Where they appeared the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence. They were inseparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years; but in the mean time the sons of men deviated from their native innocence? vice and ruin overran the earth with giant strides; and Althea, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes: Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Atë: he complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable; her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypresses and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness

sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet: and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales, full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland composed of her father's myrtles twined with her mother's cypresses.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since the Muses' spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

Aikin's Miscell.

§ 14. *Scene between Colonel RIVERS and Sir HARRY; in which the Colonel, from Principles of Honour, refuses to give his Daughter to Sir HARRY.*

Sir Har. Colonel, your most obedient: I am come upon the old business; for, unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

Sir Har. No, Sir!

Riv. No, Sir: I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney. Do you know that, Sir?

Sir Har. I do; but what then? Engagements of this kind, you know—

Riv. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney?

Sir Har. I do—But I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine; therefore—

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand, if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me, or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour?

Sir Har. And so I do, Sir—a man of the most honour.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal!

Sir Har. I really don't understand you, Colonel: I thought, when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not yet signed—

Riv. Why, this is mending matters with a witness! And so you think, because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour; they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments; and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir Har. Well! but my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I shew the greatest regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honour; and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

Sir Har. Insult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an insult! Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper—

Riv. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think

think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe—

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies. I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a son in law; for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonour, and consider a marriage for money at best but a legal prostitution.

§ 15. On Dignity of Manners.

There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, wiggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either renders your superiors, or else debascs you then dependent and led captives. It gives your inferiors just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon, and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted on sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all villifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever is *led* (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation; as we offer

ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods, but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate attention degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. Let a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply, either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Curi for a little mind, from the moment he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions gives dignity, without excluding wit and content cheerfulness, which are always suited to themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a writhing activity of the body, are strong indications of fatuity. Whoever is a mimic, shews that the thing he is about is too big for him—haste and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral character; they are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vice and crime, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be; of such consequence is the *to appear*, or decorum, even though affected and put on. *Lord Chesterfield.*

§ 16. On Vulgarities.

A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation

too very much, if they do not lay it quite aside; and, indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles: he suffers himself to be slighted; thinks every thing that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and says something very impertinent, and then throws himself into a scrape, by showing that he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to procure satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than engages. A vulgar man's conversation always favours strongly of the lowness of his education and company: it turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with enthusiasm, as interesting matters.—He is a non-gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next, and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say, that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and advances that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." If any body attempts being smart, as he call it, upon him; he gives them *fit for tat, ay, that he does*. He has always some favourite word for the time being; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as, *exceedingly* angry, *exceedingly* kind, *exceedingly* handsome, and *exceedingly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the

beast along with it. He calls the earth *yearth*; he is *obliged*, not *bliged* to you. He goes *to wards*, and not *towards* such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms; uses neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the usage of the best company.

An awkward adder, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handedness (if I may use that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impossible to suppose, that a man can have frequented good company, without having caught something, at least, of their air and motions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness; but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His cloaths fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company like a criminal in a court of justice; his very air condemns him; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company; a gulph from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

Lord Chesterfield.

§ 17. On Good-breeding,

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good-breeding to be, "the result of much good sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me, that any body, who has good sense and good-nature,

ture, can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is every where and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general, their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And, indeed, there seems to me to be less difference both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man who, by his ill-manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it,

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should shew to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of shewing that respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern: whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such-like indecencies, in companies that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to shew that respect which every body means

to shew, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously; it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to shew him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: so that upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shews his good-breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose, that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good-nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private,

vate, social life. But ease and freedom have their bounds, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends, is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case:—Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there was no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I shall not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

Lord Chesterfield.

§ 18. *A Dialogue betwixt MERCURY, an English Duellist, and a North-American Savage.*

Duellist. Mercury, Charon's boat is on the other side of the water; allow me, before it returns, to have some conversation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither at the same time as you conducted me to the shades. I never saw one of that species before, and am curious to know what the animal is. He looks very grim.—Pray, Sir, what is your name? I understand you speak English.

Savage. Yes, I learned it in my childhood, having been bred up for some years in the town of New-York: but before I was a man I returned to my countrymen, the valiant Mohawks; and being cheated

by one of yours in the sale of some rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the rest of my tribe in the war against France, and was killed while I was out upon a scalping party. But I died very well satisfied: for my friends were victorious, and before I was shot I had scalped seven men and five women and children. In a former war I had done still greater exploits. My name is The Bloody Bear: it was given me to express my fierceness and valour.

Duellist. Bloody Bear, I respect you, and am much your humble servant. My name is Tom Pushwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profession a gamester, and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable single combat, but do not understand cutting the throats of women and children.

Savage. Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its own customs. But by the grimness of your countenance, and that hole in your breast, I presume you were killed, as I was myself, in some scalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your scalp?

Duellist. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me some money; after two or three years, being in great want himself, he asked me to pay him; I thought his demand an affront to my honour, and sent him a challenge. We met in Hyde-Park; the fellow could not fence: I was the adroitest swordsman in England. I gave him three or four wounds; but at last he ran upon me with such impetuosity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour should, without any sniveling signs of repentance: and he will follow me soon, for his surgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is said that his wife is dead of her fright, and that his family of seven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged; and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife.—I always hated marriage: my whore will take good care of herself, and my children are provided for at the Foundling Hospital.

Savage. Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman; he has murdered his friend. I say, I won't go in a boat with that fellow.

I will

I will swim over the river: I can swim like a duck.

Mercury. Swim over the Styx! it must not be done; it is against the laws of Pluto's empire. You must go in the boat, and be quiet.

Savage. Do not tell me of laws: I am a Savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Englishman: there are laws in his country, and yet you see he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-subject in time of peace, because he asked him to pay a debt. I know that the English are a barbarous nation; but they cannot be so brutal as to make such things lawful.

Mercury. You reason well against him. But how comes it that you are so offended with murder: you, who have massacred women in their sleep, and children in their cradles?

Savage. I killed none but my enemies; I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but see that the murderer does not sit upon it, or touch it; if he does I will burn it in the fire I see yonder. Farewell.—I am resolved to swim over the water.

Mercury. By this touch of my wand I take all thy strength from thee—Swim now if thou canst.

Savage. This is a very potent enchantment.—Restore me my strength, and I will obey thee.

Mercury. I restore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you, otherwise woe will befall you.

Duellist. Mercury, leave him to me. I will tutor him for you. Sirrah, Savage, dost thou pretend to be ashamed of my company? Dost thou know that I have kept the best company in England?

Savage. I know thou art a scoundrel.—Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend, who lent thee money, for asking thee for it! Get out of my sight. I will drive thee into Styx.

Mercury. Stop—I command thee. No violence.—Talk to him calmly.

Savage. I must obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company? What could you do?

Duellist. Sir, I gamed, as I told you.—Besides, I kept a good table.—I eat as well as any man in England or France.

Savage. Eat! Did you ever eat the

chine of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder? there is fine eating! I have eaten twenty.—My table was always well served. My wife was the best cook for dressing of men's flesh in all North America. I will not pretend to compare your eating with mine.

Duellist. I danced very finely.

Savage. I will dance with thee forty days.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the war-dance with more spirit and vigour than any man of my nation: let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast not yet learnt. I would make thee caper and leap like a buck. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging rascal?

Duellist. Oh, heavens! must I bear this? what can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword nor pistol, and his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

Mercury. You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well-bred; but he will tell you some truths which you must hear in this place. It would have been well for you if you had heard them above. He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

Duellist. I sung very agreeably.

Savage. Let me hear you sing your death-song, or the war-whoop. I challenge you to sing—the fellow is mute.—Mercury, this is a liar.—He tells us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duellist. The lie given me!—and, alas! I dare not resent it. Oh, what a disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! this indeed is damnation.

Mercury. Here Charon, take these two savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge; but the Englishman, what excuse can he plead? The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but in his case cannot avail. The spirit that made him draw his sword in this combat against his friend is not that of honour; it is the spirit of the furies, of Alecto herself. To her he must go, for she hath long dwelt in his merciless bosom.

Savage. If he is to be punished, turn him over to me. I understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin with this kick

on your breech. Get you into the boat, or I'll give you another. I am impatient to have you condemned.

Duchyl. Oh, my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 19. *BAYES's Rules for Composition.*

Smith. How, Sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position: and I do here aver, that no man the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Smith. What are these rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse, alternately, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes. Why thus, Sir; nothing so easy, when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere (for that's all on '); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has some) I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse (but that takes up some time); and if it be verse put it into prose.

Smith. Methinks, Mr. Bayes, that putting verse into prose, should be called transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis so changed, that no man can know it.—My next rule is the rule of concord, by way of table-book. Pray observe.

Smith. I hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing (do ye mark?) but as soon as any one speaks—pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Smith. But, Mr. Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force, what you have gotten thus by art?

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr. Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule: that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder?

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over my book of Drama common-places, and there I have, at one view, all that Perflus, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the business is done.

Smith. Indeed, Mr. Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house, and you shall judge of them by the effects—but now, pray, Sir, may I ask how do you do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayes. Ay, but I mean, what do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayes. Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is—with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayes. Why I'll tell you now what I do:—If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic, and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part.—In fine you must purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayes. Aye, 'tis my secret; and, in good earnest, I think one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayes. May be, Sir! I'm sure on't. *Experto crede Roberto.* But I must give you this caution by the way—be sure you never take snuff when you write.

Smith. Why so, Sir?

Bayes. Why, it spoiled me once one of the sparkiest plays in all England, But a friend of mine, at Gresham-college,

has promised to help me to some spirit of brains—and that shall do my business.

§ 20. *The Art of Pleasing.*

The desire of being pleased is universal: the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what one wishes they should do to us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distressed and miseries of our fellow-creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not shew the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus

adorned, necessarily bring in! A prudent usurer would with transport place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

The man who is amiable, will make almost as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word, but not such sentimental friends, as Pylades or Orestes, Nysus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general wish him well, and inclined to serve him in any thing not inconsistent with their own interest.

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good-nature and of good sense; but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politest courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good-breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary out-work of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible, and to the well-bred part of the world. *Chesterfield.*

§ 21. *A Dialogue between PLINY the Elder and PLINY the Younger.*

Pliny the Elder. The account that you give me, nephew, of your behaviour amidst the terrors and perils that accompanied the first eruption of Vesuvius, does not please me much. There was more of vanity in it than true magnanimity. Nothing is great that is unnatural and affected. When the earth shook beneath you, when the heavens were obscured with sulphureous clouds, full of ashes and cinders thrown up from the bowels of the new-formed volcano, when all nature seemed on the brink of destruction, to be reading Livy, and making extracts, as if all had been safe and quiet about you, was an absurd affectation.—To meet danger with courage is the part of a man, but to be insensible of it, is brutal stupidity; and to pretend insensibility where it cannot exist, is ridiculous falsehood. When you afterwards refused to leave your aged mother,

mother, and save yourself without her by flight, you indeed acted nobly. It was also becoming a Roman to keep up her spirits, amidst all the horrors of that dreadful scene, by shewing yourself undismayed and courageous. But the merit and glory of this part of your conduct is sunk by the other, which gives an air of ostentation and vanity to the whole.

Pliny the Younger. That vulgar minds should suppose my attention to my studies in such a conjuncture unnatural and affected, I should not much wonder: but that you would blame it as such, I did not expect; you, who approached still nearer than I to the fiery storm, and died by the suffocating heat of the vapour.

Pliny the Elder. I died, as a good and brave man ought to die, in doing my duty. Let me recall to your memory all the particulars, and then you shall judge yourself on the difference of your conduct and mine. I was the præfect of the Roman fleet, which then lay at Misenum. Upon the first account I received of the very unusual cloud that appeared in the air, I ordered a vessel to carry me out to some distance from the shore, that I might the better observe the phenomenon, and try to discover its nature and cause. This I did as a philosopher, and it was a curiosity proper and natural to a searching, inquisitive mind. I offered to take you with me, and surely you should have desired to go; for Livy might have been read at any other time, and such spectacles are not frequent: but you remained fixed and chained down to your book with a pedantic attachment. When I came out from my house, I found all the people forsaking their dwellings, and flying to the sea, as the safest retreat. To assist them, and all others who dwelt on the coast, I immediately ordered the fleet to put out, and sailed with it round the whole bay of Naples, steering particularly to those parts of the shore where the danger was greatest, and from whence the inhabitants were endeavouring to escape with the most trepidation. Thus I spent the whole day, and preserved by my care some thousands of lives; noting, at the same time, with a steady composure and freedom of mind, the several forms and phenomena of the eruption. Towards night, as we approached to the foot of Vesuvius, all the gallees were covered with ashes and embers, which grew hotter and hotter; then showers of pumice-stones, and burnt and broken pyrites, began to fall on our heads:

and we were stopped by the obstacles which the ruins of the mountain had suddenly formed by falling into the sea, and almost filling it up on that part of the coast. I then commanded my pilot to steer to the villa of my friend Pomponianus, which you know was situated in the inmost recess of the bay. The wind was very favourable to carry me thither, but would not allow him to put off from the shore, as he wished to have done. We were therefore constrained to pass the night in his house. They watched, and I slept, until the heaps of pumice-stones, which fell from the clouds, that had now been impelled to that side of the bay, rose so high in the area of the apartment I lay in, that I could not have got out had I staid any longer; and the earthquakes were so violent, as to threaten every moment the fall of the house: we therefore thought it more safe to go into the open air, guarding our heads as well as we could with pillows tied upon them. The wind continuing a lull, and the sea very rough, we remained on the shore, until a sulphureous and fiery vapour oppressed my weak lungs, and ended my life.—In all this I hope that I acted as the duty of my station required, and with true magnanimity. But on this occasion, and in many other parts of your life, I must say, my dear nephew, that there was a vanity mixed with your virtue, which hurt and disgraced it. Without that, you would have been one of the worthiest men that Rome has produced; for none ever excelled you in the integrity of your heart and greatness of your sentiments. Why would you lose the substance of glory by seeking the shadow? Your eloquence had the same fault as your manners: it was too affected. You professed to make Cicero your guide and your pattern: but when one reads his panegyric upon Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Marcellus, and yours upon Trajan; the first seems the language of nature and truth, raised and dignified with all the majesty of the most sublime eloquence; the latter appears the studied harangue of a flippant rhetorician, more desirous to shine and set off his own wit, than to extol the great man he was praising.

Pliny the Younger. I have too high a respect for you, uncle, to question your judgment either of my life or my writings; they might both have been better, if I had not been too solicitous to render them perfect. But it is not for me to say much on that subject: permit me therefore to re-

turn to the subject on which we began our conversation. What a direful calamity was the eruption of Vesuvius, which you have now been describing! Do not you remember the beauty of that charming coast, and of the mountain itself, before it was broken and torn with the violence of those sudden fires that forced their way through it, and carried desolation and ruin over all the neighbouring country? The foot of it was covered with corn-fields and rich meadows, interspersed with fine villas and magnificent towns; the sides of it were clothed with the best vines in Italy, producing the richest and noblest wines. How quick, how unexpected, how dreadful the change! all was at once overwhelmed with ashes, and cinders, and fiery torrents, presenting to the eye the most dismal scene of horror and destruction!

Pliny the Elder. You paint it very truly.—But has it never occurred to your mind that this change is an emblem of that which must happen to every rich, luxurious state? While the inhabitants of it are sunk in voluptuousness, while all is smiling around them, and they think that no evil, no danger is nigh, the seeds of destruction are fermenting within; and, breaking out on a sudden, lay waste all their opulence, all their delights; till they are left a sad monument of divine wrath, and of the fatal effects of internal corruption.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 22. *Humorous Scene at an Inn between BONIFACE and AIMWELL.*

Bon. This way, this way, Sir.

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. O, Sir—What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar, ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale.—Here, Tapster; broach number 1706,

as the saying is.—Sir, you shall taste *me*, anno domini.—I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, Sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster with a Tankard.

Now, Sir, you shall see—Your worship's health: [*Drinks*].—Ha! delicious, delicious!—Fancy it Burgandy, only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks*]. 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, Sir: but it kill'd my wife, poor woman! as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir—she would not let the ale take its natural course, Sir, she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after—but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My lady Bountiful said so—She, good lady, did what could be done: she cured her of three tympanies; but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Ods my life, Sir, we'll drink her health: [*Drinks*].—My lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and, I believe, she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, Sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son too, by her first husband, 'squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day: if you please, Sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks*].

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the man's well enough!

say little, thinks less, and does nothing at all; faith: but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Am. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Am. A fine sportsman, truly!—and married, you say?

Bon. Ay; and to a curious woman, Sir. —But he's my landlord; and so a man, you know, would not—Sir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*]—Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me, I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

Am. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface: pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Am. O, that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen: pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, Sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little: one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*]—I beg your worship's pardon—I'll wait on you in half a minute.

§ 23. *Endeavour to please, and you can scarcely fail to please.*

The means of pleasing vary according to time, place, and person; but the general rule is the trite one. Endeavour to please, and you will infallibly please to a certain degree: constantly shew a desire to please, and you will engage people's self-love in your interest; a most powerful advocate. This, as indeed almost every thing else, depends on attention.

Be therefore attentive to the most trifling thing that passes where you are; have, as the vulgar phrase is, your eyes and your ears always about you. It is a very foolish, though a very common saying, “I really did not mind it,” or, “I was thinking of quite another thing at that time.” The proper answer to such ingenious excuses, and which admits of no reply, is, Why did you not mind it? you was present when it was said or done. Oh! but

you may say, you was thinking of quite another thing: if so, why was you not in quite another place proper for that important other thing, which you say you was thinking of? But you will say perhaps, that the company was so silly, that it did not deserve your attention: that, I am sure, is the saying of a silly man; for a man of sense knows that there is no company so silly, that some use may not be made of it by attention.

Let your address, when you first come into company, be modest, but without the least bashfulness or sheepishness; steady, without impudence; and unembarrassed, as if you were in your own room. This is a difficult point to hit, and therefore deserves great attention; nothing but a long usage in the world, and in the best company, can possibly give it.

A young man, without knowledge of the world, when he first goes into a fashionable company, where most are his superiors, is commonly either annihilated by bashfulness, or, if he rouses and lashes himself up to what he only thinks a modest assurance, he runs into impudence and absurdity, and consequently offends instead of pleasing. Have always, as much as you can, that gentleness of manners, which never fails to make favourable impressions, provided it be equally free from an insipid smile, or a pert smirk.

Carefully avoid an argumentative and disputative turn, which too many people have, and some even value themselves upon, in company; and, when your opinion differs from others, maintain it only with modesty, calmness, and gentleness; but never be eager, loud, or clamorous; and, when you find your antagonist beginning to grow warm, put an end to the dispute by some genteel stroke of humour. For, take it for granted, if the two best friends in the world dispute with eagerness upon the most trifling subject imaginable, they will, for the time, find a momentary alienation from each other. Disputes upon any subject are a sort of trial of the understanding, and must end in the mortification of one or other of the disputants. On the other hand, I am far from meaning that you should give an universal assent to all that you hear said in company; such an assent would be mean, and in some cases criminal; but blame with indulgence, and correct with gentleness.

Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought

to imply conscious guilt; besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances, what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear; but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

If you have not command enough over yourself to conquer your humours, as I am sure every rational creature may have, never go into company while the fit of ill-humour is upon you. Instead of company's diverting you in those moments, you will displease, and probably shock them; and you will part worse friends than you met: but whenever you find in yourself a disposition to fullness, contradiction, or testiness, it will be in vain to seek for a cure abroad. Stay at home; let your humour ferment and work itself off. Cheerfulness and good-humour are of all qualifications the most amiable in company; for, though they do not necessarily imply good-nature and good-breeding, they represent them, at least, very well, and that is all that is required in mixt company.

I have indeed known some very ill-natured people, who were very good-humoured in company; but I never knew any one generally ill-humoured in company, who was not essentially ill-natured. When there is no malevolence in the heart, there is always a cheerfulness and ease in the countenance and manners. By good-humour and cheerfulness, I am far from meaning noisy mirth and loud peals of laughter, which are the distinguishing characteristics of the vulgar and of the ill-bred, whose mirth is a kind of storm. Observe it, the vulgar often laugh, but never smile; whereas, well-bred people often smile, but seldom laugh. A witty thing never excited laughter: it pleases only the mind, and never distorts the countenance: a glaring absurdity, a blunder, a silly accident, and those things that are generally called comical, may excite a laugh, though never a loud nor a long one, among well bred people.

Sudden passion is called short-lived madness: it is a madness indeed, but the fits of it return so often in choleric people, that it may well be called a continual madness. Should you happen to be of this unfortunate disposition, make it your constant study to subdue, or, at least, to check it;

when you find your choler rising, resolve neither to speak to, nor answer the person who excites it; but stay till you find it subsiding, and then speak deliberately. Endeavour to be cool and steady upon all occasions; the advantages of such a steady calmness are innumerable, and would be too tedious to relate. It may be acquired by care and reflection; if it could not, that reason which distinguishes men from brutes would be given us to very little purpose: as a proof of this, I never saw, and scarcely ever heard of a Quaker in a passion. In truth, there is in that sect a decorum and decency, and an amiable simplicity, that I know in no other. *Chesterfield.*

§ 24. *A Dialogue between M. APICIUS and DARTENEUF.*

Darteneuf. Alas! poor Apicius.—I pity thee much, for not having lived in my age and my country. How many good dishes have I eat in England, that were unknown at Rome in thy days!

Apicius. Keep your pity for yourself.—how many good dishes have I eat in Rome, the knowledge of which has been lost in these latter degenerate days! the fat paps of a sow, the livers of scari, the brains of phenicopters, and the tripotanium, which consisted of three sorts of fish for which you have no names, the lupus marinus, the myxo, and the murenus.

Darteneuf. I thought the murena had been our lamprey, We have excellent ones in the Severn.

Apicius. No:—the murena was a salt-water fish, and kept in ponds into which the sea was admitted.

Darteneuf. Why then I dare say our lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them potted or stewed?

Apicius. I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I should have been afraid that the Britons would have eat me.

Darteneuf. I am sorry for you, very sorry: for if you never were in Britain, you never eat the best oysters in the whole world.

Apicius. Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich oysters were brought to Rome in my time.

Darteneuf. They could not be fresh: they were good for nothing there:—You should have come to Sandwich to eat them: it is a shame for you that you did not.—An epicure talk of danger when he is in search of a dainty! did not Leander swim over

over the Hellespont to get to his mistress? and what is a wench to a barrel of excellent oysters?

Apicius. Nay—I am sure you cannot blame me for any want of alertness in seeking fine fishes. I failed to the coast of Africa, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taste of one species, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coast, and finding that I had received a false information, I returned again without deigning to land.

Darteneuf. There was some sense in that: but why did you not also make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you tasted those oysters in their perfection, you would never have come back: you would have eat till you burst.

Apicius. I wish I had:—It would have been better than poisoning myself, as I did, because, when I came to make up my accounts, I found I had not much above the poor sum of fourscore thousand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from starving.

Darteneuf. A sum of fourscore thousand pounds not keep you from starving! would I had had it! I should not have spent it in twenty years, though I had kept the best table in London, supposing I had made no other expence.

Apicius. Alas, poor man! this shews that you English have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables. Before I died, I had spent in my kitchen 807, 291 *l* 13 *s*. 4 *d*.

Darteneuf. I do not believe a word of it: there is an error in the account.

Apicius. Why, the establishment of Lucullus for his suppers in the Apollo, I mean for every supper he eat in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 1614 *l* 11 *s*. 8 *d*.

Darteneuf. Would I had supped with him there! But is there no blunder in these calculations?

Apicius. Ask your learned men that—I count as they tell me.—But perhaps you may think that these feasts were only made by great men, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Asia to help him in his house-keeping. What will you say when I tell you, that the player *Æsopus* had one dish that cost him 6000 sesteria, that is, 4843 *l*. 10 *s*. English.

Darteneuf. What will I say! why, that I pity poor Cibber and Booth; and that, if I had known this when I was alive, I should

have hanged myself for vexation that I did not live in those days.

Apicius. Well you might, well you might.—You do not know what eating is. You never could know it. Nothing less than the wealth of the Roman empire is sufficient to enable a man to keep a good table. Our players were richer by far than your princes.

Darteneuf. Oh that I had but lived in the blessed reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their slaves!

Apicius. Aye, there you touch me.—I am miserable that I died before their good times. They carried the glories of their table much farther than the best eaters of the age that I lived in. Vitellius spent in eating and drinking, within one year, what would amount in your money to above seven millions two hundred thousand pounds. He told me so himself in a conversation I had with him not long ago. And the others you mentioned did not fall short of his royal magnificence.

Darteneuf. These indeed were great princes. But what affects me most is the dish of that player, that d——d fellow *Æsopus*. I cannot bear to think of his having lived so much better than I. Pray, of what ingredients might the dish he paid so much for consist?

Apicius. Chiefly of singing birds. It was that which so greatly enhanced the price.

Darteneuf. Of singing birds! choak him!—I never eat but one, which I stole from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar about it, as if I had stolen and roasted a child. But, upon recollection, I begin to doubt whether I have so much reason to envy *Æsopus*; for the singing bird which I eat was no better in its taste than a fat lark or a thrush: it was not so good as a wheatear or baccagine; and therefore I suspect that all the luxury you have bragged of was nothing but vanity and foolish expence. It was like that of the son of *Æsopus*, who dissolved pearls in vinegar, and drunk them at supper. I will be d——d, if a haunch of venison, and my favourite ham-pye, were not much better dishes than any at the table of Vitellius himself. I do not find that you had ever any good soups, without which no man of taste can possibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are not fit to eat; and what is better than the wing of one of our Eng-

liff wild rabbits? I have been told that you had no turkies. The mutton in Italy is very ill-flavoured; and as for your boars roasted whole, I despise them; they were only fit to be served up to the mob at a corporation feast, or election dinner. A small barbecued hog is worth a hundred of them; and a good collar of Shrewsbury brawn is a much better dish.

Apicius. If you had some kinds of meat that we wanted, yet our cookery must have been greatly superior to yours. Our cooks were so excellent, that they could give to hog's flesh the taste of all other meats.

Darteneuf. I should not have liked their ~~d~~—d imitations. You might as easily have imposed on a good connoisseur the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats a rich flavour of bacon, without destroying that which makes the distinction of one from another. I have not the least doubt that our essence of hams is a much better sauce than any that ever was used by the ancients. We have a hundred ragouts, the composition of which exceeds all description. Had yours been as good, you could not have lolled, as you did, upon couches, while you were eating; they would have made you sit up and attend to your business. Then you had a custom of hearing things read to you while you were at supper. This shews you were not so well entertained as we are with our meat. For my own part, when I was at table, I could mind nothing else; I neither heard, saw, nor spoke: I only smelt and tasted. But the worst of all is, that you had no wine fit to be named with good claret or Burgundy, or Champagne, or old hock, or Tokay. You boasted much of your Falernian; but I have tasted the Lachrymæ Christi, and other wines that grow upon the same coast, not one of which would I drink above a glass or two of if you would give me the kingdom of Naples. You boiled your wines, and mixed water with them, which shews that in themselves they were not fit to drink.

Apicius. I am afraid you beat us in wines, not to mention your cyder, perry, and beer, of all which I have heard great fame from some English with whom I have talked; and their report has been confirmed by the testimony of their neighbours who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been also said to me of a liquor called punch.

Darteneuf. Aye—to have died without

tasting that is unhappy indeed! There is rum-punch and arrack-punch; it is hard to say which is best: but Jupiter would have given his nectar for either of them, upon my word and honour.

Apicius. The thought of it puts me into a fever with thirst. From whence do you get your arrack and your rum?

Darteneuf. Why, from the East and West Indies, which you knew nothing of. That is enough to decide the dispute. Your trade to the East Indies was very far short of what we carry on, and the West Indians were not discovered. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of that, and despair.

Apicius. I cannot indeed but lament my ill fate, that America was not found before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine-apples, and twenty other fine meats or fine fruits produced there, which I have never tasted. What an advantage it is to you, that all your sweetmeats, tarts, cakes, and other delicacies of that nature, are sweetened with sugar instead of honey, which we were obliged to make use of for want of that plant! but what grieves me most is, that I never eat a turtle; they tell me that it is absolutely the best of all foods.

Darteneuf. Yes, I have heard the Americans say so:—but I never eat any; for, in my time, they were not brought over to England,

Apicius. Never eat any turtle! how didst thou dare to accuse me of not going to Sandwich to eat oysters, and didst not thyself take a trip to America to riot on turtles? but know, wretched man, that I am informed they are now as plentiful in England as sturgeon. There are turtle-boats that go regularly to London and Bristol from the West Indies. I have just seen a fat alderman, who died in London last week of a surfeit he got at a turtle feast in that city.

Darteneuf. What does he say? Does he tell you that turtle is better than venison?

Apicius. He says there was a haunch of venison untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle; that he ate till he fell asleep in his chair; and, that the food was so wholesome he should not have died, if he had not unluckily caught cold in his sleep, which stopped his perspiration, and hurt his digestion.

Darteneuf. Alas! how imperfect is human

man felicity! I lived in an age when the pleasure of eating was thought to be carried to its highest perfection in England and France; and yet a turtle feast is a novelty to me! Would it be impossible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day, just to taste of that food? I would promise to kill myself by the quantity I would eat before the next morning.

Apicius. You have forgot, Sir, that you have no body: that which you had has been rotten a great while ago; and you can never return to the earth with another, unless Pythagoras carries you thither to animate that of a hog. But comfort yourself, that, as you have ate dainties which I never tasted, so the next generation will eat some unknown to the present. New discoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world. We must both be philopophers. We must be thankful for the good things we have had, and not grudge others better, if they fall to their share. Consider that, after all, we could but have eat as much as our stomachs would hold, and that we did every day of our lives.—But see, who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

Mercury. Gentlemen, I must tell you that I have stood near you invisible, and heard your discourse; a privilege which we deities use when we please. Attend therefore to a discovery which I shall make to you, relating to the subject upon which you were talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, that had more pleasure in eating than either of you ever had in your lives.

Apicius. One of these, I presume, was a Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman settled in the West Indies.

Mercury. No; one was a Spartan soldier, and the other an English farmer.—I see you both look astonished; but what I tell you is truth. The soldier never ate his black broth till the exercises, to which by their discipline the Spartan troops were obliged, had got him such an appetite, that he could have gnawed a bone like a dog. The farmer was out at the tail of his plough, or some other wholesome labour, from morning till night; and when he came home his wife dressed him a piece of good beef, or a fine barn-door fowl and a pudding, for his dinner, which he ate much more ravenously, and consequently with a great deal more relish and pleasure, than

you did your tripotanium or your ham-pye. Your stomachs were always so overcharged, that I question if ever you felt real hunger, or eat one meal in twenty years without forcing your appetites, which makes all things insipid. I tell you therefore again, that the soldier and the farmer had much more of the joy of eating than you.

Darteneuf. This is more mortifying than not to have shared a turtle feast. I fear indeed we have been in quite a wrong system, and never had any true notions of pleasure.

Apicius. It is a sad thing not to know what good living is before one is dead. I with, Mercury, you had taught me your art of cookery in my life-time, or held your tongue about it here.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 25. *Scene between IAGO and CASSIO, in which CASSIO regrets his Folly in getting drunk.*

Iago. What! are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! *Iago,* my reputation—

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more sense in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition: oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man!—there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's your's.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd.—Drunk! and squabble! swagger! swear! and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! Oh thou invincible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not,

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasure, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caf. It has pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place to the devil Wrath; one imperfection shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again—he shall tell me I am a drunkard!—Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!—Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd; exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, Sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Caf. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant: I must to the watch.

Caf. Good night, honest Iago.

Shakespeare.

§ 26. *A Dialogue between MERCURY and a modern fine Lady.*

Mrs. Modish. Indeed, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, absolutely engaged.

Mercury. I know you have an amiable affectionate husband, and several fine chil-

dren: but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affection, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuse a person who has received a summons to the realms of death. If the grim messenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your husband and family, and pass the Styx.

Mrs. Modish. I did not mean to insist on any engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudest thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian fields may be less detestable than the country in our world. Pray, have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethe waters, when you have a full season.

Mercury. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure the business, end, and aim of your life! It is good to drown cares: but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

Mrs. Modish. Diversion was indeed the business of my life; but as to pleasure, I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural cheerfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

Mercury. If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious?

Mrs. Modish. I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me dissipation was good for my spirits; my husband insisted that it was not; and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband; and

and besides, I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton* *.

Mercury. *Bon ton!* what's that, Madam? Pray define it.

Mrs. Modish. Oh, Sir, excuse me; it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton* never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is; but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation it is not wit; in manners it is not politeness; in behaviour it is not address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedency dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Mercury. Then, Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *bon ton*?

Mrs. Modish. What would you have had me do?

Mercury. I will follow your mode of instructing: I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your duties to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your husband's happiness, and your children's education.

Mrs. Modish. As to my daughters' education I spared no expence: they had a dancing-master, music-master, and a drawing-master, and a French governess to teach them behaviour and the French language.

Mercury. So their religion, sentiments, and manners, were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chamber-maid! perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing,

* *Du bon ton* is a cant phrase in the modern French language, for the fashionable air of conversation and manners.

and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a four old gentleman, without the least smattering of the *bon ton*; and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is, to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a sentence not much less severe than crimes committed. *Dialogues of the Dead.*

§ 27. Scene between the Jews SHYLOCK and TUBAL; in which the latter alternately torments and pleases the former, by giving him an Account of the Extravagance of his Daughter JESSICA, and the Misfortunes of ANTONIO.

Shy. How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? hast thou heard of my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone that cost me two thousand ducats in Francfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them; and I know not what spent in the search: loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding!

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosie cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. Thank God! thank God! is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news!

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me ; I shall never see my gold again : fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot but break.

Shy. I am glad of it : I'll plague him, I'll torture him : I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her ! thou torturest me, Tubal ! it was my ruby. I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor ; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true : go see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal. *Shakespeare.*

§ 28. *Humorous Scene between Prince HENRY and FALSTAFF, in which the Prince detects FALSTAFF's monstrous Lies.*

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack !—Where hast thou been ?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too, marry and amen ! Give me a cup of sack, boy :—ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether socks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards ! give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant ? [*He drinks.*]—You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man ; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. A villainous coward !—Go thy ways, old Jack ; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herling. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, Heaven help the while ! A bad world ! I say—A plague of all cowards ! I say still.

P. Henry. How now, Woolfack ! what mutter you ?

Fal. A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more ! You Prince of Wales !

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter ?

Fal. Are you not a coward ? answer me that.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward ! I'll see thee hang'd ere I'll call thee coward ; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders ; you care not who lets your back. Call you that backing of your friends ? a plague upon such backing ! give me them that will face me—give me a cup of sack : I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

P. Henry. O villain ! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drank'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards ! still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the matter ?

Fal. What's the matter ! here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack ? where is it ?

Fal. Where is it ! taken from us, it is : a hundred upon four of us.

P. Henry. What ! a hundred, man ?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum !* I never dealt better since I was a man : all would not do. A plague of all cowards !

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all ?

Fal. All ! I know not what ye call all ; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish ; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray Heaven you have not murder'd some of them !

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them ; two, I am sure, I have paid ; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward : here I lay, and thus I bore my point ; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four ! thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.—These four came all a front, and mainly thrust at me : I made no more ado, but took

took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why they were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

P. Henry. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I follow'd me close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought—seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see they hand.)

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained gut, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obscurest greatly tallow-catch—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What upon compulsion!—No: were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-prefferer, this horse-back-breaker, this huge bill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dry'd neat's tongue, you stock-fish! O, for breath to utter! what is like thee? you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck—

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and

can shew it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know you?—By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that made you. Why, hear ye my master, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct. I grant you: and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad ~~you~~ have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me. *Shakespear.*

§ 29. Scene in which MOODY gives MANLY an Account of the Journey to LONDON.

Manly. Honest John!—

Moody. Meeter Manly! I am glad I ha' fun ye.—Well, and how d'ye do, Meester?

Manly. I am glad to see you in London, I hope all the good family are well.

Moody. Thanks be prais'd, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; tho' we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

Manly. What has been the matter, John?

Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Manly. Come, tell us all—Pray, how do they travel?

Moody. Why, i'the awld coach, Meester; and 'cause my Lady loves to do things handsome, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six; and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postilion.

Manly. And when do you expect them here, John?

Moody. Why, we were in hopes to ha' come

come yesterday, an' it had no' been that th'awl'd weazle-belly horse tired: and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two fore-wheels came crash down at once, in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we lost four hours fore we could get things to rights again.

Manly. So they bring all their baggage with the coach, then?

Moody. Ay, ay, and good store on't there is—Why, my lady's gear alone were as much as filled four portmantel trunks, besides the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the monkey sit upon behind.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!—And, pray, how many are they within the coach?

Moody. Why there's my lady and his worship, and the young 'squire, and Miss Jenny, and the fat lap-dog, and my lady's maid Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all—only Doll puked a little with riding backward; so they hoisted her into the coach-box, and then her stomach was easy.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. Then you mun think, Measter, there was some stowage for the belly, as well as th' back too; children are apt to be famish'd upo' the road; so we had such cargoes of plumb cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boil'd beef—and then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague-water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty, as mide th'awl'd coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and send them all well to town, I say.

Manly. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

Moody. Measter! you're a wife mon; and, for that matter, so am I—Whoam's whoam, I say: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er fin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! some devil's trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack, goes one thing! bawnee, goes another! Woa! says Roger—Then, fowse! we are all set fast in a slough. Whaw! cries Miss: Scream! go the maids; and bawl just as tho' they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. But I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw.

Manly. Well, honest John—

Moody. Dear Measter Manly! the goodness of goodness bleis and preserve you!

§ 30. *Directions for the Management of Wit.*

If you have wit (which I am not sure

that I wish you, unless you have at the same time at least an equal portion of judgment to keep it in good order) wear it, like your sword, in the scabbard, and do not blanch it to the terror of the whole company. Wit is a shining quality, that every body admires; most people aim at it, all people fear it, and few love it, unless in themselves:—a man must have a good share of wit himself, to endure a great share in another. When wit exerts itself in satire, it is a most malignant distemper: wit, it is true, may be shewn in satire, but satire does not constitute wit, as many imagine. A man of wit ought to find a thousand better occasions of shewing it.

Abstain, therefore, most carefully from satire; which, though it fall on no particular person in company, and momentarily, from the malignancy of the human heart, pleases all; yet, upon reflection, it frightens all too. Every one thinks it may be his turn next; and will hate you for what he finds you could say of him, more than be obliged to you for what you do not say. Fear and hatred are next-door neighbours: the more wit you have, the more good-nature and politeness you must shew, to induce people to pardon your superiority; for that is no easy matter.

Appear to have rather less than more wit than you really have. A wise man will live at least as much within his wit as his income. Content yourself with good sense and reason, which at the long run are ever sure to please every body who has either; if wit comes into the bargain, welcome it, but never invite it. Bear this truth always in your mind, that you may be admired for your wit, if you have any; but that nothing but good sense and good qualities can make you be beloved. These are substantial every day's wear; whereas wit is a holiday-suit, which people put on chiefly to be stared at.

There is a species of minor wit, which is much used, and much more abused; I mean raillery. It is a most mischievous and dangerous weapon, when in unskilful and clumsy hands; and it is much safer to let it quite alone than to play with it; and yet almost every body do play with it, though they see daily the quarrels and heart-burnings that it occasions.

The injustice of a bad man is sooner forgiven than the insults of a witty one; the former only hurts one's liberty and property; but the latter hurts and mortifies that secret pride which no human breast is free from. I will allow, that there is a

fact

fort of raillery which may not only be inoffensive, but even flattering; as when, by a genteel irony, you accuse people of those imperfections which they are most notoriously free from, and consequently insinuate that they possess the contrary virtues. You may safely call Aristides a knave, or a very handsome woman an ugly one. Take care, however, that neither the man's character nor the lady's beauty be in the least doubtful. But this sort of raillery requires a very light and steady hand to administer it. A little too strong, it may be mistaken into an offence; and a little too smooth, it may be thought a sneer, which is a most odious thing.

There is another sort, I will not call it wit, but merriment and buffoonery, which is mimicry. The most successful mimic in the world is always the most absurd fellow, and an ape is infinitely his superior. His profession is to imitate and ridicule those natural defects and deformities for which no man is in the least accountable, and in the imitation of which he makes himself, for the time, as disagreeable and shocking as those he mimics. But I will say no more of these creatures, who only amuse the lowest rabble of mankind.

There is another sort of human animals, called wags, whose profession is to make the company laugh immoderately; and who always succeed, provided the company consist of fools; but who are equally disappointed in finding that they never can alter a muscle in the face of a man of sense. This is a most contemptible character; and never esteemed, even by those who are silly enough to be diverted by them.

Be content for yourself with sound good sense and good manners, and let wit be thrown into the bargain, where it is proper and inoffensive. Good sense will make you esteemed; good manners will make you beloved; and wit will give a lustre to both.

Chesterfield.

§ 31. *Egotism to be avoided.*

The egotism is the most usual and favourite figure of most people's rhetoric, and which I hope you will never adopt, but, on the contrary, most scrupulously avoid. Nothing is more disagreeable or irksome to the company, than to hear a man either praising or condemning himself; for both proceed from the same motive, vanity. I would allow no man to speak of himself unless in a court of justice, in his own defence, or as a witness.

Shall a man speak in his own praise? No: the hero of his own little tale always puzzles and disgusts the company; who do not know what to say, or how to look. Shall he blame himself? No: vanity is as much the motive of his condemnation as of his panegyric.

I have known many people take shame to themselves, and, with a modest contrition, confess themselves guilty of most of the cardinal virtues. They have such a weakness in their nature, that they cannot help being too much moved with the misfortunes and miseries of their fellow-creatures; which they feel perhaps more, but at least as much as they do their own. Their generosity, they are sensible, is imprudence; for they are apt to carry it too far, from the weak, the irresistible beneficence of their nature. They are possibly too jealous of their honour, too tractable when they think it is touched; and this proceeds from their unhappy warm constitution, which makes them too sensible upon that point; and so possibly with respect to all the virtues. A poor trick, and a wretched instance of human vanity, and what defeats its own purpose.

Do you be sure never to speak of yourself, for yourself, nor against yourself; but let your character speak for you: whatever that says will be believed; but whatever you say of it will not be believed, and only make you odious and ridiculous.

I know that you are generous and benevolent in your nature; but that, though the principal point, is not quite enough; you must seem so too. I do not mean ostentatiously; but do not be ashamed, as many young fellows are, of owning the laudable sentiments of good-nature and humanity, which you really feel. I have known many young men, who desired to be reckoned men of spirit, affect a hardness and unfeelingness which in reality they never had; their conversation is in the decisive and menacing tone, mixed with horrid and silly oaths; and all this to be thought men of spirit. Astonishing error this! which necessarily reduces them to this dilemma: If they really mean what they say, they are brutes; and if they do not, they are fools for saying it. This, however, is a common character among young men; carefully avoid this contagion, and content yourself with being calmly and mildly resolute and steady, when you are thoroughly convinced you are in the right; for this is true spirit.

Observe

Observe the *à-propos* in every thing you say or do. In conversing with those who are much your superiors, however easy and familiar you may and ought to be with them, preserve the respect that is due to them. Converse with your equals with an easy familiarity, and, at the same time, great civility and decency: but too much familiarity, according to the old saying, often breeds contempt, and sometimes quarrels. I know nothing more difficult in common behaviour, than to fix due bounds to familiarity: too little implies an unfriendly formality; too much destroys friendly and social intercourse. The best rule I can give you to manage familiarity is, never to be more familiar with any body than you would be willing, and even wish, that he should be with you. On the other hand, avoid that uncomfortable reserve and coldness which is generally the shield of cunning or the protection of dulness. To your inferiors you should use a hearty benevolence in your words and actions, instead of a refined politeness, which would be apt to make them suspect that you rather laughed at them.

Carefully avoid all affectation either of body or of mind. It is a very true and a very trite observation, That no man is ridiculous for being what he really is, but for affecting to be what he is not. No man is awkward by nature, but by affecting to be genteel. I have known many a man of common sense pass generally for a fool, because he affected a degree of wit that nature had denied him. A plowman is by no means awkward in the exercise of his trade, but would be exceedingly ridiculous, if he attempted the air and graces of a man of fashion. You learned to dance; but it was not for the sake of dancing; it was to bring your air and motions back to what they would naturally have been, if they had had fair play, and had not been warped in youth by bad examples, and awkward imitations of other boys.

Nature may be cultivated and improved both as to the body and the mind; but it is not to be extinguished by art; and all endeavours of that kind are absurd, and an inexpressible fund for ridicule. Your body and mind must be at ease to be agreeable; but affectation is a particular restraint, under which no man can be genteel in his carriage or pleasing in his conversation. Do you think your motions would be easy or graceful, if you wore the cloaths of an-

other man much slenderer or taller than yourself? Certainly not: it is the same thing with the mind, if you affect a character that does not fit you, and that nature never intended for you.

In fine, it may be laid down as a general rule, that a man who despairs of pleasing will never please; a man that is sure that he shall always please wherever he goes, is a coxcomb; but the man who hopes and endeavours to please, will most infallibly please. *Chesterfield.*

§ 32. *Extract from Lord BOLINGBROKE'S Letters.*

My Lord,

1736.

You have engaged me on a subject which interrupts the series of those letters I was writing to you; but it is one which, I confess, I have very much at heart. I shall therefore explain myself fully, nor blush to reason on principles that are out of fashion among men who intend nothing by serving the public, but to feed their avarice, their vanity, and their luxury, without the sense of any duty they owe to God or man.

It seems to me, that in order to maintain the moral system of the world at a certain point, far below that of ideal perfection, (for we are made capable of conceiving what we are incapable of attaining) but however sufficient, upon the whole, to constitute a state easy and happy, or at the worst tolerable; I say, it seems to me, that the Author of nature has thought fit to mingle from time to time among the species of men, a few, and but a few, of those on whom he is graciously pleased to bestow a larger proportion of the ethereal spirit than is given in the ordinary course of his providence to the sons of men. These are they who engross almost the whole reason of the species, who are born to instruct, to guide, and to preserve, who are designed to be the tutors and the guardians of human kind. When they prove such, they exhibit to us examples of the highest virtue and the truest piety; and they deserve to have their festivals kept, instead of that pack of anchorites and enthusiasts, with whose names the Calendar is crowded and disgraced. When these men apply their talents to other purposes, when they strive to be great, and despise being good, they commit a most sacrilegious breach of trust; they pervert the means, they defeat, as far as lies in them, the designs of Providence, and disturb, in some sort, the system of In-

finite

false Wisdom. To misapply these talents, the most diffused, and therefore the greatest of crimes in its nature and consequences; but to keep them unexercised and unemployed, is a crime too. Look about you, my Lord, from the palace to the cottage, you will find that the bulk of mankind is made to breathe the air of this atmosphere, to roam about this globe, and to consume, like the courtiers of Alcinous, the fruits of the earth. *Nos numerus furas in fregit consumere nati.* When they have had this insipid round a certain number of years, and left others to do the same after them, they have lived; and if they have performed, in some tolerable degree, the ordinary moral duties of life, they have done all they were born to do. Look about you again, my Lord, nay, look into your own breast, and you will find that there are superior spirits, men who shew, even from their infancy, though it be not always perceived by others, perhaps not always felt by themselves, that they were born for something more, and better. These are the men to whom the part I mentioned is assigned; their talents denote their general designation, and the opportunities of conforming themselves to it, that arise in the course of things, or that are presented to them by any circumstances of rank and situation in the society to which they belong, denote the particular vocation which it is not lawful for them to reject, nor even to neglect. The duration of the lives of such men as these is to be determined, I think, by the length and importance of the parts they act, not by the number of years that pass between their coming into the world and their going out of it. Whether the piece be of three or five acts, the part may be long; and he who sustains it through the whole, may be said to die in the fulness of years; whilst he who declines it sooner, may be said not to live out half his days.

§ 33. *The Birth of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.*

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dream'd she was brought to bed of a huge ink-horn, out of which issued several large streams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify, that the child should prove a very voluminous writer. Likewise a crab-tree,

that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of crabs: this sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his wit. A great swarm of wasps played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in the room besides. This seemed a certain presage of the effects of his satire. A dunghill was seen with a force of one night to be covered all over with mushrooms: this some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

But what was of all most wonderful, was a thing that seemed a monstrous fowl, which just then dropped through the skylight, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a swan, and was concluding his son would be a poet, but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper-kite which had broke its leath by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the art military, his belly was filled with physic, his wings were the wings of Quales and Withers, the several nodes of his voluminous tail were diversified with several branches of science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of logic, a knot of metaphysic, a knot of casuistry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a lantern of Jacob Behmen.

There went a report in the family, that as soon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine several animals: he cried like a calf, bleated like a sheep, chattered like a magpie, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a goose, and brayed like an ass; and the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls which came down the chimney. His father was greatly rejoiced, at all these signs, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleased with the last, as it nearly resembled what happened at the birth of Homer.

The Doctor and his Shield.

The day of the christening being come, and the house filled with gossips, the levity of whole conversation suited but ill with

the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeable to his character; that is to say, not without some profitable conference, nor wholly without observance of some ancient custom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a shield: and being possessed of an antique buckler, which he held as a most inestimable relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the study, to be shewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this shield had caused him formerly to compile a dissertation concerning it, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatise, and a moderate supper, he proposed to entertain his guests; though he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his son's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust) and entrusted it to his house-maid, with orders, that when the company was come, she should lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue satin.

The guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm debate about the Triclinium, and the manner of Decubitus, of the ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner:

"This day, my friends, I purpose to exhibit my son before you; a child not wholly unworthy of inspection, as he is descended from a race of virtuosi. Let the physiognomist examine his features; let the chirographists behold his palm; but, above all, let us consult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my ancient shield, so famous through the universities of Europe. You all know how I purchased that invaluable piece of antiquity, at the great (though indeed inadequate) expence of all the plate of our family, how happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Germany. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great Melchior Insipidus!"

Here he stopped his speech, upon sight of the maid, who entered the room with

the child: he took it in his arms, and proceeded:

"Behold then my child, but first behold the shield: behold this rust,—or rather let me call it this precious ærugo;—behold this beautiful varnish of time,—this venerable verdure of so many ages!" In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the mantle which covered it inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole the tremor became universal: the shield and the infant both dropped to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, "O God! my shield, my shield!"

The truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her hand-irons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the guests stood astonished, the infant squalled, the maid ran in, snatched it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happened. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the gossips, where they found the Doctor in a trance: Hungary-water, hartshorn, and the confused noise of shrill voices, at length awakened him: when, opening his eyes, he saw the shield in the hands of the house-maid, "O woman! woman!" he cried, (and snatched it violently from her) "was it to thy ignorance that this relick owes its ruin? Where, where is the beautiful crust that covered thee so long? where those traces of time, and fingers as it were of antiquity? Where all those beautiful obliquities, the cause of much delightful dispute, where doubt and curiosity were hand in hand, and eternally exercised the speculations of the learned? And this the rude touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! The curious prominence at the belly of that figure, which some, taking for the cupid's of a sword, denominated a Roman soldier; others, accounting the *insignia virilis*, pronounce to be one of the *Du Termini*; behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shewn to be the head of a nail. O my shield! my shield! well may I say with Horace, *Non lene reliqua pavula*."

The gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the child had no hurt? and cried, "Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench, I warrant."

variant her: what a stir a man makes about a bason, that an hour ago, before her labour was bestowed upon it, accounted for? "try barber would not have hung at his shop-door?" "A bason!" (cried another) no such matter; 'tis nothing but a poultry old scone, with the nozzle broke off." The learned gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, herupon looking narrowly on the shield, declared their assent to this latter opinion, and desired Cornelius to be comforted; assuring him it was a scone, and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the doctor into such a violent fit of passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed; where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

The Nutrition of SCRIBLERUS.

Cornelius now began to regulate the suction of his child; seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the mother, or the nurse, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef; and as she stretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect: "Hast thou read the ancients, O nurse, thou wouldst prefer the welfare of the infant which thou nourishest, to the indulging of an irregular and voracious appetite. Beef, it is true, may confer a robustness on the limbs of my son, but will hebetate and clog his intellects." While he spoke this the nurse looked upon him with much anger, and now and then cast a wishful eye upon the beef.—Passion (continued the doctor, still holding the dish) throws the mind into too violent a fermentation: it is a kind of fever of the soul; or, as Horace expresses it, a short madness. Consider, woman, that this day's suction of my son may cause him to inherit many ungovernable passions, and in a manner spoil him for the temper of a philosopher. Romulus, by sucking a wolf, became of a fierce and savage disposition: and were I to breed some Ottoman emperor, or founder of a military commonwealth, perhaps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous appetite."—What! interrupted the nurse, beef spoil the understanding! that's fine indeed—how then could our parson preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too, if you go to that?

Don't tell me of your ancients, had not you almost killed the poor babe, with a dish of demoniac black broth?—"Lace-demoniac black broth, thou wouldst say" (replied Cornelius); but I cannot allow the infant to have been occasioned by that diet, since it was recommended by the divine Lycurgus. No, nurse, thou must certainly have eaten some meats of ill digestion the day before; and that was the real cause of his disorder. Consider, woman, the different temperaments of different nations: What makes the English phlegmatic and melancholy, but beef? What renders the Welsh so hot and choleric, but cheese and leeks? The French derive their levity from the soups, fogs, and mushrooms. I would not let my son dine like an Italian, lest, like an Italian, he should be jealous and revengeful. The warm and solid diet of Spain may be more beneficial, as it might endow him with a profound gravity; but, at the same time, he might suck in with their food their intolerable vice of pride. Therefore, nurse, in short, I hold it requisite to deny you, at present, not only beef, but likewise whatever any of those nations eat." During this speech, the nurse remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would she touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman observing, ordered that the child, to avoid the risk of imbibing ill humours, should be kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with butter mixed with honey, according to a prescription he had met with somewhere in Euclathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great heat of nose, but he was not concerned, it is in the opinion that whatever harm it might do the baby, would be amply recompensed by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular diet to be observed by the nurse; under which, having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the pups of a sow with pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct insult upon her sex and calling.

Play-Things.

Here follow the instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and playthings to be used by his son Martin.

"Play was invented by the Lydians, as a remedy against hunger. Sophocles
3 H 2 " 11, 3

" says of Palamedes, that he invented dice
 " to serve sometimes instead of a dinner.
 " It is therefore wisely contrived by na-
 " ture, that children, as they have the
 " keenest appetites, are most addicted to
 " plays. From the same cause, and from
 " the unprejudiced and incorrupt simpli-
 " city of their minds, it proceeds, that the
 " plays of the ancient children are pre-
 " served more entire than any other of their
 " customs. In this matter I would recom-
 " mend to all who have any concern in my
 " son's education, that they deviate not in
 " the least from the primitive and simple
 " antiquity.
 " To speak first of the whistle, as it is
 " the first of all play-things. I will have
 " it exactly to correspond with the ancient
 " *sisula*, and accordingly to be composed
 " *septem paribus disjuncta uentis*.
 " I heartily wish a diligent search may
 " be made after the true *crepisculum* or
 " rattle of the ancients, for that (as Archi-
 " tas Tarentinus was of opinion) kept the
 " children from breaking earthen-ware.
 " The China cups in these days are not
 " at all the fitter for the modern rattle;
 " which is an evident proof how far their
 " *crepitaacula* exceeded ours.
 " I would not have Martin as yet to
 " scourge a top, till I am better informed
 " whether the trochus, which was recom-
 " mended by Cato, be really our present
 " tops, or rather the hoop which the boys
 " drive with a stick. Neither cross and
 " pile, nor ducks and drakes, are quite so
 " ancient as handy-dandy, though Macro-
 " bius and St. Augustine take notice of the
 " first, and Minutius Felix describes the
 " latter; but handy-dandy is mentioned
 " by Aristotle, Plato, and Aristophanes.
 " The play which the Italians call *cinque*,
 " and the French *mourre*, is extremely an-
 " cient; it was played at by Hymen and
 " Cupid at the marriage of Psyche, and
 " termed by the Latins *digitis micare*.
 " Julius Pollux describes the *omilla* or
 " chuck-farthing: though some will have
 " our modern chuck-farthing to be nearer
 " the *aphetinda* of the ancients. He also
 " mentions the *basilinda*, or King I am;
 " and *mynda*, or hoopers-hide.
 " But the *chytrinda*, described by the
 " same author, is certainly not our hot-
 " cockles; for that was by pinching, and
 " not by striking; though there are good
 " authors who affirm the rathapigismus to
 " be yet nearer the modern hot-cockles.
 " My son Martin may use either of them

" indifferently, they being equally an-
 " tique.
 " Building of houses, and riding upon
 " sticks, have been used by children of all
 " ages, *Edificare casas, equitare in arundine*
 " *longa*. Yet I much doubt whether the
 " riding upon sticks did not come into use
 " after the age of the centaurs.
 " There is one play which shews the
 " gravity of ancient education, called the
 " *acinetinda*, in which children contended
 " who could longest stand still. This we
 " have suffered to perish entirely; and, if
 " I might be allowed to guess, it was cer-
 " tainly lost among the French.
 " I will permit my son to play at *apodi-*
 " *dascinda*, which can be no other than
 " our puss in a corner.
 " Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, speaks
 " of the *melolonthæ*, or the kite; but I
 " question whether the kite of antiquity
 " was the same with ours: and though the
 " *Opevryxæstia*, or quail-fighting, is what is
 " most taken notice, they had doubtless
 " cock-matches also, as is evident from
 " certain ancient gems and relievos.
 " In a word, let my son Martin dispen-
 " himself at any game truly antique, ex-
 " cept one, which was invented by a peo-
 " ple among the Thracians, who hung up
 " one of their companions in a rope, and
 " gave him a knife to cut himself down;
 " which if he failed in, he was suffered to
 " hang till he was dead; and this was only
 " reckoned a sort of joke. I am utter-
 " ly against this, as barbarous and cruel.
 " I cannot conclude, without taking no-
 " tice of the beauty of the Greek names,
 " whose etymologies acquaint us with the
 " nature of the sports; and how infinitely
 " both in sense and sound, they excel our
 " barbarous names of plays."
 " Notwithstanding the foregoing injunc-
 " tions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet condescended
 " to allow the child the use of some few
 " modern play-things; such as might prove of
 " any benefit to his mind, by instilling an
 " early notion of the sciences. For example,
 " he found that marbles taught him pene-
 " tration, and the laws of motion; nut-crackers,
 " the use of the *lever*; swinging on the ends
 " of a board, the balance; bottle-screws, the
 " vice; whirligigs, the axis and peritrochus;
 " bird-cages, the pulley; and tops the cen-
 " trifugal motion.
 " Others of his sports were farther carried
 " to improve his tender soul even in virtue
 " and morality. We shall only instance one
 " of the most useful and instructive, *bob-*
 " *cherry*;

herry, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and constancy; the first adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappointment.

Besides all these, he taught him, as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of scolding, according to the custom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

MUSIC.

The bare mention of music threw Cornelius into a passion. "How can you dignify (quoth he) this modern fiddling, with the name of music? Will any of your best hautboys encounter a wolf howl a-days with no other aim but their insatiable, as did that ancient piper Pithagoras? Have ever wild boars, elephants, deer, dolphins, whales, or turbot, showed the least emotion at the most elaborate strains of your modern seraper; all which have been, as it were, tamed and humanized by ancient musicians? Does not Ælian tell us how the Lesbian maids were excited to hoisting by music? (which ought in truth to be a caution to modest women against frequenting operas: and consider, brother, how much was brought to this dilemma, either to give up the virtue of the ladies, or the power of your music.) Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our morals? Is it not from the loss of an ancient music, by which (says Aristotle) they taught all the virtues? else might we turn Newgate into a college of Dorian musicians, who should teach moral virtues to those people. Whence comes it that our present diseases are so stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my scitical pains? Alas! because we have lost their true cure, by the melody of the pipe. All this was well known to the ancients, as Theophrastus assures us (whence Galien calls it *loca dolentia decantare*), only indeed some small remains of this skill are preserved in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Pithagoras stop a company of drunken bullies from storming a civil house, by changing the strain of the pipe to the sober spondæus? and yet your modern musicians want art to defend their windows from common nickers. It is well known, that when the Lacedæmonian mob were up, they commonly sent for a Lesbian musician to appease them, and they immediately grew calm

"as soon as they heard Terpander sing: yet I don't believe that the pope's whole band of music, though the best of this age, could keep his holiness's image from being burnt on the fifth of November." "Nor would Terpander himself (replied Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have any manner of effect: nor both of them together bring Horneck to common civility." "That's a gross mistake" (said Cornelius very warmly); "and, to prove it so, I have here a small lyra of my own, framed, strung, and tuned, after the ancient manner. I can play some fragments of Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try them upon the most passionate creatures alive."—"You never had a better opportunity (says Albertus), for yonder are two apple-women scolding, and just ready to uncoif one another." With that Cornelius, undressed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra in hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a flocking upon his head, and waistcoat of murrey-coloured stuff upon his body: He touched his lyra with a very unusual sort of an harpegiatura, nor were his hopes frustrated. The old equipage, the uncouth instrument, the fragments of the man, and of the music, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that were got about the two female champions, and at last of the combatants themselves. They all approached the balcony, in as close attention as Orpheus's first audience of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when some favourite air is just awakened. This sudden effect of his music encouraged him mightily; and it was observed he never touched his lyre in such a truly chromatic and enharmonic manner, as upon that occasion. The mob laughed, sung, jumped, danced, and used many odd gestures; all which he judged to be caused by the various strains and modulations. "Mark (quoth he) in this, the power of the Ionian; in that you see the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw stones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greatest air of triumph in the world. "Brother (said he) do you observe I have mixed, unawares, too much of the Phrygian; I might change it to the Lydian, and soften their riotous tempers: But it is enough: learn from this sample to speak with veneration of ancient music. If this lyre in my unskilful hands can

"perform such wonders, what must it not have done in those of a Timotheus or a 'Terpander?' Having said this, he retired with the utmost exultation in himself, and contempt of his brother; and, it is said, behaved that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient Tibicen to calm his temper.

LOGIC.

Martin's understanding was so totally immersed in sensible objects, that he demanded examples, from material things, of the abstracted ideas of logic: as for Crambe, he contented himself with the words; and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his instructor, that all men were not singular; that individuality could hardly be predicated of any man, for it was commonly said, that a man is not the same he was; that madmen are beside themselves, and drunken men come to themselves; which shews, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, individuality. Cornelius told Martin that a shoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into commons. That's true (quoth the mutton), but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the most lovely individual of the universe. When he was told, a substance was that which was subject to accidents; then soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of accident, that it could be present or absent without the destruction of the subject; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But, as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a natural death, and a logical death; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his stall amongst the logical predicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images. Thus, calling up the conch-man, he asked him what he had seen in the bear-garden? The man answered, he saw two men fight a prize: one was a fair man, a serjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher: the serjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue: they fought upon a stage about four o'clock, and the serjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark (quoth

Cornelius) how the fellow runs through the predicaments. Men, *substantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; a serjeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio et passio*; fighting, *status*; stage, *ubi*; two o'clock, *quando*; blue and red breeches, *habitus*." At the same time he warned Martin, that what he now learned as a logician, he must forget as a natural philosopher; that though he now taught them that accidents inhered in the subject, they would find in time there was no such thing; and that colour, taste, smell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantasms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this secret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inhered in a dancing-master, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteristics of relations. Crambe used to help him out, by telling him, a cuckold, a losing gambler, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept short by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this last case, the paternity and filiation leave very sensible impressions in the relation and connection. The greatest difficulty was when they came to the tenth predicament; Crambe affirmed that his *Lebanon* was more a substance than it was; for his clothes could better subsist without him, than he without his clothes.

The Seat of the Soul.

In this design of Martin to investigate the diseases of the mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an enquiry after the seat of the soul; in which at first, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodged in the brain, sometimes in the stomach, and sometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign lady to one apartment; which made him infer, that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: The brain was her study, the heart her state-room, and the stomach her kitchen. But, as he saw several offices of life went on at the same time, he was forced to give up this hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the soul to perform several operations by her little ministers, the animal spirits; from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts, according to different inclinations, sexes, ages, and professions. Thus, in epicures he seated her in the mouth of the stomach; philosophers have her in the brain, soldiers in their

their heart, women in their tongues, fidlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the glandula pinealis, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different tempers in mankind. He reported that in factious and restless-spirited people, he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the soul, as it were, an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this by observing, that calves and philosophers, tygers and statesmen, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-purrows and coquettes, monkeys and players, courtiers and spaniels, moles and miners, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the pineal gland. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: In order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too under his anatomical knife.

The Soul a Quality.

This is easily answered by a familiar instance. In every jack there is a meat-roasting quality, which neither resides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel in the jack, but is the result of the whole composition: so, in an animal, the self-consciousness is not a real quality inherent in one being, (any more than meat-roasting in a jack) but the result of several modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c. make one jack, so the several parts of the body make one animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, &c. are the several modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, &c. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications, as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the jack; so neither does consciousness, with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the result

from the mechanical composition of the whole animal.

Pope.

§ 34. *Diversity of Geniuses.*

I shall range these confined and less conspicuous geniuses under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of animals of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The Flying Fishes: These are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profound; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The Swallows are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down; but all their agility is employed to catch flies. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The Ostriches are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking; but then they run very fast. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The Parrots are they that repeat another's words, in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them form their own. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The Didappers are authors that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L. W. G. D. Esq. The Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The Porpoises are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest: but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The Frogs are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration: they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. L. M. Esq. T. D. Gent.

8. The Eels are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and peit. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The Tortoises are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have for the most part a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it, a

heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

These are the chief characteristics of the Bathos: and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice spirits in this our island.

The Advancement of the Bathos.

Thus have I (my dear country men) with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the Bathos, or, as I may say, broke open the abysses of this great deep. And having now established good and wholesome laws, what remains but that all true moderns, with their utmost might do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto, I think I shall, in the second place, highly deserve of my country, by proposing such a scheme, as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into one regular body; whereof every member, even the meanest, will some-way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the same foot with other arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: for instance, in clock making, one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal work-man puts all together: to this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches; and doubtless we also might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident, than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular trope or figure. Aristotle saith, that the hyperbole is an ornament fit for young men of quality; accordingly we find in those gentlemen a wonderful propensity towards it, which is marvellously improved by travelling: soldiers also and seamen are very happy in the same figure. The periphrasis or circumlocution is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the proverb and apologue of old

men at clubs; the ellipsis, or speech by half words, of ministers and politicians; the aposiopesis, of courtiers; the litotes, and diminution, of ladies, whisperers, and backbiters; and the anadiplosis, of common criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hallings, or new hollands. Epithets may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate, sarcasm and irony learned upon the water, and the epiphonima or exclamation frequently from the best garden, and as frequently from the 'House of Commons.'

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular figure, would doubtless attain to perfection: and when each become incorporated and sworn to the society (as hath been proposed) a preacher or orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular traders in each kind, to the metaphors for his allegories, to the simile-maker for his comparisons, to the ironist for his sarcasms, to the aposiopismatist for his sentences, &c.; whereby a dedication or speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived, with all convenient dispatch, at the public expence, a rhetorical chest of drawers, consisting of three stories; the highest for the deliberative, the middle for the demonstrative, and the lowest for the judicial. These shall be subdivided into loci or places, being repositories for matter and argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer shall again be subdivided into cells, resembling those of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for peace or war, and that of the liberty of the press, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the vituperative partition will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this cabinet, and how to manage all the registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an organ.

The keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some reverend prelate, or valiant officer, of unquestionable loyalty and affection to every present establishment in church and state; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And

And being lodged in such hands, it may at discretion let out by the day, to several great orators in both houses; from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will accrue to our society.

Dedications and Panegyrics.

Now of what necessity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our works as speed and dispatch. Great pity is, that solid brains are not, like other solid bodies, constantly endowed with a velocity in sinking proportionable to their breadth: for it is with the flowers of the fields as with those of nature, which, if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the morning, most unprofitably wither and wither before night. And of all our productions none is so short-lived as the dedication and panegyric, which are crum but the praise of a day, and become almost next utterly useless, improper, indecent, and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts of poetry in a manner depends that profit, which must still be remembered to be the main end of our writers and speakers.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them: after which we will teach a short way to epic poetry. And these being so fitfully the work of most importance and difficulty, it is presumed we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of Panegyric. Every man is honourable, who is so by law, custom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them, whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or occasional virtue, are virtuous by their posts, liberal and generous upon the public treasury, provident upon public supplies, just by paying public interest, courageous and magnanimous by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the public expences, and prudent by public success. They have by their office a right to a share of the public stock of virtues; beside, they are by prescription immemorial invested in all the celebrated virtues of their predecessors in the

same stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the colours of honourable and dishonourable, they are various in different countries: in this, they are blue, green, and red.

But, forasmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is the golden rule of transformation; which consists in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a spendthrift, and will not pay a just debt, may have his injustice transformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good-fellowship; corruption into patriotism; and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

The second is the rule of contraries. It is certain the less a man is endued with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he has none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverse of these precepts will serve for satire; wherein we are ever to remark, that who loath his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, hath forfeited his share in public praise and honour. Therefore the truly public-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath stripped; which is the real poetical justice of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be used in the praise and dispraise of ministerial and unministerial persons, I refer to our rhetorical cabinet; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the precepts here laid down; the neglect of which has cost some of them their ears in a pillory.

A Recipe to make an Epic Poem.

An epic poem, the critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet, is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest,

manifest, that epic poems may be made without a genius, nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money; and if a professed cook cannot do without it, he has his art for nothing: the same may be said of making a poem: it is easily brought about by him that has a genius, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and sure recipe, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

To make an Epic Poem.

For the Fable. Take out of any old noem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffry of Monmouth, or Dea Belianis of Greece) those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero, whom you may chuse for the sound of his name, and put him in the midst of these adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an Episode. Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the Moral and Allegory. These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leisure: be sure you strain them sufficiently.

For the Manners. For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated heroes of antiquity: if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication or poem. However, do not observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined

whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under-characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the Machines. Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use: separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle: let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradyce, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident: since an epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, extricate yourself by your own wit, seek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct precept of Horace, in his Art of Poetry:

*Nec deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Incident.—*

That is to say, "A poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity."

For the Descriptions. For a tempest. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Austler, and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of rain, lightning, and thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*; mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head, before you let it a-blowing.

For a battle. Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliad, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.

For a burning town. If such a description be necessary (because it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands: but if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.

As for similes and metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them: but the difficulty

edits is in applying them. For this advise with your bookfeller.

Pope.

§ 35. *The Duty of a Clerk.*

No sooner was I elected into my office, but I laid aside the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I considered myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity; since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a sherd of the linen vestment of Aaron.

Thou may'st conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I sung the psalm, how did my voice quiver for fear! and when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worth; the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice Tonson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlemen her daughters; nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young master the Esquire, who shall one day be lord of this manor." Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

* * * *

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuses which had crept into the church.

First; I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped no, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to moroseness, though fore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples which they privily munched at church. But verily it pitted me; for I remember the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands I did make plain and smooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches, which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caused every Saturday to be swept with a besom, and trimmed.

Fifthly, and lastly, I caused the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in

fresh lavender (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water); and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring clergy, soasmuch as no parish kept the minister in cleaner linen.

* * * *

Shoes did I make (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces also did I shave; and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery also I practised in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my two-fold profession, there passed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearsed: How that, being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I shaved the priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a wash-ball, and with lamp-black powdered his periwig. But these were sayings of men delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth: for it is well known, that great was my care and skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of staining Sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances, her spaniel, which was wont to go astray: he was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And, thirdly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the first Lady, to set an heel-piece tereon; and I received such pay therefor, that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the King to mend shoes for his majesty's women God preserve! Amen.

Ibid.

§ 36. *Cruelty to Animals.*

Montaigne thinks, of some section upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caged or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and devour one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness: yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects, Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted

permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to destroy some sorts of birds, as swallows and martins. This opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs; so that this is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin red-breasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of "The children in the wood." However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonnels of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause of the general perfection of owls (who are a sort of feather'd cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine: though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alledged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet, amidst all the misfortune of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen relinque upon the French never to hitle, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments, owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contributes to resist

those checks, which compassion would usually suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say, with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that savage compliment our hunters pay upon ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

*Quæque cruentus,
Atque imploranti similis.*——

But if our sports are destructive, and gluttony is more so, and in a more unmanly manner. Robbers roasted alive, and whipped to death, fowls sewed up, and the thionics of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives between an anxious conscience, and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward for their gluttony in the diseases it brings on it: for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snare and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with a blood, and filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, beset with the feathered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

Pope.

§ 37. *Pastoral Comedy.*

I have not attempted any thing of a pastoral comedy, because I think the taste of our age will not relish a poem of that sort. People seek for what they call wit on all subjects, and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Content is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve. There is a certain majesty in simplicity, which is far above all the quaintness of wit: inasmuch that the critics have excluded wit from the loftiest poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the epic no less than the pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Tasso not only in the simplicity of his thoughts, but in that of the fable too.

surprising discoveries should have place in the story of a pastoral comedy, I believe it would be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of chance than of design; intrigue not being very consistent with that innocence, which ought to constitute a shepherd's character. There is nothing in all the *Aminta* (as I remember) but happens by mere accident; unless it be the meeting of *Aminta* with *Sylvia* at the fountain, which is the contrivance of *Pygme*; and even that is the most simple in the world: the contrary is observable

in *Pastor Fido*, where *Corisca* is so perfect a mistress of intrigue, that the plot could not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclined to think the pastoral comedy is another disadvantage, as to the manners: its general design is to make us in love with the innocence of a rural life, so that to introduce shepherds of a vicious character, must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous characters will not shine so much, for want of being opposed to their contraries.

Pepe.

§ 38. *Dogs.*

Plutarch, relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of *Themistocles*, stops back again at the way of his history, purely to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that followed his master across the sea to *Salamis*, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of *The Dog's Grave* to that part of the island where he was buried. This respect to a dog, in the most polite people in the world, is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog (though we have but few such) is, that the chief order of Denmark (now injuriously called the order of the Elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named *Wild-brat*, to one of their kings, who had been deserted by his subjects: he gave his order this name, or to this effect (which still remains) "*Wild-brat was faithful.*" *Sir William Pultenell* has told me a story, which he heard from one that was present: King *Charles I.* being with some of his court during his troubles, a discourse arose what sort of dogs deserved pre-eminence, and it was on all hands agreed to belong either to the spaniel or greyhound, the king gave his opinion on the part of the grey-

hound because (said he) it has all the good-nature of the other without the fawning. A good piece of satire upon his courtiers, with which I will conclude my discourse of dogs. Call me a cynic, or what you please, in revenge for all this impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me, when I say a bold word for a Christian, that, of all dogs, you will find none more faithful than, Yours, &c.

U. d.

§ 39. *Lady Mary Wootley's Mortgage.*

The more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to fate and fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us; but to follow them the more, the farther they are removed from the sense of it. Sure, flatterers never travelled so far as three thousand miles; it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. 'Tis a generous piece of popery, that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent into another world: whether you think it right or wrong, you'll own the very extravagance a sort of piety. I can't be satisfied with throwing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost; but must consider you as a glorious though remote being, and be sending addresses after you. You have carried as far so much of me, that what remains is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here; and, I believe, in three or four months more I shall think *Amat Bonar* as good a place as *Covent-garden*. You may imagine this is rhapsody; but I am really so far gone, as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic; so is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing, or does one. On my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis hardly worth any body's while to do one for the honour of it: glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill paid as other just debts; and neither *Mrs. Mackarland*, for immolating her lover, nor you, for constancy to your lord, must ever hope to be compared to *Lucretia* or *Portia*.

I write this in some anger; for having, since you went, frequented those people most, who seemed most in your favour, I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often, as that you went a way in a black full-bottomed wig; which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered, "*Love is blind.*" I am persuaded your wig had

never suffered this criticism, but on the score of your head, and the two eyes that are in it.

Pray, when you write to me, talk of yourself; there is nothing I so much desire, to hear of: talk a great deal of yourself; that the who I always thought talked the best, may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and reliques you tell me of, no way engage my curiosity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see one such face as yours, than both St. John Baptist's heads. I wish (since you are grown so covetous of golden things) you had not only all the fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no farther than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is very edifying. The ladies, with respect to their husbands, seem to understand that text literally, that commands to bear one another's burdens; but, I fancy, many a man there is like Issachar, an ass between two burdens. I shall look upon you no more as a Christian, when you pass from that charitable court to the land of jealousy. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one of the thirty-nine articles after another, as you approach to the land of infidelity. Pray how far are you got already? Amidst the pomp of a high mass, and the ravishing thrills of a Sunday opera, what did you think of the doctrine and discipline of the church of England? Had you from your heart a reverence for Steinkold and Hopkins? How did your Christian virtues hold out in so long a voyage? You have, it seems (without passing the bounds of Christendom) out-travelled the sin of fornication; in a little time you'll look upon some others with more patience than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon, you'll time it so well as to make your religion last to the verge of Christendom, that you may discharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find some business.

I doubt not but I shall be told (when I come to follow you through these countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourself to the customs of the true Mussulmen. They will tell me at what town you practised to sit on the sofa, at what village you learned to fold a turban, where you was bathed and anointed, and where you parted with your black full-bottom. How happy must it be for a gay young woman, to live in a country where

it is a part of religious worship to be giddy-headed! I shall hear at Belgrade how the good bashaw received you with tears of joy, how he was charmed with your agreeable manner of pronouncing the words Allah and Muhamed; and how earnestly you joined with him in exhorting your friend to embrace that religion. But I think his objection was a just one; that was attended with some circumstances under which he could not properly represent his Britannic majesty.

Lastly, I shall hear how, the first night you lay at Pera, you had a vision of Mahomet's paradise, and happily awaked without a soul; from which blessed moment the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.

I see I have done in this letter, as I often have done in your company; talked myself into a good humour, when I began in an ill one: the pleasure of addressing you makes me run on; and 'tis in your power to shorten this letter as much as you please, by giving over when you please to I'll make it no longer by apologies.

Pep.

§ 40. *The Manners of a Bookeller.*

To the Earl of Burlington.

My Lord,

If your mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which times she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprising Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who mounted on a stone-horse (no disagreeable companion to your lordship's mare) overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the Muses; and would, as my bookfeller, by all means accompany me thither.

I asked him where he got his horse? He answered, he got it of his publisher; "For that reason, my printer (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in a good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassée of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cock-sure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. —; and if Mr. Tonson went, he

" &c.

was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.

"So, in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me: he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face: but the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechise: if you have any more bags, he shall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected; so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner:—
Now, damn them! what if they should put it in the news-paper how you and I went together to Oxford? what would I care? If I should go down into Suffolk, they would say I was gone to the speaker: but what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d I would keep as good company as old Jacob."

Hereupon I enquired of his son, "The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly; much as you are—I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? Most of the late ministry came out of it, so did many of this ministry; I hope the boy will make his fortune."

Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford; "To what purpose? (said he) the universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude. Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods. When we were alighted, "See here, what a mighty pretty kind of Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amused yourself in turning an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at your leisure hours!" Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits: then

jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour: after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, stopp'd short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone?" I answered Seven miles. "Z—ds! Sir," said Lintot, "I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth (though I lost by his Timothy's) he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak; and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles's pound shall make you half a job."

Pray, Mr. Lintot (said I) now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir, (replied he) those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world; in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe: I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry, Ay, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end. By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows; for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way, I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their things corrected by whom I please: so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators." But how are you secure those correctors may not impose upon you? "Why, I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes to my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not."

"I'll tell you what happened to me last month: I bargained with S— for a new version of Lucretius, to publish against Tonson's: agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator so, a cheat; nay, and I stop-

"and

"ped the corrector's pay too, upon this proof, that he had made use of Creech instead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics? "Sir (said he) nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones with a sheet a-piece of the blotted manuscript, which costs me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and say they had it from the author, who submitted to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics of the town. —As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me the other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pished at every line of it: One would wonder (says he) at the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task, that every stripling, every venturer—He was going on, when my wife called to dinner—Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot (said he) I am sorry you should be at the expence of this great book; I am really concerned on your account—Sir, I am much obliged to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would but condescend to advise with men of learning—Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in—My critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry; and tells me, in the same breath, that your book is commendable, and the pudding excellent.

"Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return to the frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, Is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Lansdown will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him, I heard he would not; and I hoped it, my lord being one I had particular obligations to. "That may be (replied Mr. Lintot); but, by God, if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial."

These, my lord, are a few traits by which you may discern the genius of Mr. Lintot; which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I

got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my lord Carleton at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the pleasures from them only to be equalled when I meet your lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from you here at your feet.

Page.

§ 41. Description of a Country Seat.

To the Duke of Buckingham.

In answer to a letter in which he inclosed the description of Buckingham-house, written by him to the D. of St.

Pliny was one of those few authors who had a warm house over his head, nay, two houses; as appears by two of his epistles. I believe, if any of his contemporaries, orators durst have informed the public where they lodged, we should have found the garrets of Rome as well inhabited as those of Fleet-street; but 'tis dangerous to let creditors into such a secret; therefore we may presume that then, as well as now—adays, nobody knew where they lived but their booksellers.

It seems, that when Virgil came to Rome, he had no lodging at all; he first introduced himself to Augustus by an epigram, beginning *Nonne plus tota*—an observation which probably he had made, unless he had lain all night in the street.

Where Juvenal lived, we cannot affirm; but in one of his satires he complains of the excessive price of lodgings; neither do I believe he would have talked so feelingly of Codrus's bed, if there had been room for a bed-fellow in it.

I believe, with all the ostentation of Pliny, he would have been glad to have changed both his houses for your grace's one; which is a country-house in the summer, and a town-house in the winter, and must be owned to be the properest habitation for a wise man, who sees all the world change every season without ever changing himself.

I have been reading the description of Pliny's house with an eye to yours; but finding they will bear no comparison, will try if it can be matched by the large country-seat I inhabit at present, and see what figure it may make by the help of a florid description.

You must expect nothing regular in my description, any more than in the house; the whole vast edifice is so disjointed, and

the several parts of it so detached one from the other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that, in one of my poetical fits, I imagined it had been a village in Amphion's time; where the cottages, having taken a country-dance together, had been all out, and stood stone-still with amazement ever since.

You must excuse me, if I say nothing of the front; indeed I don't know which it is. A stranger would be grievously disappointed, who endeavoured to get into the house the right way. One would reasonably expect, after the entry through the porch, to be let into the hall: alas, nothing less! you find yourself in the house of office. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-mailed door, you are convinced, by a flight of birds about your ear, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. If you come into the chapel, you find its altars, like those of the ancients, continually smoking; but it is with the steams of the adjoining kitchen.

The great hall within is high and spacious, flanked on one side with a very long table, a true image of ancient hospitality: the walls are all over ornamented with monstrous horns of animals, about twenty broken pikes, ten or a dozen blunderbusses, and a rusty match-lock musquet or two, which we were informed had served in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass; one shining pane in particular bears date 1286, which alone preserves the memory of a knight, whose iron armour is long since perished with rust, and whose alabaster nose is mouldered from his monument. The face of dame Eleanor, in another piece, owes more to that single pane than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. After this, who can say that glass is frail, when it is not half so frail as human beauty, or glory! and yet I can't but sigh to think that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every instant who flings a stone. In former days there have dined in this hall gartered knights, and courtly dames, attended by cooks, stewards, and gentlemen; and yet it was but last night that an owl flew thither, and I broke it for a barn.

This hall lets you (up and down) over every high threshold into the great parlour. Its contents are a broken-bottomed stool, a couple of supplejack chairs,

with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dimly as if they came fresh from hell, with all their brimstone about them: these are carefully set at the farther corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour, as I said before, lies the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry, which lets you on one hand and tother into a bed chamber, a battery and ammunition called the chamber's study, then follow a brew-house, a little green and out parker, and the great darning room, which is the darning room, on the right, the servant's hall, and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet for her private devotion; which has a lattice into the hall, intended (as we imagine) that at the same time as the pray'd might have an eye on the men and mids. There are upon the ground-floor, in all, twenty five apartments: among which I must not forget a chamber which has in it a large antiquity of timber, that seems to have been either a bedstead, or a cyder-press.

The kitchen is built in form of a rotunda, being one vast vault to the top of the house; where one aperture serves to let out the smoke, and let in the light. By the blackness of the walls, the circular fire, vast cauldrons, yawning mouths of ovens and furnace, you would think it either the forge of Vulcan, the cave of Polyphemus, or the temple of Moloch. The horror of this place has made such an impression on the country-people, that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal venison, a roasted tiger stuffed with ten-penny nails.

Above stairs we have a number of rooms; you never pass out of one into another, but by the ascent or descent of two or three stairs. Our best room is very long and low, of the most proportion of a bath-house. In most of these rooms there are hangings of the finest work in the world, that is to say, those which Arachne spins from her own bowels. Were it not for this only furniture, the whole would be a miserable scene of naked walls, flawed ceiling, broken windows, and rusty floors. The roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower we may expect a drop of muck, between the dishes of our soup. And the doors are as high and low

as those to the cabins of packet-boats. These rooms have, for many years, had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this feat, for the very rats of this venerable house are grey; since these have not yet quitted it, we hope at least that this ancient mansion may not fall during the small remnant these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another. There is yet a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

We had never seen half what I had described, but for a starch'd grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in this place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He entertained us as we passed from room to room, with several relations of the family; but his observations were particularly curious when he came to the cellar: he informed us where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent, for toasts in a morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragments of an unnamed picture: "This (says he, with tears) was poor Sir Thomas! once master of all this drink. He had two sons, poor young masters! who never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very room, and never went out on their own legs." He could not pass by a heap of broken bottles without taking up a piece, to shew us the arms of the family upon it. He then led us up the tower by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms one above another. One of these was nailed up, and our guide whispered to us as a secret the occasion of it: it seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted, about two centuries ago, by a freak of the lady Frances, who was here taken in the fact with a neighbouring prior; ever since which the room has been nailed up, and branded with the name of the Adultery-Chamber. The ghost of lady Frances is supposed to walk there, and some prying maids of the family report that they have seen a lady in a far-dingale through the key-hole: but this matter is hushed up, and the servants are forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long description: but what engaged me in it, was a generous principle to preserve the

memory of that, which itself must soon fall into dust, nay, perhaps part of it, before this letter reaches your hands.

Indeed we owe this old house the same kind of gratitude that we do to an old friend, who harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremity. How fit is this retreat for uninterrupted study, where no one that passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even those who would dine with us dare not stay under our roof! Any one that sees it, will own I could not have chosen a more likely place to converse with the dead in. I had been mad indeed if I had left your grace for any one but Homer. But when I return to the living, I shall have the sense to endeavour to converse with the best of them, and shall therefore, as soon as possible, tell you in person how much I am, &c.

Pope.

§ 42. *Apology for his religious Tenets.*

My Lord,

I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that with both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true I have lost a parent, for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie; I thank God another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature, *Gentrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

Nequeam lachrymas perferre parentis.

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

*Ignoram hujus quodcunque pericli
Hanc ego, nunc, liquam?*

For me, my lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did, of the success of such an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity). Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows; this I know,

I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so, justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of joining with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy; but I think it would not be so, to renounce the other.

Your lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old, (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books); there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of king James the Second; I warmed my head with them, and the consequence was, that I found myself a papist and a protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case; and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And, after all, I verily believe your lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

As to the temporal side of the question, I can have no dispute with you; it is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I began my life, where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition: I don't know why 'tis called so, for to me it always seemed to be rather stooping than climbing. I'll tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to preserve the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience, in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they

are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states. I am a catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute prince, I would be a quiet subject: but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see, are not a Roman catholic, or a French catholic, or a Spanish catholic, but a true catholic: and not a king of Whigs, or a king of Tories, but a king of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present majesty may be, and all future majesties. You see, my lord, I end like a preacher: this is *sermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever your, &c.
Pope.

§ 43. Defence against a noble Lord's Reflections.

There was another reason why I was silent as to that paper—I took it for a lady's (on the printer's word in the title-page) and thought it too presuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that sex in altercation: for I never was so mean a creature as to commit my anger against a lady to paper, though but in a private letter. But soon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a noble person of real honour and truth. Your lordship indeed said you had it from a lady, and the lady said it was your lordship's; some thought the beautiful by-blow had two fathers, or (if one of them will hardly be allowed a man) two mothers; indeed I think both sexes had a share in it, but which was uppermost, I know not; I pretend not to determine the exact method of this witty fornication: and, if I call it yours, my lord, 'tis only because, whoever got it, you brought it forth.

Here, my lord, allow me to observe the different proceeding of the ignoble poet, and his noble enemies. What he has written of Fanny, Adonis, Sappho, or who you will, he owned, he published, he set his name to: what they have published of him, they have denied to have written; and what they have written of him, they have denied to have published. One of these was the case in the past libel, and the other

other in the present; for, though the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it is such as he has been obliged to deny, in the most particular terms, to the great person whose opinion concerned him most.

Yet, my lord, this epistle was a piece not written in haste, or in a passion, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at full leisure at Hampton-Court, and I the object singled, like a deer out of season, for so ill-timed and ill-placed a diversion. It was a deliberate work, directed to a reverend person, of the most serious and sacred character, with whom you are known to cultivate a strict correspondence, and to whom, it will not be doubted, but you open your secret sentiments, and deliver your real judgment of men and things. This, I say, my lord, with submission, could not but awaken all my reflection and attention. Your lordship's opinion of me as a poet, I cannot help; it is yours, my lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours alone, you must be content to share it with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, and (it may be) with many more innocent and ingenious gentlemen. If your lordship destroys my poetical character, they will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to say, if my moral character be ruined, it must be wholly the work of your lordship; and will be hard even for you to do, unless I myself co-operate.

How can you talk (my most worthy lord) of all Pope's works as so many libels, affirm, that he has no invention but in defamation, and charge him with selling another man's labours printed with his own name? Eye, my lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention; that person himself has told you and all the world, in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the *Odyssey*. I can only suppose your lordship (not having at that time forgot your Greek) despised to look upon the translation; and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my lord, when you said he sold another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he bought them, which very much alters the case. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your lordship. I dare not affirm he was as

well paid as some writers (much his inferiors) have been since; but your lordship will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to buy or sell scribbling so high; and that I have neither place, pension, nor power to reward for secret services. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least envy to such an author as I am, but, were that possible, it were much better gratified by employing not your own, but some of those low and ignoble pens to do you this mean office. I dare engage you'll have them for less than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not raised the market. Let them drive the bargain for you, my lord; and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) verses, as these of your lordship.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor person should be abused by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot Cui do the same? nay, has he not done it before your lordship, in the same kind of language, and almost the same words? I cannot but think, the worthy and discreet clergyman himself will agree, it is improper, nay, unchristian, to expose the personal defects of our brother; that both such perfect forms as yours, and such unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from the hand of the same Maker, who fashions his vessels as he pleaseth; and that it is not from their shape we can tell whether they were made for honour or dishonour. In a word, he would teach you charity to your greatest enemies; of which number, my lord, I cannot be reckoned, since, though a poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my lord, as to the obscurity of my birth (a reflection, copied also from Mr. Curl and his brethren) I am sorry to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my family in the same leaf with your lordship's: but my father had the honour, in one instance, to resemble you, for he was a younger brother. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his elder brother, though he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possess. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind him in any branch of it! But as to my father, I could assure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, might

night please your lordship yet better, a cobbler) but in truth, of a very tolerable family; and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady, whom your lordship made choice of to be the mother of your own children; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a better present than even the noble blood they derive only from you: a mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect, as to say, she spoiled me; and a father, who never found himself obliged to say of me, that he disapproved my conduct. In a word, my lord, I think it enough, that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush; and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear.

I have purposely omitted to consider your lordship's criticisms on my poetry. As they are exactly the same with those of the forementioned authors, I apprehend they would justly charge me with partiality, if I gave to you what belongs to them; or paid more distinction to the same things when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be shewing both them and you (my lord) a more particular respect, to observe how much they are honoured by your imitation of them, which indeed is carried through your whole epistle. I have read somewhere at school (though I make it no vanity to have forgot where) that Tully naturalized a few phrases at the instance of some of his friends. Your lordship has done more in honour of these gentlemen; you have authorized not only their assertions, but their style. For example, A flow that wants skill to restrain its ardour,—a dictionary that give us nothing at its own expence.—As luxuriant branches bear but little fruit, so wit unprun'd is but raw fruit.—While you rehearse ignorance, you still know enough to do it in verse.—Wits are but glittering ignorance.—The account of how we pass our time—and, The weight on Sir R. W.—'s brain. You can ever receive from no head more than such a head (is no head) has to give: your lordship would have said never receive instead of ever, and any head instead of no head. But all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enriched our language.

Poje.

§ 44. *The Death of Mr. GUY.*

It is not a time to complain that you have not answered my two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some

fears); it is not now indeed a time to think of myself, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. GUY. An influenza fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine o'clock, not deprived of his faculties entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked for you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and bread. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! Few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now, I believe: one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest; but I love you as well, and is firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been so amiable nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sake, not for his. Sure, if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his. Adieu! I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it.

Had.

§ 45. *Envy.*

Envy is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place: the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation; its effects, therefore, are every where discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name, which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from public affairs, will never want those who hint with Shylock, that ships are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whose fortune is at the mercy of the wind. The beauty adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thicket of murmurs of detraction, and whispers of suspicion. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleasing images of nature, or abstract beauty,

contested principles of science, yet suffers persecution from innumerable critics, whose acrimony is excited merely by the pain of seeing others pleased, of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so familiar, that it escapes our notice; nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in some useful art, finds himself pursued by multitudes whom he never saw with implacability of personal resentment; when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, exposed to the world; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed; he then learns to abhor those artifices at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, considerations, which, if carefully implanted, and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repress it, since no one can nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects are only shame, anguish, and perturbation.

It is, above all other vices, inconsistent with the character of a social being, because it sacrifices truth and kindness to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition, in the same proportion as he impairs another's; but he that blasts a flourishing reputation, must be content with a small dividend of additional fame, so small as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided mentioning that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be desired. It is one of those lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confesses his superiority, and let those be re-

formed by their pride, who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed against those who have given no intentional provocation; and that the sufferer is marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any duty, but because he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed; but envy is a more unmixed and genuine evil; it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness as another's misery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity; but only, that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns, and wish to maintain the dignity of a human being.

Rambler.

§ 46. EPICURUS, *a Review of his Character.*

I believe you will find, my dear Hamilton, that Aristotle is still to be preferred to Epicurus. The former made some useful experiments and discoveries, and was engaged in a real pursuit of knowledge, although his manner is much perplexed. The latter was full of vanity and ambition. He was an impostor, and only aimed at deceiving. He seemed not to believe the principles which he has asserted. He committed the government of all things to chance. His natural philosophy is absurd. His moral philosophy wants its proper basis, the fear of God. Monsieur Bayle, one of his warmest advocates, is of this last opinion, where he says, *On ne sauroit pas être assez de bien de l'honnêteté de ses maximes, ni assez de mal de ses opinions sur la religion.* His general maxim, 'That happiness consisted in pleasure, was too much unguarded, and must lay a foundation of a most destructive practice: although, from his temper and constitution, he made his life sufficiently pleasurable to himself, and agreeable to the rules of true philosophy. His fortune exempted him from care and solicitude; his valetudinarian habit of body from intemperance. He passed the greater part of his time in his garden, where he enjoyed all the elegant amusements of life. There he studied. There he taught his philosophy. This particular happy situa-

tion greatly contributed to that tranquillity of mind, and indolence of body, which he made his chief ends. He had not, however, resolution sufficient to meet the gradual approaches of death, and wanted that constancy which Sir William Temple ascribes to him: for in his last moments, when he found that his condition was desperate, he took such large draughts of wine, that he was absolutely intoxicated and deprived of his senses; so that he died more like a bacchanal, than a philosopher.

Orerry's Life of Swift.

§ 47. *Example, its Prevalence.*

Is it not Pliny, my lord, who says, that the gentlest, he should have added the most effectual, way of commanding is by example? *Mitius jubetur exemplo.* The harshest orders are softened by example, and tyranny itself becomes persuasive. What pity it is that so few princes have learned this way of commanding! But again; the force of example is not confined to those alone that pass immediately under our sight: the examples that memory suggests have the same effect in their degree, and an habit of recalling them will soon produce the habit of imitating them. In the same epistle from whence I cited a passage just now, Seneca says, that Cleanthes had never become so perfect a copy of Zeno, if he had not passed his life with him; that Plato, Aristotle, and the other philosophers of that school, profited more by the example than by the discourses of Socrates. (But here by the way Seneca mistook; Socrates died two years according to some, and four years according to others, before the birth of Aristotle: and his mistake might come from the inaccuracy of those who collected for him; as Erasmus observes, after Quintilian, in his judgment on Seneca.) But be this, which was scarce worth a parenthesis, as it will, he adds, that Metrodorus, Hermachus, and Polyxenus, men of great note, were formed by living under the same roof with Epicurus, not by frequenting his school. These are instances of the force of immediate example. But your lordship knows, citizens of Rome placed the images of their ancestors in the vestibules of their houses; so that whenever they went in or out, these venerable bustoes met their eyes, and recalled the glorious actions of the dead, to fire the living, to excite them to imitate and even emulate their great forefathers. The success answered the design. The

virtue of one generation was transfused, by the magic of example, into several: and a spirit of heroism was maintained through many ages of that commonwealth.

Dangerous, when copied without Judgment.

Peter of Medicis had involved himself in great difficulties, when those wars and calamities began which Lewis Sforza first drew on and entailed on Italy, by flattering the ambition of Charles the Eighth, in order to gratify his own, and calling the French into that country. Peter owed his distress to his folly in departing from the general tenor of conduct his father Laurence had held, and hoped to relieve himself by imitating his father's example in one particular instance. At a time when the wars with the Pope and king of Naples had reduced Laurence to circumstances of great danger, he took the resolution of going to Ferdinand, and of treating in person with that prince. The resolution appears in history imprudent and almost desperate: were we informed of the secret reasons on which this great man acted, it would appear very possibly a wise and safe measure. It succeeded, and Laurence brought back with him public peace and private security. When the French troops entered the dominions of Florence, Peter was struck with a panic terror, went to Charles the Eighth, put the post of Leghorn, the fortresses of Pisa, and all the keys of the country into this prince's hands: whereby he disarmed the Florentine commonwealth, and ruined himself. He was deprived of his authority, and driven out of the city, by the just indignation of the magistrates and people; and in the treaty which they made afterwards with the king of France, it was stipulated that he should not remain within an hundred miles of the state, nor his brothers within the same distance of the city of Florence. On this occasion Guicciardin observes, how dangerous it is to govern ourselves by particular examples; since to have the same success, we must have the same prudence, and the same fortune; and since the example must not only answer the case before us in general, but in every minute circumstance. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 48. *Exile only an imaginary Evil.*

To live deprived of one's country is intolerable. Is it so? How comes it then to pass that such numbers of men live out of their countries by choice? Observe how

the streets of London and of Paris are crowded. Call over those millions by name, and ask them one by one, of what country they are: how many will you find, who from different parts of the earth come to inhabit these great cities, which afford the largest opportunities and the largest encouragement to virtue and vice? Some are drawn by ambition, and some are sent by duty; many resort thither to improve their minds, and many to improve their fortunes; others bring their beauty, and others their eloquence to market. Remove from hence, and go to the utmost extremities of the East or West: visit the barbarous nations of Africa, or the inhospitable regions of the North; you will find no climate so bad, no country so savage, as not to have some people who come from abroad, and inhabit thole by choice.

Among numberless extravagances which pass through the minds of men, we may justly reckon for one that notion of a secret affection, independent of our reason, and superior to our reason, which we are supposed to have for our country; as if there were some physical virtue in every spot of ground, which necessarily produced this effect in every one born upon it.

Amor patriæ ratione valentior omni.

This notion may have contributed to the security and grandeur of states. It has therefore been not unartfully cultivated, and the prejudice of education has been with care put on its side. Men have come in this case, as in many others, from believing that it ought to be so, to persuade others, and even to believe themselves that it is so.

Cannot hurt a reflecting Man.

Whatever is best is safest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, whereof it makes the noblest part. 'These are inseparably ours, and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same

faculties, and born under the same laws of nature.

We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be every where spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe; innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them: and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

Bolingbroke.

§ 49. *The Love of Fame.*

I can by no means agree with you in thinking that the love of fame is a passion, which either reason or religion condemns. I confess, indeed, there are some who have represented it as inconsistent with both; and I remember, in particular, the excellent author of *The Religion of Nature delineated*, has treated it as highly irrational and absurd. As the passage falls in so thoroughly with your own turn of thought, you will have no objection, I imagine, to my quoting it at large; and I give it you, at the same time, as a very great authority on your side. "In reality," says that writer, "the man is not known ever the more to posterity, because his name is transmitted to them: He doth not live because his name does. When it is said, Julius Cæsar subdued Gaul, conquered Pompey, &c. it is the same thing as to say, the conqueror of Pompey was Julius Cæsar, i. e. Cæsar and the conqueror of Pompey is the same thing; Cæsar is as much known by one designation as by the other. The amount then is only this: that the conqueror of Pompey conquered Pompey; or rather, since Pompey is as little known now as Cæsar, somebody conquered somebody. Such a poor business is this boasted immortality! and

"Ach

"such is the thing called glory among us !
 "To discerning men this fame is mere air,
 "and what they despise, if not shun."

But surely "twere to consider too cursoriously," as Horatio says to Hamlet, "to consider thus." For though fame with posterity should be, in the strict analysis of it, no other than what it is here described, a mere uninteresting proposition, amounting to nothing more than that somebody acted meritoriously; yet it would not necessarily follow, that true philosophy would banish the desire of it from the human breast. For this passion may be (as most certainly it is) wisely implanted in our species, notwithstanding the corresponding object should in reality be very different from what it appears in imagination. Do not many of our most refined and even contemplative pleasures owe their existence to our mistakes? It is but extending (I will not say, improving) some of our senses to a higher degree of acuteness than we now possess them, to make the fairest views of nature, or the noblest productions of art, appear horrid and deformed. To see things as they truly and in themselves are, would not always, perhaps, be of advantage to us in the intellectual world, any more than in the natural. But, after all, who shall certainly assure us, that the pleasure of virtuous fame dies with its possessor, and reaches not to a farther scene of existence? There is nothing, it should seem, either absurd or unphilosophical in supposing it possible at least, that the praises of the good and the judicious, that sweetest music to an honest ear in this world, may be echoed back to the mansions of the next: that the poet's description of fame may be literally true, and though she walks upon earth, she may yet lift her head into heaven.

But can it be reasonable to extinguish a passion which nature has universally lighted up in the human breast, and which we constantly find to burn with most strength and brightness in the noblest and best formed souls? Accordingly revelation is so far from endeavouring (as you suppose) to eradicate the seed which nature hath thus deeply planted, that she rather seems, on the contrary, to cherish and forward its growth. 'To be exalted with honour, and to be had in everlasting remembrance,' are in the number of those encouragements which the Jewish dispensation offered to the virtuous; as the person from whom the sacred author of the Christian system received his

birth, is herself represented as rejoicing that all generations should call her blessed.

To be convinced of the great advantage of cherishing this high regard to posterity, this noble desire of an after-life in the breath of others, one need only look back upon the history of the ancient Greeks and Romans. What other principle was it, which produced that exalted strain of virtue in those days, that may well serve as a model to these? Was it not the *consensus laus bonorum*, the *incorrupta vox bene judicantium* (as Tully calls it) the concurrent approbation of the good, the uncorrupted applause of the wise, that animated their most generous pursuits?

To confess the truth, I have been ever inclined to think it a very dangerous attempt, to endeavour to lessen the motives of right conduct, or to raise any suspicion concerning their solidity. The tempers and dispositions of mankind are so extremely different, that it seems necessary they should be called into action by a variety of incitements. Thus, while some are willing to wed virtue for her personal charms, others are engaged to take her for the sake of her expected dowry; and since her followers and admirers have so little hopes from her in present, it were pity, methinks, to reason them out of any imagined advantage in reversion.

Fitzgibbon's Letters.

§ 50. *Enthusiasm.*

Though I rejoice in the hope of seeing enthusiasm expelled from her religious dominions, let me intreat you to leave her in the undisturbed enjoyment of her civil possessions. To own the truth, I look upon enthusiasm, in all other points but that of religion, to be a very necessary turn of mind; as indeed it is a vein which nature seems to have marked with more or less strength in the tempers of most men. No matter what the object is, whether business, pleasures, or the fine arts; whoever pursues them to any purpose must do so *en amour*; and inamorous, you know, of every kind, are all enthusiasts. There is indeed a certain heightening faculty which universally prevails through our species; and we are all of us, perhaps, in our several favourite pursuits, pretty much in the circumstances of the renowned knight of La Mancha, when he attacked the barbar's brazen basin, for Mambrino's golden helmet.

What is Tully's *aliquid immersum insitumque*,

fantomque, which he professes to aspire after in oratory, but a piece of true rhetorical Quixotism? Yet never, I will venture to affirm, would he have glowed with so much eloquence, had he been warmed with less enthusiasm. I am persuaded indeed, that nothing great or glorious was ever performed, where this quality had not a principal concern; and as our passions add vigour to our actions, enthusiasm gives spirit to our passions. I might add too, that it even opens and enlarges our capacities. Accordingly I have been informed, that one of the great lights of the present age never sits down to study, till he has raised his imagination by the power of music. For this purpose he has a band of instruments placed near his library, which play till he finds himself elevated to a proper height; upon which he gives a signal, and they instantly cease.

But those high conceits which are suggested by enthusiasm, contribute not only to the pleasure and perfection of the fine arts, but to most other effects of our action and industry. To strike this spirit therefore out of the human constitution, to reduce things to their precise philosophical standard, would be to check some of the main wheels of society, and to fix half the world in an useless apathy. For if enthusiasm did not add an imaginary value to most of the objects of our pursuit; if fancy did not give them their brightest colours, they would generally, perhaps, wear an appearance too contemptible to excite desire:

Wear'd we should lie down in death,
This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought fame an empty breath,
I Phillis but a perjur'd whore. PRIOR.

In a word, this enthusiasm for which I am pleading, is a beneficent enchantress, who never exerts her magic but to our advantage, and only deals about her friendly spells in order to raise imaginary beauties, or to improve real ones. The worst that can be said of her is, that she is a kind deceiver, and an obliging flatterer.

Fitzosborne's Lett.

§ 51. *Free-thinking, the various Abuses committed by the Vulgar in this Point.*

The publication of lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works has given new life and spirit to free-thinking. We seem at present to be endeavouring to unlearn our catechism, with all that we have been taught

about religion, in order to model our faith to the fashion of his lordship's system. We have now nothing to do, but to throw away our bibles, turn the churches into theatres, and rejoice that an act of parliament now in force gives us an opportunity of getting rid of the clergy by transportation. I was in hopes the extraordinary price of these volumes would have confined their influence to persons of quality. As they are placed above extreme indigence and absolute want of bread, their loose notions would have carried them no farther than cheating at cards, or perhaps plundering their country: but if these opinions spread among the vulgar, we shall be knocked down at noon-day in our streets, and nothing will go forward but robberies and murders.

The instances I have lately seen of free-thinking in the lower part of the world, make me fear, they are going to be as fashionable and as wicked as their betters. I went the other night to the Robin Hood, where it is usual for the advocates against religion to assemble, and openly avow their infidelity. One of the questions for the night was, "Whether lord Bolingbroke had not done greater service to mankind by his writings, than the apostles or evangelists?" As this society is chiefly composed of lawyers' clerks, petty tradesmen, and the lowest mechanics, I was at first surprized at such amazing erudition among them. Toland, Tindal, Collins, Chubb, and Mandeville, they seemed to have got by heart. A shoe-maker harangued his five minutes upon the excellence of the tenets maintained by lord Bolingbroke: but I soon found that his reading had not been extended beyond the *Idea of a Patriot King*, which he had mistaken for a glorious system of free-thinking. I could not help smiling at another of the company, who took pains to shew his disbelief of the gospel, by unfainting the apostles, and calling them by no other title than plain Paul or plain Peter. The proceedings of this society have indeed almost induced me to wish that (like the Roman Catholics) they were not permitted to read the bible, rather than they should read it only to abuse it.

I have frequently heard many wise tradesmen settling the most important articles of our faith over a pint of beer. A baker took occasion from Canning's affair to maintain, in opposition to the scriptures, that man might live by bread alone, at least that woman might; "for else," said he, "how could the girl have been sup-
"poised

"ported for a whole month by a few hard crutts?" In answer to this, a barber-surgeon set forth the improbability of that story; and thence inferred, that it was impossible for our Saviour to have fasted forty days in the wilderness. I lately heard a midshipman swear that the Bible was all a lie: for he had sailed round the world with lord Anson, and if there had been any Red Sea, he must have met with it. I know a bricklayer, who while he was working by line and rule, and carefully laying one brick upon another, would argue with a fellow-labourer that the world was made by chance; and a cook, who thought more of his trade than his bible, in a dispute concerning the miracles, made a pleasant mistake about the nature of the first, and gravely asked his antagonist what he thought of the supper at Cana.

This affectation of free-thinking among the lower class of people, is at present happily confined to the men. On Sundays, while the husbands are toying at the ale-house, the good women their wives think it their duty to go to church, say their prayers, bring home the text, and hear the children their catechism. But our polite ladies are, I fear, in their lives and conversations, little better than free-thinkers. Going to church, since it is now no longer the fashion to carry on intrigues there, is almost wholly laid aside: And I verily believe, that nothing but another earthquake can fill the churches with people of quality. The fair sex in general are too thoughtless to concern themselves in deep enquiries into matters of religion. It is sufficient, that they are taught to believe themselves angels. It would therefore be an ill compliment, while we talk of the heaven they bestow, to persuade them into the Mahometan notion, that they have no souls: though perhaps our fine gentlemen may imagine, that by convincing a lady that she has no soul, she will be less scrupulous about the disposal of her body.

The ridiculous notions maintained by free-thinkers in their writings, scarce deserve a serious refutation; and perhaps the best method of answering them would be to select from their works all the absurd and impracticable notions which they so stily maintain in order to evade the belief of the Christian religion. I shall here throw together a few of their principal tenets, under the contradictory title of

The Unbeliever's Creed.

I believe that there is no God, but that

matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe also, that the world was not made; that the world made itself; that it had no beginning; that it will last for ever, world without end.

I believe that a man is a beast, that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul; and that after death there is neither body nor soul.

I believe that there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion, and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses; I believe in the first philosophy; I believe not the evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindal, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbes, Shaftesbury; I believe in lord Bolingbroke; I believe not St. Paul.

I believe not revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the talmud; I believe in the alcoran; I believe not the bible; I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiaton; I believe in Mahomet; I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.

Commissaire.

§ 52. *Fortune not to be trusted.*

The sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand without difficulty the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago, and never trusted to fortune even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed so that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me. No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts, fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them; we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away, as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But, if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity.

Our

Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states : and having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it ; for in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Her Evils disarmed by Patience.

Banishment, with all its train of evils, is so far from being the cause of contempt, that he who bears up with an undaunted spirit against them, while so many are dejected by them, erects on his very misfortune a trophy to his honour : for such is the frame and temper of our minds, that nothing strikes us with greater admiration than a man intrepid in the midst of misfortunes. Of all ignominies, an ignominious death must be allowed to be the greatest ; and yet where is the blasphemer who will presume to defame the death of Socrates ! This saint entered the prison with the same countenance with which he reduced thirty tyrants, and he took off ignominy from the place ; for how could it be deemed a prison when Socrates was there ? Aristides was led to execution in the same city ; all those who met the sad procession, cast their eyes to the ground, and with throbbing hearts bewailed, not the innocent man, but Justice herself, who was in him condemned. Yet there was a wretch found, for monsters are sometimes produced in contradiction to the ordinary rules of nature, who spit in his face as he passed along. Aristides wiped his check, smiled, turned to the magistrate, and said, " Admonish this man not to be so nasty for the future."

Ignominy then can take no hold on virtue ; for virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the world when she prospers ; and when she falls into adversity we applaud her. Like the temples of the gods, she is venerable even in her ruins. After this, must it not appear a degree of madness to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against attacks, which at every moment we are exposed to ? Our being miserable, or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity.

Belingbroke.

§ 53. *Delicacy constitutional, and often dangerous.*

Some people are subject to a certain delicacy of passion, which makes them extremely sensible to all the accidents of life,

and gives them a lively joy upon every prosperous event, as well as a piercing grief, when they meet with crosses and adversity. Favours and good offices easily engage their friendship, while the smallest injury provokes their resentment. Any honour or mark of distinction elevates them above measure ; but they are as sensibly touched with contempt. People of this character have, no doubt, much more lively enjoyments, as well as more pungent sorrows, than men of cool and sedate tempers : but I believe, when every thing is balanced, there is no one, who would not rather chuse to be of the latter character, were he entirely master of his own disposition. Good or ill fortune is very little at our own disposal : and when a person who has this sensibility of temper meets with any misfortune, his sorrow or resentment takes entire possession of him, and deprives him of all relish in the common occurrences of life ; the right enjoyment of which forms the greatest part of our happiness. Great pleasures are much less frequent than great pains ; so that a sensible temper cannot meet with fewer trials in the former way than in the latter : not to mention, that men of such lively passions are apt to be transported beyond all bounds of prudence and discretion, and to take false steps in the conduct of life, which are often irretrievable.

Delicacy of Taste desirable.

There is a delicacy of taste observable in some men, which very much resembles this delicacy of passion, and produces the same sensibility to beauty and deformity of every kind, as that does to prosperity and adversity, obligations and injuries. When you present a poem or a picture to a man possessed of this talent, the delicacy of his feelings makes him to be touched very sensibly with every part of it ; nor are the masterly strokes perceived with more exquisite relish and satisfaction, than the negligencies or absurdities with disgust and uneasiness. A polite and judicious conversation affords him the highest entertainment ; rudeness or impertinence is as great a punishment to him. In short, delicacy of taste has the same effect as delicacy of passion : it enlarges the sphere both of our happiness and misery, and makes us sensible to pains as well as pleasures which escape the rest of mankind.

I believe, however, there is no one, who will not agree with me, that, notwithstanding

ing this resemblance, a delicacy of taste is much to be desired and cultivated as a delicacy of passion is to be lamented, and to be remedied if possible. The good or ill accidents of life are very little at our disposal; but we are pretty much masters what books we shall read, what diversions we shall partake of, and what company we shall keep. Philosophers have endeavoured to render happiness entirely independent of every thing external that is impossible to be attained: but every wise man will endeavour to place his happiness on such objects as depend most upon himself; and that is not to be attained so much by any other means, as by this delicacy of sentiment. When a man is possessed of that talent, he is more happy by what pleases his taste, than by what gratifies his appetites; and receives more enjoyment from a poem or a piece of reasoning, than the most expensive luxury can afford.

That it teaches us to select our Company.

Delicacy of taste is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greatest part of men. You will very seldom find that more men of the world, whatever strong sense they may be endowed with, are very nice in distinguishing of characters, or in marking those insensible differences and gradations which make one man preferable to another. Any one that has competent sense, is sufficient for their entertainment: they talk to him of their pleasures and affairs with the same frankness, as they would to any other; and finding many who are fit to supply his place, they never feel any vacancy or want in his absence. But, to make use of the allusion of a famous French author, the judgment may be compared to a clock or watch, where the most ordinary machine is sufficient to tell the hours; but the most elaborate and artificial can only point the minutes and seconds, and distinguish the smallest differences of time. One who has well digested his knowledge both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions. He feels too sensibly how much all the rest of mankind fall short of the notions which he has entertained; and his affections being thus confined within a narrow circle, no wonder he cherishes them farther than if they were more general and undistinguished. The gaiety and frolic of a bottle-companion improves

with him into a solid friendship; and the ardours of a youthful appetite into an elegant passion.

His last view.

§ 54. *Detraction a disqualifying Vice.*

It has been remarked, that men are generally fond in proportion as they are happy; and it is said, even of the devil, that he is good humoured when he is pleased. Every act, therefore, by which another is injured, from whatever motive, contracts more guilt and excites greater malignity, if it is committed in those seasons which are set apart to pleasure and good-humour, and brightened with enjoyments peculiar to rational and social beings.

Detraction is among those vices which the most languid virtue has sufficient force to prevent; because by detraction that is not gained which is taken away. "He who filches from me my good name," says Shakspeare, "enriches not himself, but makes me poor indeed." As nothing therefore degrades human nature more than detraction, nothing more disgraces conversation. The detractor, as he is the lowest moral character, reflects greater dishonour upon his company, than the hangman; and he whose disposition is a scandal to his species, should be more diligently avoided, than he who is scandalous only by his offence.

But for this practice, however vile, some have dared to apologize, by contending the report, by which they injured an absent character, was true: this, however, amounts to no more than that they have not complicated malice with falsehood, and that there is some difference between detraction and slander. To relate all the ill that is true of the best man in the world, would probably render him the object of suspicion and distrust; and was this practice universal, mutual confidence and esteem, the comforts of society, and the endearments of friendship, would be at an end.

There is something unspeakably more hateful in those species of villainy by which the law is evaded, than those by which it is violated and defied. Courage has sometimes preserved rapacity from abhorrence, as beauty has been thought to apologize for prostitution; but the injustice of covetousness is universally abhorred, and like the leproach of deformity, has no defence. Thus hateful are the wretches who deal not with caution, and while they propagate the wrong, are solicitous to avoid the reproach. They do not say, that Chloë said it of her

honour to Lyfander; but they say, that such a report has been spread, they know not how true. Those who propagate these reports, frequently invent them; and it is no breach of charity to suppose this to be always the case; because no man who spreads detraction would have scrupled to produce it: and he who should diffuse poison in a brook, would scarce be acquitted of a malicious design, though he should alledge, that he received it of another who is doing the same elsewhere.

Whatever is incompatible with the highest dignity of our nature, should indeed be excluded from our conversation: as companions, not only that which we owe to ourselves but to others, is required of us; and they who can indulge any vice in the presence of each other, are become obdurate in guilt, and insensible to infamy. *Rambler.*

§ 55. *Learning should be sometimes applied to cultivate our Morals.*

Envy, curiosity, and our sense of the imperfection of our present state, inclines us always to estimate the advantages which are in the possession of others above their real value. Every one must have remarked what powers and prerogatives the vulgar imagine to be conferred by learning. A man of science is expected to excel the unlettered and unenlightened, even on occasions where literature is of no use, and among weak minds loses part of his reverence by discovering no superiority in those parts of life, in which all are unavoidably equal; as when a monarch makes a progress to the remoter provinces, the rusticks are said sometimes to wonder that they find him of the same size with themselves.

These demands of prejudice and folly can never be satisfied, and therefore many of the imputations which learning suffers from disappointed ignorance, are without reproach. Yet it cannot be denied, that there are some failures to which men of study are peculiarly exposed. Every condition has its disadvantages. The circle of knowledge is too wide for the most active and diligent intellect, and while science is pursued with ardour, other accomplishments of equal use are necessarily neglected; as a small garrison must leave one part of an extensive fortress naked, when an alarm calls them to another.

The learned, however, might generally support their dignity with more success, if they suffered not themselves to be misled by superfluous attainments of qualification

which few can understand or value, and by skill which they may sink into the grave without any conspicuous opportunities of exerting. Raphael, in return to Adam's enquiries into the courses of the stars and the revolutions of heaven, counsels him to withdraw his mind from idle speculation, and, instead of watching motions which he has no power to regulate, to employ his faculties upon nearer and more interesting objects, the survey of his own life, the subjection of his passions, the knowledge of duties which must daily be performed, and the detection of dangers which must daily be incurred.

This angelic counsel every man of letters should always have before him. He that devotes himself wholly to retired study, naturally sinks from omission to forgetfulness of social duties, and from which he must be sometimes awakened, and recalled to the general condition of mankind.

Ibid.

Its Progress.

It had been observed by the ancients, That all the arts and sciences arose among free nations; and that the Persians and Egyptians, notwithstanding all their ease, opulence, and luxury, made but faint efforts towards those finer pleasures, which were carried to such perfection by the Greeks, amidst continual wars, attended with poverty, and the greatest simplicity of life and manners. It had also been observed, that as soon as the Greeks lost their liberty, though they encreased mightily in riches, by the means of the conquests of Alexander; yet the arts, from that moment, declined among them, and have never since been able to raise their head in that climate. Learning was transplanted to Rome, the only free nation at that time in the universe; and having met with so favourable a soil, it made prodigious shoots for above a century; till the decay of liberty produced also a decay of letters, and spread a total barbarism over the world. From these two experiments, of which each was double in its kind, and shewed the fall of learning in despotic governments, as well as its rise in popular ones, Longinus thought himself sufficiently justified in asserting, that the arts and sciences could never flourish but in a free government; and in this opinion he has been followed by several eminent writers in our country, who either confined their view merely to ancient facts, or entertained too great a partiality in favour of that form of government

government which is established amongst us.

But what would these writers have said to the instances of modern Rome and Florence? Of which the former carried to perfection all the finer arts of sculpture, painting, and music, as well as poetry, though they groaned under slavery, and under the slavery of priests: while the latter made the greatest progress in the arts and sciences, after they began to lose their liberty by the usurpations of the family of Medicis. Ariosto, Tasso, Galileo, no more than Raphael and Michael Angelo, were not born in republics. And though the Lombard school was famous as well as the Roman, yet the Venetians have had the smallest share in its honours, and seem rather inferior to the Italians in their genius for the arts and sciences. Rubens established his school at Antwerp, not at Amsterdam; Dresden, not Hamburg, is the centre of politeness in Germany.

But the most eminent instance of the flourishing state of learning in despotic governments, is that of France, which scarce ever enjoyed an established liberty, and yet has carried the arts and sciences as near perfection as any other nation. The English are, perhaps, better philosophers; the Italians better painters and musicians; the Romans were better orators; but the French are the only people, except the Greeks, who have been at once philosophers, poets, orators, historians, painters, architects, sculptors, and musicians. With regard to the stage, they have excelled even the Greeks, who have far excelled the English: and in common life they have in a great measure perfected that art, the most useful and agreeable of any, *l'art de vivre*, the art of society and conversation.

If we consider the state of sciences and polite arts in our country, Horace's observation with regard to the Romans, may, in a great measure, be applied to the British,

Sed in longum tamen ævum
Manerunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.

The elegance and propriety of style have been very much neglected among us. We have no dictionary of our language, and scarce a tolerable grammar. The first polite prose we have, was wrote by a man who is still alive. As to Sprat, Locke, and even Temple, they knew too little of the rules of art to be esteemed very elegant writers. The prose of Bacon, Harrington, and Milton, is altogether stiff and pedantic; though their sense be excellent. Men in this coun-

try, have been so much occupied in the great disputes of religion, politics, and philosophy, that they had no relish for the minute observations of grammar and criticism. And though this turn of thinking must have considerably improved our sense and our talent of reasoning beyond those of other nations, it must be confessed, that even in those sciences above mentioned, we have not any standard book which we can transmit to posterity: and the utmost we have to boast of, are a few essays towards a more just philosophy: which, indeed, promise very much, but have not, as yet, reached any degree of perfection.

Ugly without Taste.

A man may know exactly all the circles and ellipses of the Copernican system, and all the irregular figures of the Ptolemaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has very fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any proposition, said a word of its beauty. The reason is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, whose parts are all equally distant from a common centre. It is only the effect which that figure operates upon the mind, whose particular fabric or structure renders it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses, or by mathematical reasonings, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician, who took no other pleasure in reading Virgil but that of examining Æneas's voyage by the map, might understand perfectly the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author, and consequently might have a distinct idea of the whole narration; he would even have a more distinct idea of it, than they could have who had not studied so exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, every thing in the poem. But he was ignorant of its beauty; because the beauty, properly speaking, lies not in the poem, but the sentiment or taste of the reader. And where a man has no such delicacy of temper as to make him feel this sentiment, he must be ignorant of the beauty, though possessed of the science and understanding of an angel. *Hume's Essays.*

Its Obstructions.

So many hindrances may obstruct the acquisition of knowledge, that there is little reason for wondering that it is in a few hands.

hands. To the greater part of mankind the duties of life are inconsistent with much study, and the hours which they would spend upon letters must be stolen from their occupations and their families. Many suffer themselves to be lured by more sprightly and luxurious pleasures from the shades of contemplation, where they find seldom more than a calm delight, such as, though greater than all others, if its certainty and its duration be reckoned with its power of gratification, is yet easily quitted for some extemporary joy, which the present moment offers, and another perhaps will put out of reach.

It is the great excellence of learning that it borrows very little from time or place; it is not confined to season or to climate, to cities or to the country, but may be cultivated and enjoyed where no other pleasure can be obtained. But this quality, which constitutes much of its value, is one occasion of neglect; what may be done at all times with equal propriety, is deferred from day to day, till the mind is gradually reconciled to the omission, and the attention is turned to other objects. Thus habitual idleness gains too much power to be conquered, and the soul shrinks from the idea of intellectual labour and intenseness of meditation.

That those who profess to advance learning sometimes obtrude it, cannot be denied; the continual multiplication of books not only distracts choice, but disappoints enquiry. To him that has moderately stored his mind with images, few writers afford any novelty; or what little they have to add to the common stock of learning is so buried in the mass of general notions, that, like silver mingled with the ore of lead, it is too little to pay for the labour of separation; and he that has often been deceived by the promise of a title, at last grows weary of examining, and is tempted to consider all as equally fallacious.

Idler.

§ 56. *Mankind, a Portrait of.*

Vanity bids all her sons to be generous and brave,—and her daughters to be chaste and courteous.—But why do we want her instructions?—Ask the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not.—

Is it that the principles of religion want strength, or that the real passion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough?—God! thou knowest they carry us too high—we want not to *be*—but to *seem*.—

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man; see what disquieting, intriguing, and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing:—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble:—alas! he has them not.—

Behold a second, under a shew of piety hiding the impurities of a debauched life:—he is just entering the house of God:—would he was more pure—or less pious!—but then he could not gain his point.

Observe a third going almost in the same track, with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment he sustains himself as he advances:—every line in his face writes abstinence;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires: see, I beseech you, how he is cloak'd up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose;—he has armour at least.—Why does he put it on? Is there no serving God without all this? Must the garb of religion be extended to wide to the danger of it's rending? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret—and, What is that?

—That the saint has no religion at all.

—But here comes *GENEROSITY*; giving—not to a decayed artist—but to the arts and sciences themselves.—See,—he builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophets; but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. *LORD!* how they will magnify his name!—'tis in capitals already; the first—the highest, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum—

One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate, is worth it all.

What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us! Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern so visible in the airs of one half of that great assembly should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct?—What a noise amongst the claimants about it? Behold humility, out of mere pride—and honesty almost out of knavery:—Chastity, never once in harm's way;—and courage, like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.—

—Hark! that, the sound of that trumpet,—let not my soldier run,—'tis some good Christian giving alms. O

PITY.

MY, thou gentlest of human passions !
soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord
they with so loud an instrument.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 57. *Manors; their Origin, Nature, and Services.*

Manors are in substance, as ancient as the Saxon constitution, though perhaps differing a little, in some immaterial circumstances, from those that exist at this day: just as was observed of feuds, that they were partly known to our ancestors, even before the Norman conquest. A manor, *manerium*, à *manendo*, because the usual residence of the owner, seems to have been a district of ground held by lords or great personages; who kept in their own hands so much land as was necessary for the use of their families, which were called *terra dominicales*, or demesne lands; being occupied by the lord, or *dominus manerii*, and his servants. The other tenemental lands they distributed among their tenants; which, from the different modes of tenure, were called and distinguished by two different names. First, book land, or charter land, which was held by deed under certain rents and free-services, and in effect differed nothing from free socage lands; and from hence have arisen all the freehold tenants which hold of particular manors, and owe suit and service to the same. The other species was called folk land, which was held by no assurance in writing, but distributed among the common folk or people at the pleasure of the lord, and resumed at his discretion; being indeed land held in villenage, which we shall presently describe more at large. The residue of the manor being uncultivated, was termed the lord's waste, and served for public roads, and for common of pasture to the lord and his tenants. Manors were formerly called baronies, as they still are lordships; and each lord or baron was empowered to hold a domestic court, called the court-baron, for redressing misdemeanors and nuisances within the manor, and for settling disputes of property among the tenants. This court is an inseparable ingredient of every manor; and if the number of suitors should so fail, as not to leave sufficient to make a jury or homage, that is, two tenants at the least, the manor itself is lost.

Before the statute of *quia emptores*, 18 Edward I. the king's greater barons, who had a large extent of territory held under the crown, granted out frequently smaller

manors to inferior persons to be held of themselves; which do therefore now continue to be held under a superior lord, who is called in such cases the lord paramount over all these manors: and his feigniory is frequently termed an honour, not a manor, especially if it hath belonged to an ancient feudal baron, or hath been at any time in the hands of the crown. In imitation whereof, these inferior lords began to carve out and grant to others still more minute estates to be held as of themselves, and were so proceeding downwards *in infinitum*; till the superior lords observed, that by this method of subinfeudation they lost all their feudal profits, of wardships, marriages, and escheats, which fell into the hands of these mesne or middle lords, who were the immediate superiors of the *tenant*, or him who occupied the land. This occasioned the statute of Westm. 3. or *quia emptores*, 18 Edw. I. to be made; which directs, that upon all sales or feoffments of land, the feoffee shall hold the same, not of his immediate feoffor, but of the chief lord of the fee, of whom such feoffor himself held it. And from hence it is held, that all manors existing at this day must have existed by immemorial prescription; or at least ever since the 18th Edw. I. when the statute of *quia emptores* was made. For no new manor can have been created since that statute: because it is essential to a manor, that there be tenants who hold of the lord, and that statute enacts, that for the future no subjects shall create any new tenants to hold of himself.

Now with regard to the folk land, or estates held in villenage, this was a species of tenure neither strictly feudal, Norman, or Saxon; but mixed and compounded of them all: and which also, on account of the heriots that attend it, may seem to have somewhat Danish in its composition. Under the Saxon government there were, as Sir William Temple speaks, a sort of people in a condition of downright servitude, used and employed in the most servile works, and belonging, both they, their children, and effects, to the lord of the soil, like the rest of the cattle or stock upon it. These seem to have been those who held what was called the folk land, from which they were removable at the lord's pleasure. On the arrival of the Normans here, it seems not improbable, that they, who were strangers to any other than a feudal state, might give some sparks of enfranchisement to such wretched persons as fell to their share, by admitting them, as well as others, to the oath of fealty;

which conferred a right of protection, and raise the tenant to a kind of estate superior to downright slavery, but inferior to every other condition. This they called villenage, and the tenants villeins, either from the word *villis*, or else, as Sir Edward Coke tells us, *à villa*; because they lived chiefly in villages, and were employed in rustic works of the most fordid kind: like the Spartan *belotes*, to whom alone the culture of the lands was configned; their rugged masters, like our northern ancestors, esteeming war the only honourable employment of mankind.

These villeins, belonging principally to lords of manors, were either villeins *regardant*, that is, annexed to the manor or land; or else they were *in gross*, or at large, that is, annexed to the person of the lord, and transferrable by deed from one owner to another. They could not leave their lord without his permission; but if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed, and recovered by action, like beasts or other chattels. They held indeed small portions of land, by way of sustaining themselves and families; but it was at the mere will of the lord, who might dispossess them whenever he pleased; and it was upon villein services, that is, to carry out dung, to hedge and ditch the lord's demesne, and any other the meanest offices; and these services were not only base, but uncertain both as to their time and quantity. A villein, in short, was in much the same state with us, as lord Moleworth describes to be that of the boors in Denmark, and Stenhook attributes also to the *travals* or slaves in Sweden; which confirms the probability of their being in some degree monuments of the Danish tyranny. A villein could acquire no property either in lands or goods; but, if he purchased either, the lord might enter upon them, oust the villein, and seize them to his own use, unless he contrived to dispose of them again before the lord had seized them; for the lord had then lost his opportunity.

In many places also a fine was payable to the lord, if the villein presumed to marry his daughter to any one without leave from the lord: and, by the common law, the lord might also bring an action against the husband for damages in thus purloining his property. For the children of villeins were also in the same state of bondage with their parents, whence they were called in Latin, *nativi*, which gave rise to the female appellation of a villein, who was called a *nefe*. In case of a marriage between a freeman

and a neife, or a villein and a free woman, the issue followed the condition of the father, being free if he was free, and villein if he was villein; contrary to the maxim of civil law, that *partus sequitur ventrem*. But no bastard could be born a villein, because by another maxim of our law he is *nullius filius*; and as he can gain nothing by inheritance, it were hard that he should lose his natural freedom by it. The law however protected the persons of villeins, as the king's subjects, against atrocious injuries of the lord: for he might not kill or maim his villein; though he might beat him with impunity, since the villein had no action or remedy at law against his lord, but in case of the murder of his ancestor, or the maim of his own person. Neifes indeed had also an appeal of rape, in case the lord violated them by force.

Villeins might be enfranchised by manumission, which is either express or implied: express; as where a man granted to the villein a deed of manumission: implied; as where a man bound himself in a bond to his villein for a sum of money, granted him an annuity by deed, or gave him an estate in fee, for life or years: for this was dealing with his villein on the footing of a freeman; it was in some of the instances giving him an action against his lord, and in others vesting an ownership in him entirely inconsistent with his former state of bondage. So also if the lord brought an action against his villein, this enfranchised him; for, as the lord might have a short remedy against this villein, by seizing his goods (which was more than equivalent to any damages he could recover) the law, which is always ready to catch at anything in favour of liberty, presumed, that by bringing this action he meant to set his villein on the same footing with himself, and therefore held it an implied manumission. But in case the lord indicted him for felony, it was otherwise; for the lord could not inflict a capital punishment on his villein, without calling in the assistance of the law.

Villeins, by this and many other means, in process of time gained considerable ground on their lords; and in particular strengthened the tenure of their estates to that degree, that they came to have in them an interest in many places full as good, in others better than their lords. For the good-nature and benevolence of many lords of manors, having, time out of mind, permitted their villeins and their children to enjoy their possessions without interruption, in a regular course of descent.

the common law, of which custom is the life, now gave them title to prescribe against the lords; and, on performance of the same services, to hold their lands, in spite of any determination of the lord's will. For, though in general they are still said to hold their estates at the will of the lord, yet it is such a will as is agreeable to the custom of the manor; which customs are preserved, and evidenced by the rolls of the several courts-baron in which they are entered, or kept on foot by the constant immemorial usage of the several manors in which the lands lie. And, as such tenants had nothing to shew for their estates but these customs, and admissions in pursuance of them, entered on those rolls, or the copies of such entries witnessed by the steward, they now began to be called 'tenants by copy of court roll,' and their tenure itself a copyhold.

Thus copyhold tenures, as Sir Edward Coke observes, although very meanly descended, yet come of an ancient house; for, from what has been premised, it appears, that copyholds are in truth no other but villeins, who, by a long series of immemorial encroachments on the lord, have at last established a customary right to those estates, which before were held absolutely at the lord's will: which affords a very substantial reason for the great variety of customs that prevail in different manors, with regard both to the descent of the estates, and the privileges belonging to the tenants. And these encroachments grew to be so universal, that when tenure in villenage was abolished (though copyholds were reserved) by the statute of Charles II. there was hardly a pure villein left in the nation. For Sir Thomas Smith testifies, that in all his time (and he was secretary to Edward VI.) he never knew any villein in gross throughout the realm; and the few villeins regardant that were then remaining were such only as had belonged to bishops, monasteries, or other ecclesiastical corporations, in the preceding times of popery. For he tells us, that "the holy fathers, monks, and friars, had, in their confessions, and specially in their extreme and deadly sickness, convinced the laity how dangerous a practice it was, for one Christian man to hold another in bondage: so that temporal men by little and little, by reason of that terror in their consciences, were glad to manumit all their villeins. But the said holy fathers, with the abbots and priors, did not in like sort by theirs;

for they also had a scruple in conscience to impoverish and despoil the church so much, as to manumit such as were bound to their churches, or to the manors which the church had gotten; and so kept their villeins still." By these several means the generality of villeins in the kingdom have long ago sprouted up into copyholders: their persons being enfranchised by manumission or long acquiescence; but their estates in strictness, remaining subject to the same servile conditions and forfeitures as before; though, in general, the villein services are usually commuted for a small pecuniary quit-rent.

As a farther consequence of what has been premised, we may collect these two main principles, which are held to be the supporters of a copyhold tenure, and without which it cannot exist: 1. That the lands be parcel of, and situate within, that manor, under which it is held. 2. That they have been demised, or demisable, by copy of court-roll immemorially. For immemorial custom is the law of all tenures by copy: so that no new copyhold can strictly speaking, be granted at this day.

In some manors, where the custom hath been to permit the heir to succeed the ancestor in his tenure, the estates are styled copyholds of inheritance; in others, where the lords have been more vigilant to maintain their rights, they remain copyholds for life only: for the custom of the manor has in both cases so far superseded the will of the lord, that, provided the services be performed or stipulated for by fealty, he cannot, in the first instance, refuse to admit the heir of his tenant upon his death; nor, in the second, can he remove his present tenant so long as he lives, though he holds nominally by the precarious tenure of his lord's will.

The fruits and appendages of a copyhold tenure, that it hath in common with free tenures, are fealty, services, (as well in rents as otherwise) reliefs, and escheats. The two latter belong only to copyholds of inheritance; the former to those for life also. But, besides these, copyholds have also heriots, wardship, and fines. Heriots, which I think are agreed to be a Danish custom, are a render of the best beast or other good (as the custom may be) to the lord on the death of the tenant. This is plainly a relic of villein tenure; there being originally less hardship in it, when all the goods and chattels belonged to the lord, and he might have seized them even

in the villein's life-time. These are incident to both species of copyhold; but wardship and fines to those of inheritance only. Wardship, in copyhold estates, partakes both of that in chivalry and that in focage. Like that in chivalry, the lord is the legal guardian, who usually assigns some relation of the infant tenant to act in his stead: and he, like guardian in focage, is accountable to his ward for the profits. Of fines, some are in the nature of primer feifins, due on the death of each tenant, others are mere fines for alienation of the lands; in some manors only one of these sorts can be demanded, in some both, and in others neither. They are sometimes arbitrary and at the will of the lord, sometimes fixed by custom: but, even when arbitrary, the courts of law, in favour of the liberty of copyholders, have tied them down to be reasonable in their extent; otherwise they might amount to a disherison of the estate. No fine therefore is allowed to be taken upon descents and alienations (unless in particular circumstances) of more than two years improved value of the estate. From this instance we may judge of the favourable disposition, that the law of England (which is a law of liberty) hath always shewn to this species of tenants; by removing, as far as possible, every real badge of slavery from them, however some nominal ones may continue. It suffered custom very early to get the better of the express terms upon which they held their lands; by declaring, that the will of the lord was to be interpreted by the custom of the manor: and, where no custom has been suffered to grow up to the prejudice of the lord, as in this case of arbitrary fines, the law itself interposes in an equitable method, and will not suffer the lord to extend his power so far as to disinherit the tenant.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

§ 58. *Hard Words defended.*

Few faults of style, whether real or imaginary, excite the malignity of a more numerous class of readers, than the use of hard words.

If an author be supposed to involve his thoughts in voluntary obscurity, and to obstruct, by unnecessary difficulties, a mind eager in pursuit of truth; if he writes not to make others learned, but to boast the learning which he possesses himself, and wishes to be admired rather than understood, he counteracts the first end of writing, and justly

suffers the utmost severity of censure, or the more afflictive severity of neglect.

But words are only hard to those who do not understand them; and the critic ought always to enquire, whether he is incommoded by the fault of the writer, or by his own.

Every author does not write for every reader; many questions are such as the illiterate part of mankind can have neither interest nor pleasure in discussing, and which therefore it would be an useless endeavour to levy with common minds, by tiresome circumlocutions or laborious explanations; and many subjects of general use may be treated in a different manner, as the book is intended for the learned or the ignorant. Diffusion and explication are necessary to the instruction of those who, being neither able nor accustomed to think for themselves, can learn only what is expressly taught; but they who can form parallels, discover consequences, and multiply conclusions, are best pleased with involution of argument and compression of thought; they desire only to receive the seeds of knowledge which they may branch out by their own power, to have the way to truth pointed out which they can then follow without a guide.

The Guardian directs one of his pupils "to think with the wise, but speak with the vulgar. This is a precept specious enough, but not always practicable. Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another will want words of larger meaning; he that thinks with more subtilty will seek for terms of more nice discrimination; and where is the wonder, since words are but the images of things, that he who never knew the originals should not know the copies?"

Yet vanity inclines us to find faults any where rather than in ourselves. He that reads and grows wiser, seldom suspects his own deficiency; but complains of hard words and obscure sentences, and asks why books are written which cannot be understood.

Among the hard words which are no longer to be used, it has been long the custom to number terms of art. "Every man (says Swift) is more able to explain the subject of an art than its professors; a farmer will tell you, in two words, that he has broken his leg; but a surgeon, after a long discourse, shall leave you as ignorant as you were before." This could only have

have been said but by such an exact observer of life, in gratification of malignity, or in ostentation of acuteness. Every hour produces instances of the necessity of terms of art. Mankind could never conspire in uniform affectation; it is not but by necessity that every science and every trade has its peculiar language. They that content themselves with general ideas may rest in general terms; but those whose studies or employments force them upon closer inspection, must have names for particular parts, and words by which they may express various modes of combination, such as none but themselves have occasion to consider.

Artists are indeed sometimes ready to suppose, that none can be strangers to words to which themselves are familiar, talk to an incidental enquirer as they talk to one another, and make their knowledge ridiculous by injudicious obtrusion. An art cannot be taught but by its proper terms, but it is not always necessary to teach the art.

That the vulgar express their thoughts clearly is far from true; and what perspicuity can be found among them proceeds not from the easiness of their language, but the shallowness of their thoughts. He that sees a building as a common spectator, contents himself with relating that it is great or little, mean or splendid, lofty or low; all these words are intelligible and common, but they convey no distinct or limited ideas; if he attempts, without the terms of architecture, to delineate the parts, or enumerate the ornaments, his narration at once becomes unintelligible. The terms, indeed, generally displease, because they are understood by few; but they are little understood only, because few that look upon an edifice examine its parts, or analyse its columns into their members.

The state of every other art is the same; as it is cursorily surveyed or accurately examined, different forms of expression become proper. In morality it is one thing to discuss the niceties of the casuist, and another to direct the practice of common life. In agriculture, he that instructs the farmer to plough and sow, may convey his notions without the words which he would find necessary in explaining to philosophers the process of vegetation; and if he, who has nothing to do but to be honest by the shortest way, will perplex his mind with subtle speculations; or if he whose task is to reap and thrash, will not be contented without examining the evolution of the seed and

circulation of the sap, the writers whom either shall consult are very little to be blamed, though it should sometimes happen that they are read in vain. *Idler.*

§ 59. *Discontent, the common Lot of all Mankind.*

Such is the emptiness of human enjoyments, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust; and the malicious remark of the Greek epigrammatist on marriage, may be applied to every other course of life, that its two days of happiness are the first and the last.

Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made and materials accumulated, day glides after day through clypean prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand *in procinctu* waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to show him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it: difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the

gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellencies not comprised in the first plan, yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of reling below that perfection which we imagined within our reach, that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual refutation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement: he whom the necessity of solitary application secludes from the world, listens with a beating heart to its distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversions, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasure of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour, or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower added to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it; and because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is encreased by the approach of the attracting body. We never

find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our work, or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unreasonable impatience of discontent may be justly imputed to languor and weariness, which must always oppress us more as our toil has been longer continued; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which we now consider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be longer withheld. Rambler.

§ 60. *Feodal System, History of its Rise and Progress.*

The constitution of feuds had its origin from the military policy of the Northern or Celtic nations, the Goths, the Huns, the Franks, the Vandals, and the Lombards, who, all migrating from the same *effusa gentium*, as Craig very justly intitles it, poured themselves in vast quantities into all the regions of Europe, at the declension of the Roman empire. It was brought by them from their own countries, and continued in their respective colonies as the most likely means to secure their new acquisitions: and, to that end, large districts or parcels of land were allotted by the conquering general to the superior officers of the army, and by them dealt out again in smaller parcels or allotments to the inferior officers and most deserving soldiers. These allotments were called *feoda*, feuds, *fief*, or fees; which last appellation, in the northern languages, signifies a conditional stipend or reward. Rewards or stipends they evidently were: and the condition annexed to them was, that the possessor should do service faithfully, both at home and in the wars, to him by whom they were given; for which purpose he took the *juramentum fidelitatis*, or oath of fealty: and in case of the breach of this condition and oath, by not performing the stipulated service, or by deserting the lord in battle, the lands were again to revert to him who granted them.

Allotments thus acquired, naturally engaged such as accepted them to defend them: and, as they all sprang from the same right of conquest, no part could subsist independent of the whole; wherefore all givers, as well as receivers, were mutually bound to defend each other's possessions. But, as that could not effectually be done in a tumultuous, irregular way, govern-
ment,

ment, and to that purpose subordination, was necessary. Every receiver of lands, or feudatory, was therefore bound, when called upon by his benefactor, or immediate lord of his feud or fee, to do all in his power to defend him. Such benefactor or lord was likewise subordinate to and under the command of his immediate benefactor or superior; and so upwards to the prince or general himself. And the several lords were also reciprocally bound, in their respective gradations, to protect the possessions they had given. Thus the feudal connection was established, a proper military subjection was naturally introduced, and an army of feudatories were always ready enlisted, and mutually prepared to muster, not only in defence of each man's own several property, but also in defence of the whole, and of every part of this their newly-acquired country: the prudence of which constitution was soon sufficiently visible in the strength and spirit with which they maintained their conquests.

The universality and early use of this feudal plan, among all those nations which, in complaisance to the Romans, we still call Barbarous, may appear from what is recorded of the Cimbri and Tuto-n's, nations of the same northern original as those whom we have been describing, at their first irruption into Italy about a century before the Christian era. They demanded of the Romans, "*ut martius populus aliquid sibi terra daret quasi stipendium: ceterum, ut vellet, manibus atque armis suis uteretur.*" The sense of which may be thus rendered: "they desired stipendary lands (that is, feuds) to be allowed them, to be held by military and other personal services, whenever their lords should call upon them." This was evidently the same constitution, that displayed itself more fully about seven hundred years afterwards; when the Salii, Burgundians, and Franks, broke in upon Gaul, the Visigoths on Spain, and the Lombards upon Italy, and introduced with themselves this northern plan of polity, serving at once to distribute, and to protect, the territories they had newly gained. And from hence it is probable, that the emperor Alexander Severus took the hint, of dividing lands conquered from the enemy, among his generals and victorious soldiery, on condition of receiving military service from them and their heirs for ever.

Scarce had these northern conquerors established themselves in their new dominions, when the wisdom of their constitutions, as well as their personal valour, alarmed all the princes of Europe; that is, of those countries which had formerly been Roman provinces, but had revolted, or were deserted by their old masters, in the general wreck of the empire. Wherefore most, if not all, of them, thought it necessary to enter into the same, or a similar plan of policy. For whereas, before, the possessions of their subjects were perfectly *allodial* (that is, wholly independent, and held of no superior at all) now they parcelled out their royal territories, or persuaded their subjects to surrender up and retake their own landed property, under the like feudal obligation of military fealty. And thus, in the compass of a very few years, the feudal constitution, or the doctrine of tenure, extended itself over all the western world. Which alteration of landed property, in so very material a point, necessarily drew after it an alteration of laws and customs; so that the feudal laws soon drove out the Roman, which had universally obtained, but now became for many centuries lost and forgotten; and Italy itself (as some of the civilians, with more spleen than judgment, have expressed it) *belluinas, atque ferinas, immasnesque Longobardorum leges accepit.*

But this feudal polity, which was thus by degrees established over all the continent of Europe, seems not to have been received in this part of our island, at least not universally, and as a part of the national constitution, till the reign of William the Norman. Not but that it is reasonable to believe, from abundant traces in our history and laws, that even in the times of the Saxons, who were a swarm from what Sir William Temple calls the same northern hive, something similar to this was in use; yet not so extensively, nor attended with all the rigour, that was afterwards imported by the Normans. For the Saxons were firmly settled in this island, at least as early as the year 600: and it was not till two centuries after, that feuds arrived to their full vigour and maturity, even on the continent of Europe.

This introduction however of the feudal tenures into England, by king William, does not seem to have been effected immediately after the conquest, nor by the mere arbitrary will and power of the con-

queror; but to have been consented to by the great council of the nation long after his title was established. Indeed, from the prodigious slaughter of the English nobility at the battle of Hattings, and the fruitless insurrections of those who survived, such numerous forfeitures had accrued, that he was able to reward his Norman followers with very large and extensive possessions: which gave a handle to the monkish historians, and such as have implicitly followed them, to represent him as having, by the right of the sword, seized on all the lands of England, and dealt them out again to his own favourites. A supposition, grounded upon a mistaken sense of the word *conquest*; which, in its feudal acceptation, signifies no more than *acquisition*: and this has led many hasty writers into a strange historical mistake, and one which, upon the slightest examination, will be found to be most untrue. However, certain it is, that the Normans now began to gain very large possessions in England: and their regard for their feudal law, under which they had long lived, together with the king's recommendation of this policy to the English, as the best way to put themselves on a military footing, and thereby to prevent any future attempts from the continent, were probably the reasons that prevailed to effect his establishment here. And perhaps we may be able to ascertain the time, of this great revolution in our landed property, with a tolerable degree of exactness. For we learn from the Saxon Chronicle, that in the nineteenth year of king William's reign, an invasion was apprehended from Denmark; and the military constitution of the Saxons being then laid aside, and no other introduced in its stead, the kingdom was wholly defenceless: which occasioned the king to bring over a large army of Normans and Bretons, who were quartered upon every landholder, and greatly oppressed the people. This apparent weakness, together with the grievances occasioned by a foreign force, might co-operate with the king's remonstrances, and the better incline the nobility to listen to his proposals for putting them in a posture of defence. For, as soon as the danger was over, the king held a great council to enquire into the state of the nation; the immediate consequence of which was, the compiling of the great survey called *Domesday-book*, which was finished in the next year: and in the latter end of that

very year the king was attended by all his nobility at Sarum; where all the principal landholders submitted their lands to the yoke of military tenure, became the king's vassals, and did homage and fealty to his person. This seems to have been the era of formally introducing the feudal tenures by law; and probably the very law, thus made at the council of Sarum, is that which is still extant, and couched in these remarkable words: "*statuimus, ut omnes liberi homines fœdere & sacramento affirmet, quod intra & extra universum regnum Angliæ Wilhelmo regi domino suo fideles esse volunt; terras & honores illius omni fidelitate ubique servare cum eo, et contra inimicos et alienigenas defendere.*" The terms of this law (as Sir Martin Wright has observed) are plainly feudal: for, first, it requires the oath of fealty, which made, in the sense of the feudists, every man that took it a tenant or vassal; and, secondly, the tenants obliged themselves to defend their lords territories and titles against all enemies foreign and domestic. But what puts the matter out of dispute, is another law of the same collection, which exacts the performance of the military feudal services, as ordained by the general council: "*Omnes comites, & barones, & milites, & servientes, & universi liberi homines, totius regni nostri prædicti, habeant & teneant se semper bene in armis & in equis, ut decet & oportet: & sint semper prompti & bene parati ad servitium suum integrum nobis explendum & peragendum cum opus fuerit; secundum quod nobis debent de fœdis & testamentis suis de jure facere; & sicut illis statuimus per commune concilium totius regni nostri prædicti.*"

This new polity therefore seems not to have been imposed by the conqueror, but nationally and freely adopted by the general assembly of the whole realm, in the same manner as other nations of Europe had before adopted it, upon the same principle of self-security. And, in particular, they had the recent example of the French nation before their eyes, which had gradually surrendered up all its allodial or free lands into the king's hands, who restored them to the owners as a *beneficium* or *feud*, to be held to them and such of their heirs as they previously nominated to the king: and thus, by degrees, all the allodial estates of France were converted into feuds, and the freemen became the vassals of the crown. The only difference between this change of tenures in France,

and

and that in England, was, that the former was effected gradually, by the consent of private persons; the latter was done at once, all over England, by the common consent of the nation.

In consequence of this change, it became a fundamental maxim and necessary principle (though in reality a mere fiction) of our English tenures, "that the king is the universal lord and original proprietor of all the lands in his kingdom; and that no man doth or can possess any part of it, but what has mediately or immediately been derived as a gift from him, to be held upon feudal services." For, this being the real case in pure, original, proper feuds, other nations who adopted this system were obliged to act upon the same supposition, as a substruction and foundation of their new polity, though the fact was indeed far otherwise. And, indeed, by thus consenting to the introduction of feudal tenures, our English ancestors probably meant no more than to put the kingdom in a state of defence by a military system; and to oblige themselves (in respect of their lands) to maintain the king's title and territories, with equal vigour and fealty, as if they had received their lands from his bounty upon these express conditions, as pure, proper, beneficiary feudatories. But, whatever their meaning was, the Norman interpreters, skilled in all the niceties of the feudal constitutions, and well understanding the import and extent of the feudal terms, gave a very different construction to this proceeding; and thereupon took a handle to introduce, not only the rigorous doctrines which prevailed in the duchy of Normandy, but also such fruits and dependencies, such hardships and services, as were never known to other nations; as if the English had in fact, as well as theory, owed every thing they had to the bounty of their sovereign lord.

Our ancestors, therefore, who were by no means beneficiaries, but had barely consented to this fiction of tenure from the crown, as the basis of a military discipline, with reason looked upon those deductions as grievous impositions, and arbitrary conclusions from principles that, as to them, had no foundation in truth. However, this king, and his son William Rufus, kept up with a high hand all the rigours of the feudal doctrines: but their successor, Henry I. found it expedient, when he set up his pretensions to the crown, to promise

a restitution of the laws of king Edward the Confessor, or ancient Saxon system; and accordingly, in the first year of his reign, granted a charter, whereby he gave up the greater grievances, but still reserved the fiction of feudal tenure, for the same military purposes which engaged his father to introduce it. But this charter was gradually broke through, and the former grievances were revived and aggravated, by himself and succeeding princes; till, in the reign of king John, they became so intolerable, that they occasioned his barons, or principal feudatories, to rise up in arms against him: which at length produced the famous great charter at Running-mead, which, with some alterations, was confirmed by his son Henry III. And though its immunities (especially as altered on its last edition by his son) are very greatly short of those granted by Henry I. it was justly esteemed at the time a vast acquisition to English liberty. Indeed, by the farther alteration of tenures, that has since happened, many of these immunities may now appear, to a common observer, of much less consequence than they really were when granted: but this, properly considered, will shew, not that the acquisitions under John were small, but that those under Charles were greater. And from hence also arises another inference; that the liberties of Englishmen are not (as some arbitrary writers would represent them) mere infringements of the king's prerogative, extorted from our princes by taking advantage of their weakness; but a restoration of that ancient constitution, of which our ancestors had been defrauded by the art and finess of the Norman lawyers, rather than deprived by the force of the Norman arms.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

§ 61. *Of British Juries.*

The method of trials by juries, is generally looked upon as one of the most excellent branches of our constitution. In theory it certainly appears in that light. According to the original establishment, the jurors are to be men of competent fortunes in the neighbourhood; and are to be so avowedly indifferent between the parties concerned, that no reasonable exception can be made to them on either side. In treason, the person accused has a right to challenge five-and-thirty, and in felony, twenty, without shewing cause of challenge. Nothing can be more equitable.

NO

No prisoner can desire a fairer field. But the misfortune is, that our juries are often composed of men of mean estates and low understandings, and many difficult points of law are brought before them, and submitted to their verdict, when perhaps they are not capable of determining, properly and judiciously, such nice matters of justice, although the judges of the court explain the nature of the case, and the law which arises upon it. But if they are not defective in knowledge, they are sometimes, I fear, from their station and indigence, liable to corruption. This, indeed, is an objection more to the privilege lodged with juries, than to the institution itself. The point most liable to objection, is the power which any one or more of the twelve have, to starve the rest into a compliance with their opinion; so that the verdict may possibly be given by strength of constitution, not by conviction of conscience; and wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

Orrery.

§ 62. *Justice, its Nature and real Import defined.*

Mankind, in general, are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in

its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expences of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious, when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed on us by law. It is a rule imposed on us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Goldsmith's Essays.

§ 63. *Habit, the Difficulty of conquering.*

There is nothing which we estimate so fallaciously as the force of our own resolutions, nor any fallacy which we so unwillingly and tardily detect. He that has resolved a thousand times, and a thousand times deserted his own purpose, yet suffers no abatement of his confidence, but still believes himself his own master, and able, by innate vigour of soul, to press forward to his end, through all the obstructions that inconveniences or delights can put in his way.

That this mistake should prevail for a time is very natural. When conviction is present, and temptation out of sight, we do not easily conceive how any reasonable being can deviate from his true interest. What ought to be done while it yet hangs only in speculation, is so plain and certain, that there is no place for doubt; the whole soul yields itself to the predominance of truth, and readily determines to do what, when the time of action comes, will be at last omitted.

I believe most men may review all the lives that have passed within their observation, without remembering one efficacious resolution, or being able to tell a single instance of a course of practice suddenly changed in consequence of a change of opinion, or an establishment of determination. Many indeed alter their conduct, and are not at fifty what they were at thirty, but they commonly varied imperceptibly from themselves, followed the train of external causes, and rather suffered reformation than made it.

It is not uncommon to charge the difference between promise and performance, between profession and reality, upon deep design and studied deceit; but the truth is, that there is very little hypocrisy in the world; we do not to often endeavour or wish to impose on others as ourselves; we resolve to do right, we hope to keep our resolutions, we declare them to confirm our own hope, and fix our own inconstancy by calling witnesses of our actions; but at last habit prevails, and those whom we invited at our triumph, laugh at our defeat.

Custom is commonly too strong for the most resolute resolver, though furnished for the assault with all the weapons of philosophy. "He that endeavours to free himself from an ill habit," says Bacon, "must not change too much at a time, lest he should be discouraged by difficulty; nor too little, for then he will make but slow advances." This is a precept which may be applauded in a book, but will fail in the trial, in which every change will be found too great or too little. Those who have been able to conquer habit, are like those that are fabled to have returned from the realms of Pluto:

*Pavus, quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, atque ardens exivit ad æthera virtus.*

They are sufficient to give hope but not security, to animate the contest but not to promise victory.

Those who are in the power of evil habits, must conquer them as they can, and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained; but those who are not yet subject to their influence, may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom, they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer.

Idler.

§ 64. *Halfpenny, its Adventures.*

"Sir,

"I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction: and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew pedlar in Duke's-place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We were soon after separately disposed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, chandlers-shops, and gin-

shops. I had not been long in the world before an ingenious transmuter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quicksilver exalted me into a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas-box of his godmother.

"A love of money is ridiculously instilled into children to early, that before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value: I lost therefore the very essence of my being, in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked at and admired: but a bigger boy after a while snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

"I now underwent various hardships among his play-fellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed up, and chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me: but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the mauls of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancour, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of those passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent pastimes. At length I was dismissed from their service, by a throw with a barrow-woman for an orange.

From her it is natural to conclude, I passed to the gin-shop; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot-soldier, had not wrestled me from her, at the expence of a bloody nose, black eyes, scratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James's Park, where I am ashamed to tell how I parted from him—let it suffice that I was soon after deposited in a night-cellar.

"From hence I got into the coat-pocket of a blood, and remained there with several of my brethren for some days unnoticed. But one evening as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful of us through a sash-window into the dining-room of a tradesman, who he remembered had been so unmannerly to him the day before, as to desire payment of his bill. We reposed in soft ease on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid swept us up; and some of us

were

were allotted to purchase tea, some to buy snuff, and I myself was immediately trucked away at the door for the Sweethearts Delight.

"It is not my design to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumstances, as is the practice of those important egotists, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As useless to community as my single self may appear to be, I have been the instrument of much good and evil in the intercourse of mankind: I have contributed no small sum to the revenues of the crown, by my share in each news-paper; and in the consumption of tobacco, spirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery, or supported extravagance; I have also rewarded the labours of industry, and relieved the necessities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their constant friend; and the rich, though they affect to slight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to distresses, which it is even in my power to relieve.

"The present exact scrutiny into our constitution has, indeed, very much obstructed and embarrassed my travels; tho' I could not but rejoice in my condition last Tuesday, as I was debarred having any share in maiming, bruising, and destroying the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy in being confined to the mock encounters with feathers and stuffed leather; a childish sport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in acts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exercise of inhumanity on helpless animals.

"I shall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A choice spirit, a member of the kill-care-club, broke a link-boy's pate with me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the kennel; the lad wasted half his tar flambeau in looking for me, but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parish girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's shop to purchase a roll. The master, who was churchwarden, examined me with great attention, and then gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and fastened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipt me up again, and sending me away with others in

change to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you."

Adventurer.

§ 65. *History, our natural Fondness for it, and its true Use.*

The love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle in this instance carries us forward and backward, to future and to past ages. We imagine that the things which affect us, must affect posterity: this sentiment runs through mankind, from Cæsar down to the parish-clerk in Pope's Miscellany. We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stones have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no further back, the triumphs of Odin were celebrated in Runic songs, and the feats of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day: and long historical ballads of their hunting and wars are sung at all their festivals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us observe, that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read, and he devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to history, or to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance: and even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men, yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always. What pity it is, that even the best should speak to our understandings so seldom! That it does so, we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think: and what she has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful application of to our minds. But if we consult our reason, we shall be far from following the examples of our fellow-creatures, in this as in most other cases, who are so proud of being

being rational. We shall neither read to soothe our indolence, nor to gratify our vanity: as little shall we content ourselves to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to study, with greater ease and profit, like philosophers and statesmen: as little shall we affect the slender merit of becoming great scholars at the expence of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All these mistake the true drift of study, and the true use of history. Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds; but she never intended it to be made the principal, much less the sole, object of their application. The true and proper object of this application, is a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application to any study, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men, and better citizens, is at best but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness, to use an expression of Tillotson: and the knowledge we acquire is a creditable kind of ignorance, nothing more. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the most learned, reap from the study of history: and yet the study of history seems to me, of all other, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue.

We need but to cast our eyes on the world, and we shall see the daily force of example: we need but to turn them inward, and we shall soon discover why example has this force. *Pauci prudentia, says Tacitus, bonesta ab deterioribus, utilia ab noxiis discernunt: plures aliorum eventis docentur.* Such is the imperfection of human understanding, such the frail temper of our minds, that abstract or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often, till they are explained by examples; and that the wisest lessons in favour of virtue go but a little way to convince the judgment and determine the will, unless they are enforced by the same means, and we are obliged to apply to ourselves that we see happen to other men. Instructions by precept have the farther disadvantage of coming on the authority of others, and frequently require a long deduction of reasoning. *Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt: longum inter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.* The reason of this judgment, which I quote from one of Seneca's epistles, in confirmation of my own opinion, rests I think on this, That when examples are pointed out to us, there

is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as our understandings. The instruction comes then upon our own authority: we frame the precept after our own experience, and yield to fact when we resist speculation. But this is not the only advantage of instruction by example; for example appeals not to our understanding alone, but to our passions likewise. Example alluages these or animates them; sets passion on the side of judgment, and makes the whole man of a-piece, which is more than the strongest reasoning and the clearest demonstration can do; and thus forming habits by repetitions, example secures the observance of those precepts which example insinuates.

Belingbroke,

§ 66. *Human Nature, its Dignity.*

In forming our notions of human nature, we are very apt to make comparison betwixt men and animals, which are the only creatures endowed with thought, that fall under our senses. Certainly this comparison is very favourable to mankind; on the one hand, we see a creature, whose thoughts are not limited by any narrow bounds either of place or time, who carries his researches into the most distant regions of this globe, and beyond this globe, to the planets and heavenly bodies; looks backward to consider the first origin of the human race; casts his eyes forwards to see the influence of his actions upon posterity, and the judgments which will be formed of his character a thousand years hence: a creature, who traces causes and effects to great lengths and intricacy; extracts general principles from particular appearances: improves upon his discoveries, corrects his mistakes, and makes his very errors profitable. On the other hand, we are presented with a creature the very reverse of this; limited in its observations and reasonings to a few sensible objects which surround it; without curiosity, without a foresight, blindly conducted by instinct, and arriving in a very short time at its utmost perfection, beyond which it is never able to advance a single step. What a difference is there betwixt these creatures; and how exalted a notion must we entertain of the former, in comparison of the latter! *Hume's Essays.*

§ 67. *The Operations of Human Nature considered.*

We are composed of a mind and of a body, intimately united, and mutually affecting

fecting each other. Their operations indeed are entirely different. Whether the immortal spirit that enlivens this machine, is originally of a superior nature in various bodies (which, I own, seems most consistent and agreeable to the scale and order of beings), or whether the difference depends on a symmetry, or peculiar structure of the organs combined with it, is beyond my reach to determine. It is evidently certain, that the body is curiously formed with proper organs to delight, and such as are adapted to all the necessary uses of life. The spirit animates the whole; it guides the natural appetites, and confines them within just limits. But the natural force of this spirit is often immersed in matter; and the mind becomes subservient to passions, which it ought to govern and direct. Your friend Horace, although of the Epicurean doctrine, acknowledges this truth, where he says,

Atque affligit humo divine particulam auræ.

It is no less evident, that this immortal spirit has an independent power of acting, and, when cultivated in a proper manner, seemingly quits the corporeal frame within which it is imprisoned, and soars into higher, and more spacious regions; where, with an energy which I had almost said was divine, it ranges among these heavenly bodies that in this lower world are scarce visible to our eyes; and we can at once explain the distance, magnitude, and velocity of the planets, and can foretell, even to a degree of minuteness, the particular time when a comet will return, and when the sun will be eclipsed in the next century. These powers certainly evince the dignity of human nature, and the surprising effects of the immaterial spirit within us, which in so confined a state can thus disengage itself from the fetters of matter. It is from this pre-eminence of the soul over the body, that we are enabled to view the exact order and curious variety of different beings; to consider and cultivate the natural productions of the earth; and to admire and imitate the wise benevolence which reigns throughout the sole system of the universe. It is from hence that we form moral laws for our conduct. From hence we delight in copying that great original, who in his essence is utterly incomprehensible, but in his influence is powerfully apparent to every degree of his creation. From hence too we perceive a real beauty in virtue, and a distinction between good and evil. Virtue

acts with the utmost generosity, and with no view to her own advantage: while Vice, like a glutton, feeds herself enormously, and then is willing to disgorge the nauseous offals of her feast.

Orreery.

§ 68. *Oeconomy, Want of it no Mark of genius.*

The indigence of authors, and particularly of poets, has long been the object of lamentation and ridicule, of compassion and contempt.

It has been observed, that not one favourite of the muses has ever been able to build a house since the days of Amphion, whose art it would be fortunate for them if they possessed; and that the greatest punishment that can possibly be inflicted on them, is to oblige them to sup in their own lodgings,

———— *Milles ubi reddunt ovæ columbæ,*
Where pigeons lay their eggs.

Boileau introduces Damon, whose writings entertained and instructed the city and the court, as having passed the summer without a shirt, and the winter without a cloak; and resolving at last to forsake Paris,

———— *où la vertu n'a plus ni feu ni lieu,*
Where thiv'ring worth no longer finds a home,
and to find out a retreat in some distant grotto,

D'où jamais ni Plaisir, ni le Serpent n'appartient,
Safe, where no critics damn, no duns molest.

POPE.

The rich comedian, says Bruyere, "lolling in his gilt chariot, bespatters the face of Corneille walking afoot;" and Juvenal remarks, that his cotemporary bards generally qualified themselves by their diet to make excellent bustos; that they were compelled sometimes to hire lodgings at a baker's, in order to warm themselves for nothing; and that it was the common fate of the fraternity.

Pallens & vinum toto nescire Decembri,
———— to pise,
Look pale, and all December taste no wine.

DRYDEN.

Virgil himself is strongly suspected to have lain in the streets, or on some Roman bulk, when he speaks so feelingly of a rainy and tempestuous night in his well-known epigram.

"There ought to be an hospital founded for decayed wits," said a lively Frenchman,

man,

app, "and it might be called the Hospital of Incurables."

Few, perhaps, wander among the laurels of Parnassus, but who have reason ardently to wish and to exclaim with Æneas, tho' without that hero's good fortune,

*Sic unum, se nabis illo arvensi arbore ramus,
Ostendit nemore in tanto!*

¶ In this ample grove could I behold
The tree that blooms with vegetable gold!

P. 171.

The patronage of Lælius and Scipio did not enable Terence to rent a house. Tasso, in a humorous sonnet addressed to his favourite cat, earnestly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes during his midnight studies, not being himself able to purchase a candle to write by. Dante, the Homer of Italy, and Camoens of Portugal, were both banished and imprisoned. Cervantes, perhaps the most original genius the world ever beheld, perished by want in the streets of Madrid, as did our own Spenser at Dublin. And a writer little inferior to the Spaniard in the exquisiteness of his humour and raillery, I mean Erasmus, after tedious wanderings of many years from city to city, and from patron to patron, praised, and promised, and deceived by all, obtained no settlement but with his printer. "At last," says he in one of his epistles, "I should have been advanced to a cardinalship, if there had not been a decree in my way, by which those are excluded from this honour, whose income amounts not to three thousand ducats."

I remember to have read a satire in Latin prose, entitled, "A poet hath bought a house." The poet having purchased a house, the matter was immediately laid before the parliament of poets assembled on that important occasion, as a thing unheard-of, as a very bad precedent, and of most pernicious consequence; and accordingly a very severe sentence was pronounced against the buyer. When the members came to give their vote, it appeared there was not a single person in the assembly, who, through the favour of powerful patrons, or their own happy genius, was worth so much as to be proprietor of a house, either by inheritance or purchase: all of them neglecting their private fortunes, confessed and boasted that they lived in lodgings. The poet was, therefore, ordered to sell his house immediately, to buy wine with the money for their entertainment, in order to make some

expiation for his enormous crime, and to teach him to live unfettered, and without care, like a true poet.

Such are the ridiculous, and such the pitiable stories related, to expose the poverty of poets in different ages and nations; but which, I am inclined to think, are rather boundless exaggerations of satire and fancy, than the sober result of experience, and the determination of truth and judgment; for the general position may be contradicted by numerous examples; and it may, perhaps, appear on reflection and examination, that the art is not chargeable with the faults and failings of its particular professors; that it has no peculiar tendency to make them either rakes or spendthrifts; and that those who are indigent poets, would have been indigent merchants and mechanics.

The neglect of economy, in which great geniuses are supposed to have indulged themselves, has unfortunately given so much authority and justification to carelessness and extravagance, that many a minute rhymist has fallen into dissipation and drunkenness, because Butler and Otway lived and died in an alehouse. As a certain blockhead wore his gown on one shoulder, to mimic the negligence of St. Thomas More, so these servile imitators follow their masters in all that disgraced them; contract immoderate debts, because Dryden died insolvent; and neglect to change their linen, because Smith was a sloven. "If I should happen to look pale," says Horace, "all the hackney writers in Rome would immediately drink cummin to gain the same complexion." And I myself am acquainted with a witling, who uses a glass only because Pope was near-sighted.

Advertiser.

§ 69. *Operas ridiculed, in a Persian Letter.*

The first objects of a stranger's curiosity are the public spectacles, I was carried last night to one they call an Opera, which is a concert of music brought from Italy, and in every respect foreign to this country. It was performed in a chamber as magnificent as the residence of our emperor, and as full of handsome women as his seraglio. They in Leo came long upon the stage, and, by the luxurious tendrils of his airs, seemed fitter to make them wanton, than to please them.

Instead of the habit proper to such creatures,

tures, he wore a suit of armour, and called himself Julius Cæsar.

I asked who Julius Cæsar was, and whether he had been famous for singing? They told me he was a warrior that had conquered all the world, and debauched half the women in Rome.

I was going to express my admiration at seeing him so represented, when I heard two ladies, who sat nigh me, cry out, as it were in ecstacy, "O that dear creature! I am dying for love of him."

At the same time I heard a gentleman say aloud, that both the music and singing were detestable.

"You must not mind him," said my friend, "he is of the other party, and comes here only as a spy."

"How! said I, have you parties in music?" "Yes," replied he, "it is a rule with us to judge of nothing by our senses and understanding, but to hear and see, and think, only as we chance to be differently engaged."

"I hope," said I, "that a stranger may be neutral in these divisions; and, to say the truth, your music is very far from inflaming me to a spirit of faction; it is much more likely to lay me asleep. Ours in Persia sets us all a-dancing; but I am quite unmoved with this."

"Do but fancy it moving," returned my friend, "and you will soon be moved as much as others. It is a trick you may learn when you will, with a little pains: we have most of us learnt it in our turns."

Lord Lyttelton.

§ 70. *Patience recommended,*

The darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us, and some fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts; and if we escape the inconveniences and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men, as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life

with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with nature. The best resolution we can take, is to suffer what we cannot alter, and to pursue without repining the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked to us: for it is enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier who sighs, and marches with reluctance. We must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to slink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God who governs all, as Cleanthes did in those admirable verses,

Parent of nature! Master of the world!

Where'er thy providence directs, behold

My steps with cheerful resignation turn;

Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on;

Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear;

Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, to censure the order of Providence, and, instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker.

Bolingbroke.

§ 71. *Patience exemplified in the Story of an Ass.*

I was just receiving the dernier compliments of Monsieur Le Blanc, for a pleasant voyage down the Rhône—when I was stopped at the gate—

'Twas by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him; on the contrary, meet him where I wish

will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jackdaws, &c.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog, he would speak if he could)—yet, somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the proposition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice—and those uttered—there's an end of the dialogue—

—But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come, Honesty! said I—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—urt thou for coming in, or going out?

The ass twitted his head round to look up the street—

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way—

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be let down as ill-spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unfavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again—God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—his all

all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.—And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say as tooth—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.—In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seem'd to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he look'd up pensive in my face—“Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may.”—If I do, said I, I'll be d—d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbets of Andouilletts—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering ballinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I—but the interjection was equivocal—and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an officer, which had fluted out from the contexture of the ass's pinnier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine—so that the *Out upon it!* in my opinion, should have come in here. *Stems.*

§ 72. *Players in a Country Town described.*

The players, you must know, finding this a good town, had taken a lease the last summer of an old synagogue deserted by the Jews; but the mayor, being a presbyterian, refused to license their exhibitions: however, when they were in the utmost despair, the ladies of the place joined in a petition to Mrs. Mayors, who prevailed on her husband to wink at their performances. The company immediately opened their synagogue theatre with the Merchant of Venice; and finding a quick doctor's zany, a droll fellow, they deposed him into their service; and he has since performed the part of the Mock Doctor with universal applause. Upon his revolt

the doctor himself found it absolutely necessary to enter of the company; and, having a talent for tragedy, has performed with great success the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*.

The performers at our rustic theatre are far beyond those paltry strollers, who run about the country, and exhibit in a barn or a cow-house: for (as their bills declare) they are a company of Comedians from the Theatre Royal; and I assure you they are as much applauded by our country critics, as any of your capital actors. The shops of our tradesmen have been almost deserted, and a croud of weavers and hard-waremen have elbowed each other two hours before the opening of the doors, when the bills have informed us, in enormous red letters, that the part of George Barnwell was to be performed by Mr. ———, at the particular desire of several ladies of distinction. 'Tis true, indeed, that our principal actors have most of them had their education at Covent-garden or Drury-lane; but they have been employed in the business of the drama in a degree but just above a scene-shifter. An heroine, to whom your managers in town (in envy to her rising merit) scarce allotted the humble part of a confidante, now blunders out Andromache or Belvidera; the attendants on a monarch stut monarchs themselves, mutes find their voices, and messenger-beaters rise into heroes. The humour of our best comedian consists in shrugs and grimaces; he jokes in a wry mouth, and repartees in a grin; in short, he practises on Congreve and Vanbrugh all those distortions which gained him so much applause from the galleries, in the drubs which he was obliged to undergo in pantomimes. I was vastly diverted at seeing a fellow in the character of Sir Harry Wildair, whose chief action was a continual pressing together of the thumb and fore-finger, which, had he lifted them to his nose, I should have thought he designed as an imitation of taking snuff: but I could easily account for the cause of this single gesture, when I discovered that Sir Harry was no less a person than the dexterous Mr. Clippit, the candle-snuffer.

You would laugh to see how strangely the parts of a play are cast. They played Cato: and their Marcia was such an old woman, that when Juba came on with his ——— "Hail! charming maid!" ——— the fellow could not help laughing. Another night I was surprized to hear an

eager lover talk of rushing into his mistress's arms, rioting on the nectar of her lips, and desiring (in the tragedy rapture) to "hug her thus, and thus, forever;" though he always took care to stand at a most ceremonious distance. But I was afterwards very much diverted at the cause of this extraordinary respect, when I was told that the lady laboured under the misfortune of an ulcer in her leg, which occasioned such a disagreeable stench, that the performers were obliged to keep her at arms length. The entertainment was *Lethé*; and the part of the Frenchman was performed by a South Briton; who, as he could not pronounce a word of the French language, supplied its place by gabbling in his native Welsh.

The decorations, or (in the theatrical dialect) the property of our company, are as extraordinary as the performers. Othello saves about in a checked handkerchief; the ghost in Hamlet stalks in a postilion's leathern-jacket for a coat of mail, and Cupid enters with a fiddle-case slung over his shoulders for a quiver. The apothecary of the town is free of the house, for lending them a pestle and mortar to serve as the bell in *Venice Preserved*: and a barber-surgeon has the same privilege, for furnishing them with basons of blood to besmear the daggers in *Macbeth*. Macbeth himself carries a rolling-pin in his hand for a truncheon; and, as the breaking of glasses would be very expensive, he dashes down a pewter pint-pot at the sight of Banquo's ghost.

A fray happened here the other night, which was no small diversion to the audience. It seems there had been a great contest between two of those mimic heroes, which was the fittest to play Richard the Third. One of them was reckoned to have the better person, as he was very round-shouldered, and one of his legs was shorter than the other; but his antagonist carried the part, because he started best in the tent scene. However, when the curtain drew up, they both rushed in upon the stage at once; and, bawling out together, "Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths," they both went through the whole speech without stopping.

Connoisseur.

§ 73. *Players often mistake one Effect for another.*

The French have distinguished the artifices made use of on the stage to deceive the

the audience, by the expression of *Jeu de Theatre*, which we may translate, "the juggling of the theatre;" When these little arts are exercised merely to assist nature, and set her off to the best advantage, none can be so critically nice as to object to them; but when tragedy by these means is lifted into rant, and comedy distorted into buffoonry; though the deceit may succeed with the multitude, men of sense will always be offended at it. This conduct, whether of the poet or the player, resembles in some sort the poor contrivance of the ancients, who mounted their heroes upon stilts, and expressed the manners of their characters by the grotesque figures of their masks.

Ibid.

§ 74. *True Pleasure defined.*

We are affected with delightful sensations, when we see the inanimate parts of the creation, the meadows, flowers, and trees, in a flourishing state. There must be some rooted melancholy at the heart, when all nature appears smiling about us, to hinder us from corresponding with the rest of the creation, and joining in the universal chorus of joy. But if meadows and trees in their cheerful verdure, if flowers in their bloom, and all the vegetable parts of the creation in their most advantageous dress, can inspire gladness into the heart, and drive away all sadness but despair; to see the rational creature happy and flourishing, ought to give us a pleasure as much superior, as the latter is to the former in the scale of beings. But the pleasure is still heightened, if we ourselves have been instrumental in contributing to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, if we have helped to raise a heart drooping beneath the weight of grief, and revived that barren and dry land, where no water was, with refreshing showers of love and kindness.

See's Sermons.

§ 75. *How Politeness is manifested.*

To correct such gross vices as lead us to commit a real injury to others, is the part of morals, and the object of the most ordinary education. Where that is not attended to, in some degree, no human society can subsist. But in order to render conversation and the intercourse of minds more easy and agreeable, good-manners have been invented, and have carried the matter somewhat farther. Wherever nature has given the mind a propensity to any vice, or to any passion disagreeable to others, refined breeding has taught men to throw the

bias on the opposite side, and to preserve, in all their behaviour, the appearance of sentiments contrary to those which they naturally incline to. Thus, as we are naturally proud and selfish, and apt to assume the preference above others, a polite man is taught to behave with deference towards those with whom he converse, and to yield up the superiority to them in all the common incidents of society. In like manner, wherever a person's situation may naturally beget any disagreeable suspicion in him, 'tis the part of good-manners to prevent it, by a studied display of sentiments directly contrary to those of which he is apt to be jealous. Thus old men know their infirmities, and naturally dread contempt from youth: hence, well-educated youth redouble their instances of respect and deference to their elders. Strangers and foreigners are without protection: hence, in all polite countries, they receive the highest civilities, and are entitled to the first place in every company. A man is lord in his own family, and his guests are, in a manner, subject to his authority: hence, he is always the lowest person in the company; attentive to the wants of every one; and giving himself all the trouble, in order to please, which may not betray too visible an affectation, or impose too much constraint on his guests. Gallantry is nothing but an instance of the same generous and refined attention. As nature has given man the superiority above woman, by endowing him with greater strength both of mind and body, 'tis his part to alleviate that superiority, as much as possible, by the generosity of his behaviour, and by a studied deference and complaisance for all her inclinations and opinions. Barbarous nations display this superiority, by reducing their females to the most abject slavery; by confining them, by beating them, by selling them, by killing them. But the male sex, among a polite people, discover their authority in a more generous, though not a less evident, manner; by civility, by respect, by complaisance, and, in a word, by gallantry. In good company, you need not ask, who is master of the feast? The man who sits in the lowest place, and who is always industrious in helping every one, is most certainly the person. We must either condemn all such instances of generosity, as foppish and affected, or admit of gallantry among the rest. The ancient Moscovites wedded their wives with a whip instead of a wedding-ring. The same people,

ple, in their own houses, took always the precedence above foreigners, even to foreign ambassadors. These two instances of their generosity and politeness are much of a-piece.

Hume's Essays.

§ 76. *The Business and Qualifications of a Poet described.*

"Wherever I went, I found that poetry was considered as the highest learning, and regarded with a veneration somewhat approaching to that which man would pay to the angelic nature. And it yet fills me with wonder, that, in almost all countries, the most ancient poets are considered as the best: whether it be that every other kind of knowledge is an acquisition gradually attained, and poetry is a gift conferred at once; or that the first poetry of every nation surprised them as a novelty, and retained the credit by content which it received by accident at first: or whether, as the province of poetry is to describe nature and passion, which are always the same, the first writers took possession of the most striking objects for description, and the most probable occurrences for fiction, and left nothing to those that followed them, but transcriptions of the same events, and new combinations of the same images. Whatever be the reason, it is commonly observed, that the early writers are in possession of nature, and their followers of art: that the first excel in strength and invention, and the latter in elegance and refinement.

"I was desirous to add my name to this illustrious fraternity. I read all the poets of Persia and Arabia, and was able to repeat by memory the volumes that are suspended in the mosque of Mecca. But I soon found that no man was ever great by imitation. My desire of excellence impelled me to transfer my attention to nature and to life. Nature was to be my subject, and men to be my auditors: I could never describe what I had not seen: I could not hope to move those with delight or terror, whose interests and opinions I did not understand.

"Being now resolved to be a poet, I saw every thing with a new purpose; my sphere of attention was suddenly magnified: no kind of knowledge was to be overlooked. I ranged mountains and deserts for images and resemblances, and pictured upon my mind every tree of the forest and flower of the valley. I observed with equal care the crags of the rock, and the

pinnacles of the palace. Sometimes I wandered along the mazes of the rivulet, and sometimes watched the changes of the summer clouds. To a poet nothing can be useless. Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful, must be familiar to his imagination: he must be conversant with all that is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and meteors of the sky, must all concur to store his mind with inexhaustible variety: for every idea is useful for the enforcement or decoration of moral or religious truth: and he, who knows most will have most power of diversifying his scenes, and of gratifying his reader with remote allusions and unexpected instruction.

"All the appearances of nature I was therefore careful to study, and every country which I have surveyed has contributed something to my poetical powers."

"In so wide a survey," said the prince, "you must surely have left much unobserved. I have lived, till now, within the circuit of these mountains, and yet cannot walk abroad without the sight of something which I never beheld before, or never heeded."

"The business of a poet," said Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances: he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features, as recall the original to every mind; and not neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

"But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet: he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition, observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstract and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general

general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same: he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; condemn the applause of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations, as a being superior to time and place.

"His labour is not yet at an end: he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarise to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony."

Johnson's Rasselas.

§ 77. *Remarks on some of the best Poets, both ancient and modern.*

'Tis manifest, that some particular ages have been more happy than others, in the production of great men, and all sorts of arts and sciences; as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes, and the rest, for stage poetry, amongst the Greeks; that of Augustus for heroic, lyric, dramatic, elegiac, and indeed all sorts of poetry, in the persons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; especially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth, wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the same time lived Cicero, Sallust, and Cæsar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his son Leo X. wherein painting was revived, poetry flourished, and the Greek language was restored.

Examples in all these are obvious: but what I would infer is this, That in such an age, 'tis possible some great genius may arise to equal any of the ancients, abating only for the language; for great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other; and mutual borrowing and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of civil government.

But suppose that Homer and Virgil were the only poets of their species, and that nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in heroic poetry. In tragedy and satire, I offer myself to maintain, against some of our modern critics, that this age and the last, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both these kinds.

Thus I might safely confine myself to my native country; but if I would only cross the seas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the person of the admirable Boileau, whose numbers are excellent, whose expressions are noble, whose thoughts are just, whose language is pure, whose satire is pointed, and whose sense is close. What he borrows from the ancients, he repays with usury of his own, in coin as good, and almost as universally valuable; for, setting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the stamp of a Louis, the patron of arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Augustus Cæsar. Let this be said without entering into the interests of factions and parties, and relating only the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praise so just, that even we, who are his enemies, cannot refuse it to him.

Now, if it may be permitted me to go back again to the consideration of epic poetry, I have confessed that no man hitherto has reached, or so much as approached to the excellencies of Homer or Virgil; I must farther add, that Statius, the best versificator next Virgil, knew not how to design after him, though he had the model in his eyes; that Lucan is wanting both in design and subject, and is besides too full of heat and affection; that among the moderns, Ariosto neither designed justly, nor observed a unity of action, or compass of time, or moderation in the vastness of his draught: his style is luxurious, without majesty or decency; and his adventures without the compass of nature and possibility. Tasso, whose design was regular, and who observed the rules of unity in time and place more closely than Virgil, yet was not so happy in his action: he confessed himself to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of heroic verse, in his episodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his story is not so pleasing as Ariosto's; he is too statulent sometimes, and sometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almost always forced; and besides, is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticisms; all which are not only below the dignity of heroic verse, but contrary to its nature. Virgil and Homer have not one of them: and those who are guilty of so boyish an ambition in so grave a subject, are so far from being considered as heroic poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's epigrams, and

and from Spenser to Fleerno, that is, from the top to the bottom of all poetry. But to return to Tasso; he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his poem, which is infinitely the worst, imitates Homer so very servilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jerusalem fifty sons, only because Homer had bestowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngest in the same manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not below those two Italians, and subject to a thousand more reflections, without examining their St. Louis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique. The English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action; he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only we must do them the justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines through the whole poem, and succours the rest, when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron, Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude: for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Ro-

mans, and only Mr. Waller among the English.

Dryden.

§ 78. *Remarks on some of the best English dramatic Poets,*

Shakespeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches; his serious, swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of Poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter vi, burna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eaton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better treated in Shakespeare; and, however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at the highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of players, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play which brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their Philaster; for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: and the like is reported

ported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better, whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. That humour which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have been taken in since, are rather superfluous than necessary. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humour. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was afraid of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and language, and humour also, in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too fullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height. Humour was his proper sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people. He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them: there is not a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times, whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets, is

only victory in him. With the spoils of those writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weav'd it too closely and laboriously in his serious plays: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanize our tongue, leaving the words which he translated as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed the idiom of their language, he did not enough comply with ours. If I would compare with him Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets, Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakespeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his discoveries, we have as many and as profitable rules for perfecting the stage as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

Dryden's Essays.

§ 79. *The Origin and Right of exclusive Property explained.*

There is nothing which so generally strikes the imagination and engages the affections of mankind, as the right of property; or that sole and despotic dominion which one man claims and exercises over the external things of the world, in a total exclusion of the right of any other individual in the universe. And yet there are very few that will give themselves the trouble to consider the original and foundation of this right. Pleased as we are with the possession, we seem afraid to look back to the means by which it was acquired, as if fearful of some defect in our title; or at best we rest satisfied with the decision of the laws in our favour, without examining the reason or authority upon which those laws have been built. We think it enough that our title is derived by the grant of the former proprietor, by descent from our ancestors, or by the last will and testament of the dying owner; not caring to reflect that (accurately and strictly speaking) there is no foundation in nature or in natural law, why a set of words upon parchment should convey the dominion of land; why the sun should have a right to exclude his fellow-creatures from a determinate spot of ground, because his father had done so before.

fore him; or why the occupier of a particular field or of a jewel, when lying on his death-bed, and no longer able to maintain possession, should be entitled to tell the rest of the world, which of them should enjoy it after him. These enquiries, it must be owned, would be useless and even troublesome in common life. It is well if the mass of mankind will obey the laws when made, without scrutinizing too nicely into the reasons of making them. But, when law is to be considered not only as matter of practice, but also as a rational science, it cannot be improper or useless to examine more deeply the rudiments and grounds of those positive constitutions of society.

In the beginning of the world, we are informed by holy writ, the all-bountiful Creator gave to man, "dominion over all the earth; and over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." This is the only true and solid foundation of man's dominion over external things, whatever airy metaphysical notions may have been started by fanciful writers upon this subject. The earth, therefore, and all things therein, are the general property of all mankind, exclusive of other beings, from the immediate gift of the Creator. And, while the earth continued bare of inhabitants, it is reasonable to suppose that all was in common among them, and that every one took from the public stock to his own use such things as his immediate necessities required.

These general notions of property were then sufficient to answer all the purposes of human life; and might perhaps still have answered them, had it been possible for mankind to have remained in a state of primæval simplicity: as may be collected from the manners of many American nations when first discovered by the Europeans; and from the ancient method of living among the first Europeans themselves, if we may credit either the memorials of them preserved in the golden age of the poets, or the uniform accounts given by historians of those times wherein *erant omnia communia et indivisa omnibus, veluti unum cunctis patrimonium esset* †. Not that this communion of goods seems ever to have been applicable, even in the earliest ages, to aught but the substance of the thing; nor could be extended to the use of it. For,

by the law of nature and reason, he who first began to use it acquired therein a kind of transient property, that lasted so long as he was using it, and no longer ‡: or, to speak with greater precision, the right of possession continued for the same time only that the act of possession lasted. Thus the ground was in common, and no part of it was the permanent property of any man in particular: yet whoever was in the occupation of any determinate spot of it, for rest, for shade, or the like, acquired for the time a sort of ownership, from which it would have been unjust, and contrary to the law of nature, to have driven him by force; but the instant that he quitted the use or occupation of it, another might seize it without injustice. Thus also a vine or other tree might be said to be in common, as all men were equally entitled to its produce; and yet any private individual might gain the sole property of the fruit, which he had gathered for his own repast. A doctrine well illustrated by Cicero, who compares the world to a great theatre, which is common to the public, and yet the place which any man has taken is for the time his own ||.

But when mankind increased in number, craft, and ambition, it became necessary to entertain conceptions of more permanent dominion: and to appropriate to individuals not the immediate use only, but the very substance of the thing to be used. Otherwise innumerable tumults must have arisen, and the good order of the world been continually broken and disturbed, while a variety of persons were striving who should get the first occupation of the same thing, or disputing which of them had actually gained it. As human life also grew more and more refined, abundance of conveniences were devised to render it more easy, commodious, and agreeable; as, habitations for shelter and safety, and raiment for warmth and decency. But no man would be at the trouble to provide either, so long as he had only an usufructuary property in them, which was to cease the instant that he quitted possession;—if, as soon as he walked out of his tent, or pulled off his garment, the next stranger who came by would have a right to inhabit the one, and to wear the other. In the case of habita-

† Barbeyr. Puff. l. 4. c. 4.

‡ *Quemadmodum theatrum, cum commune, sit recte, tamen dici potest, ejus esse eum locum quem quisque occupavit.* De Fin. l. 3. c. 20.

¶ Gen. i. 28.

† Justin. l. 43. c. 1.

tions, in particular, it was natural to observe, that even the brute creation, to whom every thing else was in common, maintained a kind of permanent property in their dwellings, especially for the protection of their young; that the birds of the air had nests, and the beasts of the field had caverns, the invasion of which they esteemed a very flagrant injustice, and would sacrifice their lives to preserve them. Hence a property was soon established in every man's house and homestead; which seem to have been originally mere temporary huts or moveable cabins, suited to the design of Providence for more speedily peopling the earth, and suited to the wandering life of their owners, before any extensive property in the soil or ground was established. And there can be no doubt, but that moveables of every kind became sooner appropriated than the permanent substantial soil; partly because they were more susceptible of a long occupancy, which might be continued for months together without any sensible interruption, and at length by usage ripen into an established right; but principally because few of them could be fit for use, till improved and meliorated by the bodily labour of the occupant: which bodily labour, bestowed upon any subject which before lay in common to all men, is universally allowed to give the fairest and most reasonable title to an exclusive property therein.

The article of food was a more immediate call, and therefore a more early consideration. Such as were not contented with the spontaneous product of the earth, sought for a more solid refreshment in the flesh of beasts, which they obtained by hunting. But the frequent disappointments, incident to that method of provision, induced them to gather together such animals as were of a more tame and sequacious nature; and to establish a permanent property in their flocks and herds, in order to sustain themselves in a less precarious manner, partly by the milk of the dams, and partly by the flesh of the young. The support of these their cattle made the article of water also a very important point. And therefore the book of Genesis (the most venerable monument of antiquity, considered merely with a view to history) will furnish us with frequent instances of violent contentions concerning wells; the exclusive property of which appears to have been established in the first digger or occupant, even in such places where the

ground and herbage remained yet in common. Thus we find Abraham, who was but a sojourner, asserting his right to a well in the country of Abimelech, and exacting an oath for his security, "because he had digged that well *." And Isaac, about ninety years afterwards, reclaimed this his father's property; and, after much contention with the Philistines, was suffered to enjoy it in peace †.

All this while the soil and pasture of the earth remained still in common as before, and open to every occupant: except perhaps in the neighbourhood of towns, where the necessity of a sole and exclusive property in lands (for the sake of agriculture) was earlier felt, and therefore more readily complied with. Otherwise, when the multitude of men and cattle had consumed every convenience on one spot of ground, it was deemed a natural right to seize upon and occupy such other lands as would more easily supply their necessities. This practice is still retained among the wild and uncultivated nations that have never been formed into civil states, like the Tartars and others in the East; where the climate itself, and the boundless extent of their territory, conspire to retain them still in the same savage state of vagrant liberty, which was universal in the earliest ages, and which Tacitus informs us continued among the Germans till the decline of the Roman empire ‡. We have also a striking example of the same kind in the history of Abraham and his nephew Lot§. When their joint subsistence became so great, that pasture and other conveniences grew scarce, the natural consequence was, that a strife arose between their servants; so that it was no longer practicable to dwell together. This contention Abraham thus endeavoured to compose; "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." This plainly implies an acknowledged right in either to occupy whatever ground he pleased, that was not pre-occupied by other tribes. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was

* Gen. xxi. 30. † Gen. xxvi. 15, 18, &c.

‡ Colunt discreti et diversi; ut fons, ut campus, ut nemus placuit. De mor. Germ. 16.

§ Gen. xiii.

well watered every where, even as the garden of the Lord. Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan, and journeyed east, and Abraham dwelt in the land of Canaan."

Upon the same principle was founded the right of migration, or sending colonies to find out new habitations, when the mother-country was over-charged with inhabitants; which was practised as well by the Phœnicians and Greeks, as the Germans, Scythians, and other northern people. And so long as it was confined to the stocking and cultivation of desert uninhabited countries, it kept strictly within the limits of the law of nature. But how far the seizing on countries already peopled, and driving out or massacring the innocent and defenceless natives, merely because they differed from their invaders in language, in religion, in customs, in government, or in colour; how far such a conduct was consonant to nature, to reason, or to christianity, deserved well to be considered by those who have rendered their names immortal by thus civilizing mankind.

As the world by degrees grew more populous, it daily became more difficult to find out new spots to inhabit, without encroaching upon former occupants; and, by constantly occupying the same individual spot, the fruits of the earth were consumed, and its spontaneous produce destroyed, without any provision for a future supply or succession. It therefore became necessary to pursue some regular method of providing a constant subsistence; and this necessity produced, or at least promoted and encouraged, the art of agriculture. And the art of agriculture, by a regular connexion and consequence, introduced and established the idea of a more permanent property in the soil, than had hitherto been received and adopted. It was clear, that the earth would not produce her fruits in sufficient quantities, without the assistance of tillage: but who would be at the pains of tilling it, if another might watch an opportunity to seize upon and enjoy the product of his industry, art, and labour? Had not therefore a separate property in lands, as moveables, been vested in some individuals, the world must have continued a forest, and men have been mere animals of prey; which, according to some philosophers, is the genuine state of nature. Whereas now (so graciously has Provi-

dence interwoven our duty and our happiness together) the result of this very necessity has been the ennobling of the human species, by giving it opportunities of improving its rational faculties, as well as of exerting its natural. Necessity begeth property; and, in order to insure that property, recourse was had to civil society, which brought along with it a long train of inseparable concomitants; states, government, laws, punishments, and the public exercise of religious duties. Thus connected together, it was found that a part only of society was sufficient to provide, by their manual labour, for the necessary subsistence of all; and leisure was given to others to cultivate the human mind, to invent useful arts, and to lay the foundations of science.

The only question remaining is, How this property became actually vested; or what it is that gave a man an exclusive right to retain, in a permanent manner, that specific land which before belonged generally to every body, but particularly to nobody? And, as we before observed that occupancy gave the right to the temporary use of the soil, so it is agreed upon all hands, that occupancy gave also the original right to the permanent property in the substance of the earth itself; which excludes every one else but the owner from the use of it. There is indeed some difference among the writers on natural law, concerning the reason why occupancy should convey this right, and invest one with this absolute property: Grotius and Puffendorf insisting, that this right of occupancy is founded upon a tacit and implied assent of all mankind, that the first occupant should become the owner; and Barbeyrac, Titius, Mr. Locke, and others, holding, that there is no such implied assent, neither is it necessary that there should be; for that the very act of occupancy alone, being a degree of bodily labour, is, from a principle of natural justice, without any consent or compact, sufficient of itself to gain a title. A dispute that favours too much of nice and scholastic refinement! However, both sides agree in this, that occupancy is the thing by which the title was in fact originally gained; every man seizing to his own continued use, such spots of ground as he found most agreeable to his own convenience, provided he found them unoccupied by any one else.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

§ 80. *Retirement of no Use to some.*

To lead the life I propose with satisfaction and profit, renouncing the pleasures and business of the world, and breaking the habits of both, is not sufficient; the supine creature, whose understanding is superficially employed through life, about a few general notions, and is never bent to a close and steady pursuit of truth, may renounce the pleasures and business of the world, for even in the business of the world we see such creatures often employed, and may break the habits; nay, he may retire and drone away life in solitude like a monk, or like him over the door of whose house, as if his house had been his tomb, somebody writ, "Here lies such an one:" but no such man will be able to make the true use of retirement. The employment of his mind, that would have been agreeable and easy if he had accustomed himself to it early, will be unpleasant and impracticable late: such men lose their intellectual powers for want of exerting them, and, having trifled away youth, are reduced to the necessity of trifling away age. It fares with the mind just as it does with the body. He who was born with a texture of brain as strong as that of Newton, may become unable to perform the common rules of arithmetic; just as he who has the same elasticity in his muscles, the same suppleness in his joints, and all his nerves and sinews as well-braced as Jacob Hall, may become a fat unwieldy sluggard. Yet further; the implicit creature, who has thought it all his life needless, or unlawful, to examine the principles of facts that he took originally on trust, will be as little able as the other to improve his solitude to any good purpose: unless we call it a good purpose, for that sometimes happens, to confirm and excite his prejudices, so that he may live and die in one continued delirium. The confirmed prejudices of a thoughtful life, are as hard to change as the confirmed habits of an indolent life: and as some must trifle away age because they trifled away youth, others must labour on in a maze of error, because they have wandered there too long to find their way out. *Bolingbroke.*

§ 81. *Consequences of the Revolution of 1688.*

Few men at that time looked forward enough, to foresee the necessary consequences of the new constitution of the revenue that was soon afterwards formed,

nor of the method of funding that immediately took place; which, absurd as they are, have continued ever since, till it is become scarce possible to alter them. Few people, I say, foresaw how the creation of funds, and the multiplication of taxes, would encrease yearly the power of the crown, and bring our liberties, by a natural and necessary progression, into more real, though less apparent danger, than they were in before the Revolution. The excessive ill husbandry practised from the very beginning of King William's reign, and which laid the foundations of all we feel and all we fear, was not the effect of ignorance, mistake, or what we call chance, but of design and scheme in those who had the sway at that time. I am not so uncharitable, however, as to believe, that they intended to bring upon their country all the mischiefs that we, who came after them, experience and apprehend. No; they saw the measures they took singly, and unrelatively, or relatively alone to some immediate object. The notion of attaching men to the new government, by tempting them to embark their fortunes on the same bottom, was a reason of state to some: the notion of creating a new, that is, a monied interest, in opposition to the landed interest, or as a balance to it, and of acquiring a superior influence in the city of London, at least, by establishment of great corporations, was a reason of party to others: and I make no doubt that the opportunity of amassing immense estates by the managements of funds, by trafficking in paper, and by all the arts of jobbing, was a reason of private interest to those who supported and improved this scheme of iniquity, if not to those who devised it. They looked no farther. Nay, we who came after them, and have long tasted the bitter fruits of the corruption they planted, were far from taking such an alarm at our distress, and our danger, as they deserved; till the most remote and fatal effect of causes, laid by the last generation, was very near becoming an object of experience in this. *Ibid.*

§ 82. *Defence of Riddles: In a Letter to a Lady.*

It is with wonderful satisfaction I find you are grown such an adept in the occult arts, and that you take a laudable pleasure in the ancient and ingenious study of making and solving riddles. It is a science, undoubtedly, of most necessary acquirement, and

and deserves to make a part in the meditation of both sexes. Those of yours may by this means very innocently indulge their usual curiosity of discovering and disclosing a secret; whilst such amongst ours who have a turn for deep speculations, and are fond of puzzling themselves and others, may exercise their faculties this way with much private satisfaction, and without the least disturbance to the public. It is an art indeed which I would recommend to the encouragement of both the universities, as it affords the easiest and shortest method of conveying some of the most useful principles of logic, and might therefore be introduced as a very proper substitute in the room of those dry systems which are at present in vogue in those places of education. For as it consists in discovering truth under borrowed appearances, it might prove of wonderful advantage in every branch of learning, by habituating the mind to separate all foreign ideas, and consequently preserving it from that grand source of error, the being deceived by false connections. In short, Timoclea, this your favourite science contains the sum of all human policy; and as there is no passing through the world without sometimes mixing with fools and knaves; who would not choose to be master of the enigmatical art, in order, on proper occasions, to be able to lead aside craft and impertinence from their aim, by the convenient artifice of a prudent disguise? It was the maxim of a very wise prince, that "he who knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to reign;" and I desire you would receive it as mine, that "he who knows not how to riddle, knows not how to live."

But besides the general usefulness of this art, it will have a further recommendation to all true admirers of antiquity, as being practised by the most considerable personages of early times. It is almost three thousand years ago since Samson proposed his famous riddle so well known; though the advocates for ancient learning must forgive me, if in this article I attribute the superiority to the moderns; for if we may judge of the skill of the former in this profound art by that remarkable specimen of it, the geniuses of those early ages were by no means equal to those which our times have produced. But as a friend of mine has lately finished, and intends very shortly to publish, a most learned work in folio, wherein he has fully proved that important point, I will not anticipate the pleasure you

will receive by perusing this curious performance. In the mean while let it be remembered, to the immortal glory of this art, that the wisest man, as well as the greatest prince that ever lived, is said to have amused himself and a neighbouring monarch in trying the strength of each other's talents in this way; several did less, it seems, having passed between Solomon and Hiram, upon condition that he who failed in the solution should incur a certain penalty. It is recorded likewise of the great father of poetry, even the divine Homer himself, that he had a taste of this sort; and we are told by a Greek writer of his life, that he died with vexation for not being able to discover a riddle which was proposed to him by some fishermen at a certain island called Jo.

FitzBoorne's Letters.

§ 83. *The true Use of the Senses perverted by Fashion.*

Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing; and the reason of its remaining so much a mystery, is our own want of simplicity in manners. By our present mode of education, we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, in mind as well as in body; we are taught to disguise, distort, and alter our sentiments until our thinking faculty is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation; our perception is abused, and our senses are perverted; our minds lose their nature, force, and flavour; the imagination, sweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid and sickly bloom; the genius, instead of growing like a vigorous tree, that extends its branches on every side, buds, blossoms, and bears delicious fruit, resembles a lopped and stunted yew, tortured into some wretched form, projecting no shade or shelter, displaying no flower, diffusing no fragrance, and producing no fruit, and exhibiting nothing but a barren conceit for the amusement of the idle spectator.

Thus debauched from nature, how can we relish her genuine productions? As we might a more distinguish objects through the medium of a prism, that presents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green-sickness prefer a biscuit to a cinder.

It has often been alledged, that the passions can never be wholly depofed, and that by appealing to thefe, a good writer will always be able to force himfelf into the hearts of his readers; but even the ftrongeft paffions are weakened, nay fometimes totally extinguifhed and destroyed, by mutual oppofition, diffipation, and acquired infenfibility. How often at our theatre, has the tear of fympathy and burft of laughter been reffeffed by a malignant fpecies of pride, refufing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing fociety with the audience! I have feen a young creature, poffeffed of the moft delicate complexion, and exhibiting features that indicate fenfibility, fit without the leaft emotion, and behold the moft tender and pathetic fcenes of Otway reprefented with all the energy of action; fo happy had fhe been in her efforts to conquer the prejudices of nature. She had been trained up in the belief that nothing was more awkward, than to betray a fenfe of fhame or fympathy; fhe feemed to think that a confent of paffion with the vulgar, would impair the dignity of her character; and that the herfelf ought to be the only object of approbation. But fhe did not confider that fuch approbation is feldom acquired by difdain; and that want of feeling is a very bad recommendation to the human heart. For my own fhare, I never fail to take a furvey of the female part of an audience, at every interefting incident of the drama. When I perceive the tear ftealing down a lady's cheek, and the fudden figh efcape from her breaft, I am attracted toward her by an irrefiftible emotion of tendernes and efteem; her eyes fhine with enchanting luftre, through the pearly moiſture that furrounds them; my heart warms at the glow which humanity kindles on her cheek, and keeps time with the accelerated heavings of her fnowy boſom; I at once love her benevolence, and revere her difcernment. On the contrary, when I fee a fine woman's face unaltered by the diftreff of the fcene, with which I myfelf am affected, I reſent her indifferenſe as an insult on my own underſtanding; I fuppoſe her heart to be favage, her difpofition unfocial, her organs indelicate, and exclaim with the fox in the fable, *O pulchrum caput, ſed cerebrum non habet!*

Yet this infenfibility is not perhaps owing to any original defect. Nature may have ſtretched the ftring, though it has long ceafed to vibrate. It may have been

diſpleafed and diftracted by the firſt violence offered to the native machine; it may have loſt its tone through long diſuſe; or be ſo twiſted and overtrained as to produce an effect very different from that which was primarily intended. If ſo little regard is paid to nature when ſhe knocks ſo powerfully at the breaſt, ſhe muſt be altogether neglected and deſpiſed in her calmer mood of ſerene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but ſimplicity, propriety, and innocence. A clear, blue ſky, ſpangled with ſtars, will prove a homely and inſipid object to eyes accuſtomed to the glare of torches, tapers, gilding, and glitter; they will be turned with loathing and diſguſt from the green mantle of the ſpring, ſo gorgeouſly adorned with buds and foliage, flowers, and bloſſoms, to contemplate a gaudy negligence, ſtriped and interſected with abrupt unfriendly tints that fetter the maſſes of light, and diſtract the viſion; and cut and pinked into the moſt fantaſtic forms; and flounced and furbelowed, patched and fringed with all the littleneſs of art, unknown to elegance. Thoſe ears that are offended by the ſweetly wild notes of the thruſh, the black-bird, and the nightingale, the diſtant cawing of the rook, the tender cooing of the turtle, the ſoft ſighing of reeds and oſiers, the magic murmur of lapſing ſtreams; will be regaled and raviſhed by the extravagant and alarming notes of a ſqueaking fiddle, extracted by a muſician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers; they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, the rumbling of carts, and the delicate cry of cod and mackarel.

The ſenſe of ſmelling that delights in the ſcent of excrementitious animal juices, ſuch as milk, civet, and urinous ſalts, will loath the fragriancy of new mown hay, the hawthorn's bloom, the ſweet-briar, the honeſuckle, and the roſe; and the organs that are gratified with the taſte of ſickly veal which has been bled into the pally, rotten pullets crammed into fevers, brawn made up of dropſical pig, the abortion of pigeons and of poultry, ſparagus gorged with the crude unwholeſome juice of dung, peafe without ſubſtance, peaches without taſte, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly nauſeate the native, genuine, and ſalutary taſte of Welch beef, Banthead mutton, Hampſhire pork, and barn-door fowls; whoſe juices are concocted by a natural diſgeſtion, and whoſe fleſh is conſolidated by free air and exerciſe.

In

In such a total perversion of the senses, the ideas must be misrepresented, the powers of the imagination disordered, and the judgment of consequence unfound. The disease is attended with a false appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not satisfy. It must have fauces compounded of the most heterogeneous trash. The soul seems to sink into a kind of sleepy idiotism, or childish vacancy of thought. It is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleasing to the most superficial curiosity. It is enlivened by a quick succession of trivial objects, that glisten, and glance, and dance before the eye; and, like an infant kept awake and inspired by the sound of a rattle, it must not only be dazzled and aroused, but also cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, business, intricacy, and intrigue, which is a kind of low juggle that may be termed the legerdemain of genius. This being the case, it cannot enjoy, nor indeed distinguish, the charms of natural and moral beauty or decorum. The ingenuous blush of native innocence, the plain language of ancient faith and sincerity, the cheerful resignation to the will of heaven, the mutual affection of the charities, the voluntary respect paid to superior dignity or station, the virtue of beneficence extended even to the brute creation, nay, the very crimson glow of health and swelling lines of beauty, are despised, detested, scorned, and ridiculed as ignorance, rudeness, rusticity, and superstition.

Smollett.

§ 84. *Simplicity a principal Beauty in Writing.*

If we examine the writers whose compositions have stood the test of ages, and obtained that highest honour, the concurrent approbation of distant times and nations, we shall find that the character of simplicity is the unvarying circumstance, which alone hath been able to gain this universal homage from mankind. Among the Greeks, whose writers in general are of the simple kind, the divinest poet, the most commanding orator, the finest historian, and deepest philosopher, are, above the rest, conspicuously eminent in this great quality. The Roman writers rise towards perfection, according to that measure of true simplicity which they mingle in their works. Indeed, they are all inferior to the Greek models. But who will deny, that Lucræti, Horace, Virgil, Livy, Ter-

rence, Tully, are at once the simplest and best of Roman writers? unless we add the noble Annals, who appeared in after-times; who, notwithstanding the political turn of his genius, which sometimes interferes, is admirable in this great quality; and by it, far superior to his contemporaries. It is this one circumstance that hath raised the venerable Dante, the father of modern poetry, above the succeeding poets of his country, who could never long maintain the local and temporary honours bestowed upon them; but have fallen under that just neglect, which time will ever decree to those who desert a just simplicity for the florid colourings of style, contrived phrases, affected conceits, the mere trappings of composition, and Gothic minutiae. It is this hath given to Boileau the most lasting wreath in France, and to Shakespeare and Milton in England; especially to the last, whose writings are more unmix'd in this respect, and who had formed himself entirely on the simple model of the best Greek writers and the sacred scriptures. As it appears from these instances, that simplicity is the only universal characteristic of just writing; so the superior eminence of the sacred scriptures in this prime quality hath been generally acknowledged. One of the greatest critics in antiquity, himself conspicuous in the sublime and simple manner, hath borne this testimony to the writings of Moses and St. Paul; and by parity of reason we must conclude, that had he been conversant with the other sacred writers, his taste and candour would have allowed them the same encomium.

Brown's Essay.

§ 85. *Simplicity conspicuous in the Scriptures.*

It hath been often observed, even by writers of no mean rank, that the "scriptures suffer in their credit by the disadvantage of a literal version, while other ancient writings enjoy the advantage of a free and embellished translation." But in reality these gentlemen's concern is ill placed and groundless. For the truth is, "That most other writings are indeed impaired by a literal translation; whereas, giving only a due regard to the idioms of different languages, the sacred writings, when literally translated, are then in their full perfection."

Now this is an internal proof, that in all other writings there is a mixture of local, relative, exterior ornament; which is often lost in the transference from one language

to another. But the internal beauties, which depend not on the particular construction of tongues, no change of tongue can destroy. Hence the Bible composition preserves its native beauty and strength alike in every language, by the sole energy of unadorned phrase, natural images, weight of sentiment, and great simplicity.

It is in this respect like a rich vein of gold, which, under the severest trials of heat, cold, and moisture, retains its original weight and splendor, without either loss or alloy; while baser metals are corrupted by earth, air, water, fire, and assimilated to the various elements through which they pass.

This circumstance then may be justly regarded as sufficient to vindicate the composition of the sacred Scriptures; as it is at once their chief excellence, and greatest security. It is their excellence, as it renders them intelligible and useful to all; it is their security, as it prevents their being disguised by the false and capricious ornaments of vain and weak translators.

We may safely appeal to experience and fact for the confirmation of these remarks on the superior simplicity, utility, and excellence of the style of the holy Scripture. Is there any book in the world so perfectly adapted to all capacities? that contains such sublime and exalted precepts, conveyed in such an artless and intelligible strain? that can be read with such pleasure and advantage by the lettered sage and the unlettered peasant?

Brown's Essay.

§ 86. *Simplicity should be preferred to Refinement in Writing.*

Fine writing, according to Mr. Addison, consists of sentiments which are natural, without being obvious. There cannot be a juster, and more concise definition of fine writing.

Sentiments which are merely natural, affect not the mind with any pleasure, and seem not worthy to engage our attention. The pleasantries of a waterman, the observations of a peasant, the ribaldry of a porter or hackney coachman; all these are natural and disagreeable. What an insipid comedy should we make of the chit-chat of the tea-table, copied faithfully and at full length? Nothing can please persons of taste, but nature drawn with all her graces and ornaments, *la belle nature*; or if we copy low life, the strokes must be strong and remarkable, and must convey a

lively image to the mind. The absurd naiveté of Sancho Pança is represented in such inimitable colours by Cervantes, that it entertains as much as the picture of the most magnanimous hero or sofistic lover.

The case is the same with orators, philosophers, critics, or any author, who speaks in his own person, without introducing other speakers or actors. If his language be not elegant, his observations uncommon, his sense strong and masculine, he will in vain boast his nature and simplicity. He may be correct; but he never will be agreeable. 'Tis the unhappiness of such authors, that they are never blamed nor censured. The good fortune of a book, and that of a man, are not the same. The secret deceiving path of life, which Horace talks of, *fallentis semita viæ*, may be the happiest lot of the one; but is the greatest misfortune that the other can possibly fall into.

On the other hand, productions which are merely surprising, without being natural, can never give any lasting entertainment to the mind. To draw chimeras is not, properly speaking, to copy or imitate. The justness of the representation is lost, and the mind is displeased to find a picture, which bears no resemblance to any original. Nor are such excessive refinements more agreeable in the epistolary or philosophic style than in the epic or tragic. Too much ornament is a fault in every kind of production. Uncommon expressions, strong flashes of wit, pointed similes, and epigrammatic turns, especially when laid too thick, are a disfigurement rather than any embellishment of discourse. As the eye, in surveying a Gothic building, is distracted by the multiplicity of ornaments, and loses the whole by its minute attention to the parts; so the mind, in perusing a work overstocked with wit, is fatigued and disgusted with the constant endeavour to shine and surprise. This is the case where a writer overabounds in wit, even though that wit should be just and agreeable. But it commonly happens to such writers, that they seek for their favourite ornaments, even where the subject affords them not; and by that means have twenty insipid conceits for one thought that is really beautiful.

There is no subject in critical learning, more copious than this of the just mixture of simplicity and refinement in writing; and, therefore, not to wander in too large a field

a field, I shall confine myself to a few general observations on that head.

First, I observe, 'That though excesses of both kinds are to be avoided, and though a proper medium ought to be studied in all productions; yet this medium lies not in a point, but admits of a very considerable latitude.' Consider the wide distance, in this respect, between Mr. Pope and Lucretius. These seem to lie in the two greatest extremes of refinement and simplicity, which a poet can indulge himself in, without being guilty of any blameable excess. All this interval may be filled with poets, who may differ from each other, but may be equally admirable, each in his peculiar style and manner. Corneille and Congreve, who carry their wit and refinement somewhat farther than Mr. Pope (if poets of so different a kind can be compared together) and Sophocles and Terence, who are more simple than Lucretius, seem to have gone out of that medium, wherein the most perfect productions are to be found, and are guilty of some excess in these opposite characters. Of all the great poets, Virgil and Racine, in my opinion, lie nearest the center, and are the farthest removed from both the extremities.

My second observation on this head is, 'That it is very difficult, if not impossible, to explain, by words, wherein the just medium betwixt the excesses of simplicity and refinement consists, or to give any rule, by which we can know precisely the bounds betwixt the fault and the beauty.' A critic may not only discourse very judiciously on this head, without instructing his readers, but even without understanding the matter perfectly himself. There is not in the world a finer piece of criticism than Fontenelle's Dissertation on Pastorals; wherein, by a number of reflections and philosophical reasonings, he endeavours to fix the just medium which is suitable to that species of writing. But let any one read the pastorals of that author, and he will be convinced, that this judicious critic, notwithstanding his fine reasonings, had a false taste, and fixed the point of perfection much nearer the extreme of refinement than pastoral poetry will admit of. The sentiments of his shepherds are better suited to the toils of Paris, than to the forests of Arcadia. But this it is impossible to discover from his critical reasonings. He blames all excessive painting and ornament as much as Virgil could

have done, had he wrote a dissertation on this species of poetry. However different the tastes of men may be, their general discourses on these subjects are commonly the same. No criticism can be very instructive, which descends not to particulars, and is not full of examples, and illustrations. 'Tis allowed on all hands, that beauty, as well as virtue, lies always in a medium; but where this medium is placed is the great question, and can never be sufficiently explained by general reasonings.

I shall deliver it as a third observation on this subject, 'That we ought to be more on our guard against the excess of refinement than that of simplicity; and that because the former excess is both less beautiful and more dangerous than the latter.'

It is a certain rule, that wit and passion are entirely inconsistent. When the affections are moved, there is no place for the imagination. The mind of man being naturally limited, it is impossible all its faculties can operate at once: and the more any one predominates, the less room is there for the others to exert their vigour. For this reason, a greater degree of simplicity is required in all composition, where men, and actions, and passions are painted, than in such as consist of reflections and observations. And as the former species of writing is the more engaging and beautiful, one may safely, upon this account, give the preference to the extreme of simplicity, above that of refinement.

We may also observe, that those compositions which we read the oftenest, and which every man of taste has got by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprizing in the thought, when divested of that elegance of expression, and harmony of numbers, with which it is clothed. If the merit of the composition lies in a point of wit, it may strike at first: but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is no longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus has its merit; and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once: but Parnel, after the fiftieth reading, is as fresh as at the first. Besides, it is with books as with women, where a certain plainness of manner

manner and of dress is more engaging than that glare of paint and airs and apparel, which may dazzle the eye, but reaches not the affections. Terence is a modest and bathful beauty, to whom we grant every thing, because he assumes nothing, and whose purity and nature make a desirable, though not a violent impression upon us.

But refinement, as it is the less beautiful, so it is the more dangerous extreme, and what we are the aptest to fall into. Simplicity passes for dulness, when it is not accompanied with great elegance and propriety. On the contrary, there is something surprizing in a blaze of wit and conceit. Ordinary readers are mightily struck with it, and falsely imagine it to be the most difficult, as well as most excellent way of writing. Seneca abounds with agreeable faults, says Quintilian, *abundat dulcibus vitiis*; and for that reason is the more dangerous, and the more apt to pervert the taste of the young and inconsiderate.

I shall add, that the excess of refinement is now more to be guarded against than ever; because it is the extreme which men are the most apt to fall into, after learning has made great progress, and after eminent writers have appeared in every species of composition. The endeavour to please by novelty, leads men wide of simplicity and nature, and fills their writings with affectation and conceit. It was thus the age of Claudius and Nero became so much inferior to that of Augustus in taste and genius: and perhaps there are, at present, some symptoms of a like degeneracy of taste, in France as well as in England. *Hume.*

§ 87. *An Essay on Suicide.*

The last sessions deprived us of the only surviving member of a society, which (during its short existence) was equal both in principles and practice to the Mohocks and Hell-fire club of tremendous memory. This society was composed of a few broken gamblers and desperate young rakes, who threw the small remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common stock, and thence assumed the name of the Last Guinea Club. A short life and a merry one, was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances should be exhausted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run

at cards, and others by snapping up a rich heiress or a dowager; while the rest, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very resolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the pistol. The last that remained of this society had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his pistol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was just going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himself that he could employ it to better purpose upon Hounslow-heath. This brave man, however, had but a very short respite, and was obliged to suffer the ignominy of going out of the world in a vulgar way, by an halter.

The enemies of play will perhaps consider those gentlemen, who boldly stake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the same view with these desperadoes; and they may even go so far as to regard the polite and honourable assembly at White's as a kind of Last Guinea Club. Nothing, they will say, is so fluctuating as the property of a gambler, who (when luck runs against him) throws away whole acres at every cast of the dice, and whose houses are as unsure a possession, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to their last guinea at this genteel gaming-house; but the most inveterate enemies to White's must allow, that it is but now and then that a gambler of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet whether there is another world, takes his chance, and dispatches himself, when the odds are against him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of White's may be from any imputation of this kind, it must be confessed, that suicide begins to prevail so generally, that it is the most gallant exploit, by which our modern heroes chuse to signalize themselves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon prowess. From the days of Plato down to these, a suicide has always been compared to a soldier on guard deserting his post: but I should rather consider a set of these desperate men, who rush on certain death, as a body of troops sent out on the forlorn hope. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmost resolution: some blow their brains out with a pistol; some expire, like Socrates, by poison; some fall, like Cato, on the point of their own swords; and others, who have lived like Nero, affect to die like Seneca, and bleed to death. The most exalted geniuses I ever remem-

ber to have heard of were a party of reduced gamblers, who bravely resolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his usual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himself, and coolly questioned them, which they thought the easiest and gentlest method of going out of the world: for there is as much difference between a mean person and a man of quality in their manner of destroying themselves, as in their manner of living. The poor speaking wretch, starving in a garret, tucks himself up in his list garters; a second, crost in love, drowns himself like a blind puppy in Rosamond's pond; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of fashion almost always dies by a pistol; and even the cobbler of any spirit goes off by a dose or two extraordinary of gin.

But this false notion of courage, however noble it may appear to the desperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the resolution of the highwayman, who shoots himself with his own pistol, when he finds it impossible to avoid being taken. All practicable means, therefore, should be devised to extirpate such absurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. From reading the public prints, a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the most lunatic people in the whole world. Almost every day informs us, that the coroner's inquest has sat on the body of some miserable suicide, and brought in their verdict lunacy; but it is very well known, that the enquiry has not been made into the state of mind of the deceased, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, the deliberate self-murderer should be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of lunatics by purchase, I never knew this sentence executed but on one poor cobbler, who hanged himself in his own stall. A penniless poor wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the church-yard; but self-murder by a pistol qualifies the polite owner for a sudden death, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument, setting forth his virtues, in Westminster Abbey. Every man in his sober senses must wish, that the most severe laws that could possibly be contrived were enacted against suicides. This shocking bravado

never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender sex in our own nation: though history informs us, that the Roman ladies were once so infatuated as to throw off the softness of their nature, and commit violence on themselves, till the madness was curbed by the exposing their naked bodies in the public streets. This, I think, would afford an hint for fixing the like mark of ignominy on our male suicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this sort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the most public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the suicide of quality might be treated with more respect, he should be indulged in having his wounded corpse and shattered brains laid (as it were) in state for some days; of which dreadful spectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by Dryden:

The slayer of himself too saw I there:
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair;
With eyes half clos'd, and mouth wide open he lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his fullen soul away.

The common murderer has his skeleton preserved at Surgeon's-Hall, in order to deter others from being guilty of the same crime; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-house set apart to receive the bones of these more unnatural self-murderers, in which monuments should be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious ensigns of their rashness, the rope, the knife, the sword, or the pistol.

The cause of these frequent self-murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution, and Englishmen must necessarily shoot, hang, and drown themselves in November. That our spirits are in some measure influenced by the air cannot be denied; but we are not such mere barometers, as to be driven to despair and death by the small degree of gloom that our winter brings with it. If we have not so much sunshine as some countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear that men dispatch themselves by dozens in Russia or Sweden, or that they are unable to keep up their spirits even in the total darkness of Greenland. Our climate ex-
empt

empt us from many diseases, to which other more southern nations are naturally subject; and I can never be persuaded, that being born near the north pole is a physical cause for self-murder.

Despair, indeed, is the natural cause of these shocking actions; but this is commonly despair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. These first involve men into difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I see a young profligate wantonly squandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as hastening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at last induced to kill himself by motives arising from his vices, I consider him as dying of some disease, which those vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poisoned by his wines, or surfeited by a favourite dish; and if he has thrown away his estate in bawdy-houses, I conclude him destroyed by rottenness and filthy diseases.

Another principal cause of the frequency of suicide is the noble spirit of free-thinking, which has diffused itself among all ranks of people. The libertine of fashion has too refined a taste to trouble himself at all about a soul or an hereafter; but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his Bible, and labours to persuade himself out of his religion. For this purpose he attends constantly at the disputant societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free agency, and predestination, till at length he is convinced that man is at liberty to do as he pleases, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himself that he was inevitably destined to be tied up in his own garters. The courage of these heroes proceeds from the same principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or those of Jack Ketch: the suicide of whatever rank looks death in the face without shrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an easy unconcern under Tyburn, throws away the psalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and swings like a gentleman.

Connoisseur.

§ 88. *An Enumeration of Superstitions observed in the Country.*

You must know, Mr. Town, that I am just returned from a visit of a fortnight to

an old aunt in the North; where I was mightily diverted with the traditional superstitions, which are most religiously preserved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their sagacious grandmothers.

When I arrived, I found the mistress of the house very busily employed, with her two daughters, in nailing an horseshoe to the threshold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard against the spiteful designs of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a mischief, because one of my young cousins laid two straws across, to see if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady assured me, that she had several times heard Goody Cripple muttering to herself; and to be sure she was saying the Lord's Prayer backwards. Besides, the old woman had very often asked them for a pin: but they took care never to give her any thing that was sharp, because she should not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the same as are mentioned with infinite humour by the SPECTATOR: and to confirm them, they assured me, that the eldest miss, when she was little, used to have fits, till the mother flung a knife at another old witch (whom the devil had carried off in an high wind), and fetched blood from her.

When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thousand apologies for not putting me in the best room in the house; which (she said) had never been lain in since the death of an old washerwoman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money somewhere, and could not rest till she had told somebody; and my cousin assured me, that she might have had it all to herself; for the spirit came one night to her bed-side, and wanted to tell her, but she had not courage to speak to it. I learned also, that they had a footman once, who hanged himself for love; and he walked for a great while, till they got the parson to lay him in the Red Sea.

I had not been here long, when an accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled most terribly; which was a sure sign, that somebody belonging to them would die. The youngest miss declared, that she had heard the hen crow that morning; which was another fatal prognostic.

notice. They told me, that, just before uncle died, Towzer howled so for several nights together, that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly as if there had been a clock in the room: the maid too, who sat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the stairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this discourse I overheard one of my cousins whisper the other, that she was afraid their mamma would not live long; for she smelt an ugly smell, like a dead carcase. They had a dairy-maid, who died the very week after an hearth had stooped at their door in its way to church: and the eldest miss, when she was but thirteen, saw her own brother's ghost (who was gone to the West Indies) walking in the garden; and to be sure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ship, the very same day, and hour of the day, that miss saw his apparition.

I need not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no less prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haste to examine whether it was a purse or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived, because they had seen a stranger on the grate. The youngest miss will let nobody use the poker but herself; because, when she stirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a sign she will have a brisk husband: and she is no less sure of a good one, because she generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle less oracular than the fire: for the 'squire of the parish came one night to pay them a visit, when the tallow winding-sheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck soon after in a fox chase. My aunt one night observed with great pleasure a letter in the candle; and the very next day one came from her son in London. We knew when a spirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue: but poor cousin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when she snuffed it out, and could not blow it in again; though her sister did it at a whistle, and consequently triumphed in her superior virtue.

We had no occasion for an almanack or the weather-glass, to let us know whether it would rain or shine. One evening I proposed to ride out with my cousins the next day to see a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood; but my aunt assured us it would be wet, she knew very well, from the shoot-

ing of her corn. Besides, there was a great spider crawling up the chimney, and the blackbird in the kitchen began to sing; which were both of them as certain fore-runners of rain. But the most to be depended on in these cases is a tabby cat, which usually lies basking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have an hard frost; if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly ensue. They wondered what stranger they should see; because puss washed her face over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and her eldest daughter remarked, it would go through the family; for she observed that poor Tab had sneezed several times. Poor Tab, however, once flew at one of my cousins: for which she had like to have been destroyed, as the whole family began to think she was no other than a witch.

It is impossible to tell you the several tokens by which they knew whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling the salt, or laying knives across, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a strange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my cousins tell the cook-maid, that she boiled away all her sweethearts, because she had let her dish-water boil over. The same young lady one morning came down to breakfast with her cap the wrong side out; which the mother observing, charged her not to alter it all day, for so she should turn luck.

But, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognostics which the old lady, and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails made them as sure of a gift as if they had it already in their pocket. The elder sister is to have one husband more than the youngest, because she has one wrinkle more in her forehead; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to set down every circumstance, which I observed of this sort during my stay with them: I shall therefore conclude my letter with the several remarks on other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family: for as I was a relation, you know, they had less reserve.

If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth-ache, you don't love true. If your eye-brow itches, you will see a stranger.

a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry; if your left, you will laugh; but left or right is good at night. If your nose itches you will shake hands with or kiss a fool, drink a glass of wine, run against a cuckold's door, or miss them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you; if your left, your right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If you back itches, butter will be cheap when grass grows there. If your side itches, somebody is wishing for you. If your gartering-place itches, you will go to a strange place. If your foot itches, you will tread upon strange ground. Lastly, If you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave.

Comteſſeur.

§ 89. *Swearing an indelicate as well as a wicked Practice.*

As there are some vices, which the vulgar have presumed to copy from the great; so there are others, which the great have condescended to borrow from the vulgar. Among these, I cannot but set down the shocking practice of cursing and swearing; a practice, which (to say nothing at present of its impiety and prophaneness) is low and indelicate, and places the man of quality on the same level with the charman at his door. A gentleman would forfeit all pretensions to that title, who should chuse to embellish his discourse with the oratory of Billingsgate, and converse in the style of an oyster-woman; but it is accounted no disgrace to him to use the same coarse expressions of cursing and swearing with the meanest of the mob. For my own part, I cannot see the difference between a *By-gad* or a *Gad dem-me*, minced and softened by a genteel pronunciation from well-bred lips, and the same expression bluntly bolted out from the broad mouth of a porter or hackney-coachman.

I shall purposely wave making any reflections on the impiety of this practice, as I am satisfied they would have but little weight either with the *beau-monde* or the *canaille*. The swearer of either station devotes himself piecemeal, as it were, to destruction; pours out anathemas against his eyes, his heart, his soul, and every part of his body: nor does he scruple to extend the same good wishes to the limbs and joints of his friends and acquaintance. This they

both do with the same fearless unconcern; but with this only difference, that the gentleman-swearer damns himself and others with the greatest civility and good-breeding imaginable.

My predecessor the Tatler gives us an account of a certain humourist, who got together a party of noted swearers to dinner with him, and ordered their discourses to be taken down in short-hand; which being afterwards repeated to them, they were extremely flattered and surprised at their own common talk. A dialogue of this nature would be no improper supplement to Swift's *polite conversation*; though, indeed, it would appear too shocking to be set down in print. But I cannot help wishing, that it were possible to draw out a catalogue of the fashionable oaths and curses in present use at Arthur's, or at any other polite assembly; by which means the company themselves would be led to imagine, that their conversation had been carried on between the lowest of the mob; and they would blush to find, that they had gleaned the choicest phrases from lanes and alleys, and enriched their discourse with the elegant dialect of Wapping and Broad St. Giles's.

The legislature has indeed provided against this offence, by affixing a penalty on every delinquent according to his station: but this law, like those made against gaming, is of no effect; while the gentlemen sort of swearers pour forth the same exclamations at the hazard-table or in the tennis-court, which the more ordinary gamesters repeat, with the same impunity, over the shuffle-board or in the skittle-alley. Indeed, were this law to be rigorously put in execution, there would appear to be little or no proportion in the punishment: since the gentleman would escape by depositing his crown; while the poor wretch, who cannot raise a shilling, would be clapt into the stocks, or sent to Bridewell. But as the offence is exactly the same, I would also have no distinction made in the treatment of the offenders: and it would be a most ridiculous but a due mortification to a man of quality, to be obliged to thrust his leg through the same stocks with a carman or a coal-heaver; since he first degraded himself, and qualified himself for their company, by talking in the same mean dialect.

I am aware that it will be pleaded in excuse for this practice, that oaths and curses are intended only as mere expletives, which serve to round a period, and give a grace and spirit to conversation. But there are

still some old-fashioned creatures, who adhere to their common acceptation, and cannot help thinking it a very serious matter, that a man should devote his body to the devil, or call down damnation on his soul. Nay, the swearer himself, like the old man in the fable calling upon death, would be exceeding loth to be taken at his word; and while he wishes destruction to every part of his body, would be highly concerned to have a limb rot away, his nose fall off, or an eye drop out of the socket. It would therefore be advisable to substitute some other terms equally unmeaning, and at the same time remote from the vulgar cursing and swearing.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Dean Stanhope, that in his younger days, when he was chaplain to a regiment, he reclaimed the officers, who were much addicted to this vulgar practice, by the following method of reproof: One evening, as they were all in company together, after they had been very eloquent in this kind of rhetoric, so natural to the gentlemen of the army, the worthy dean took occasion to tell a story in his turn; in which he frequently repeated the words *bottle* and *glass*, instead of the usual expletives of *God*, *devil*, and *damn*, which he did not think quite so becoming for one of his cloth to make free with. I would recommend it to our people of fashion to make use of the like innocent phrases whenever they are obliged to have recourse to these substitutes for thought and expression. "Bottle and glass" might be introduced with great energy in the table-talk at the King's Arms or St. Alban's taverns. The gamester might be indulged, without offence, in swearing by the "knave of clubs," or the "curse of Scotland;" or he might with some propriety retain the old execration of "the deuce take it." The beau should be allowed to swear by his "gracious self," which is the god of his idolatry; and the common expletives should consist only of "upon my word, and upon my honour;" which terms, whatever sense they might formerly bear, are at present understood only as words of course without meaning.

Connoisseur.

§ 90. *Sympathy a Source of the Sublime.*

It is by the passion of sympathy that we enter into the concerns of others; that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of

substitution, by which we are put into the place of another man, and affected in a good measure as he is affected; so that this passion may either partake of the nature of those which regard self-preservation, and turning upon pain may be a source of the sublime; or it may turn upon ideas of pleasure, and then, whatever has been said of the social affections, whether they regard society in general, or only some particular moles of it, may be applicable here.

It is by this principle chiefly that poetry, painting, and other affecting arts, transmute their passions from one breast to another, and are often capable of grafting a delight on wretchedness, misery, and death itself. It is a common observation, that objects, which in the reality would shock, are, in tragical and such-like representations, the source of a very high species of pleasure. This, taken as a fact, has been the cause of much reasoning. This satisfaction has been commonly attributed, first, to the comfort we receive in considering that so melancholy a story is no more than a fiction; and next, to the contemplation of our own freedom from the evils we see represented. I am afraid it is a practice much too common, in enquiries of this nature, to attribute the cause of feelings which merely arise from the mechanical structure of our bodies, or from the natural frame and constitution of our minds, to certain conclusions of the reasoning faculty on the objects presented to us; for I have some reason to apprehend, that the influence of reason in producing our passions is nothing near so extensive as is commonly believed. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 91. *Effects of Sympathy in the Distresses of others.*

To examine this point concerning the effect of tragedy in a proper manner, we must previously consider, how we are affected by the feelings of our fellow-creatures in circumstances of real distress. I am convinced we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others; for, let the affection be what it will in appearance, if it does not make us shun such objects, if, on the contrary, it induces us to approach them, if it makes us dwell upon them, in this case I conceive we must have a delight or pleasure, of some species or other, in contemplating objects of this kind. Do we not read the authentic histories of scenes of this nature with as much pleasure as romances or poems, where the incidents are fictitious?

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The prosperity of no empire, nor the grandeur of no king, can so agreeably affect in the reading, as the ruin of the state of Macedonia, and the distress of its unhappy prince. Such a catastrophe touches us in history, as much as the destruction of Troy does in fable. Our delight in cases of this kind is very greatly heightened, if the sufferer be some excellent person who sinks under an unworthy fortune. Scipio and Cato are both virtuous characters; but we are more deeply affected by the violent death of the one, and the ruin of the great cause he adhered to, than with the deserved triumphs and uninterrupted prosperity of the other; for terror is a passion which always produces delight when it does not press too close, and pity is a passion accompanied with pleasure, because it arises from love and social affections. Whenever we are formed by nature to any active purpose, the passion which animates us to it is attended with delight, or a pleasure of some kind, let the subject matter be what it will; and as our Creator has designed we should be united together by so strong a bond as that of sympathy, he has therefore twisted along with it a proportionable quantity of this ingredient; and always in the greatest proportion where our sympathy is most wanted, in the distresses of others. If this passion was simply painful, we should shun, with the greatest care, all persons and places that could excite such a passion; as some, who are so far gone in indolence as not to endure any strong impression, actually do. But the case is widely different with the greater part of mankind; there is no spectacle we so eagerly pursue, as that of some uncommon and grievous calamity; so that whether the misfortune is before our eyes, or whether they are turned back to it in history, it always touches with delight; but it is not an unmixed delight, but blended with no small uneasiness. The delight we have in such things, hinders us from shunning scenes of misery; and the pain we feel, prompts us to relieve ourselves in relieving those who suffer; and all this antecedent to any reasoning, by an instinct that works us to its own purposes, without our concurrence. *Burke on the Sublime.*

§ 92. *Tears not unworthy of an Hero.*

If tears are arguments of cowardice, what shall I say of Homer's hero? Shall Achilles pass for timorous because he wept, and wept on less occasions than Eneas? Herein Virgil must be granted to have excelled his master. For once both heroes

are described lamenting their lost loves: Briseis was taken away by force from the Grecian; Creusa was lost for ever to her husband. But Achilles went roaring along the salt sea-shore, and like a booby was complaining to his mother, when he should have revenged his injury by his arms. Eneas took a nobler course; for, having secured his father and son, he repeated all his former dangers to have found his wife, if she had been above ground.

And here your lordship may observe the address of Virgil; it was not for nothing that this passage was related with all these tender circumstances. Eneas told it; Dido heard it. That he had been so affectionate a husband, was no ill argument to the coming dowager, that he might prove as kind to her. Virgil has a thousand secret beauties, though I have not leisure to remark them.

Segrais, on this subject of a hero shedding tears, observes, that historians commend Alexander for weeping, when he read the mighty actions of Achilles; and Julius Cæsar is likewise praised, when, out of the same noble envy, he wept at the victories of Alexander. But if we observe more closely, we shall find that the tears of Eneas were always on a laudable occasion. Thus he weeps out of compassion and tenderness of nature, when in the temple of Carthage he beholds the pictures of his friends, who sacrificed their lives in defence of their country. He deploras the lamentable end of his pilot Palinurus; the untimely death of young Pallas his confederate; and the rest, which I omit. Yet even for these tears, his wretched critics dare condemn him. They make Eneas little better than a kind of St. Swithin's hero, always raining. One of these censors is bold enough to arraign him of cowardice, when, in the beginning of the first book, he not only weeps but trembles at an approaching storm:

*Extemplo Enææ solvuntur vigore membra:
Ingenit, et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas, &c.*

But to this I have answered formerly, that his fear was not for himself, but his people. And what can give a sovereign a better commendation, or recommend a hero more to the affection of the reader? They were threatened with a tempest, and he wept; he was promised Italy, and therefore he prayed for the accomplishment of that promise. All this in the beginning of a storm; therefore he shewed the more early piety, and the quicker sense of com-

passion,

passion. Thus much I have urged elsewhere in the defence of Virgil; and since I have been informed by Mr. Mowl, a young gentleman whom I can never sufficiently commend, that the ancients accounted drowning an accursed death. So that if we grant him to have been afraid, he had just occasion for that fear, both in relation to himself and to his subjects:

Dryden.

§ 93. *Terror a Source of the Sublime.*

No passion so effectually robs the mind of all its powers of acting and reasoning as fear; for fear being an apprehension of pain of death, it operates in a manner that resembles actual pain. Whatever therefore is terrible with regard to sight, is sublime too, whether this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look on any thing as trifling or contemptible, that may be dangerous. There are many animals, who, though far from being large, are yet capable of raising ideas of the sublime, because they are considered as objects of terror; as serpents and poisonous animals of almost all kinds. Even to things of great dimensions, if we annex any adventurous idea of terror, they become without comparison greater. An even plain of a vast extent on land, is certainly no mean idea; the prospect of such a plain may be as extensive as a prospect of the ocean; but can it ever fill the mind with any thing so great as the ocean itself? This is owing to several causes, but it is owing to none more than to this, that the ocean is an object of no small terror.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 94. *Tragedy compared with Epic Poetry.*

To raise, and afterwards to calm the passions; to purge the soul from pride, by the examples of human miseries which befall the greatest; in few words, to expel arrogance and introduce compassion, are the greatest effects of tragedy. Great, I must confess, if they were altogether as lasting as they are pompous. But are habits to be introduced at three hours warning? are radical diseases so suddenly removed? A mountebank may promise such a cure, but a skilful physician will not undertake it. An epic poem is not so much in haste; it works leisurely; the changes which it makes are slow; but the cure is likely to be more perfect. The effects of tragedy, as I said, are too violent to be

lasting. If it be answered, that for this reason tragedies are often to be seen, and the dose to be repeated; this is tacitly to confess, that there is more virtue in one heroic poem, than in many tragedies. A man is humbled one day, and his pride returns the next. Chemical medicines are observed to relieve oftener than to cure; for 'tis the nature of spirits to make swift impressions, but not deep. Galenical decoctions, to which I may properly compare an epic poem, have more of body in them; they work by their substance and their weight. It is one reason of Aristotle's to prove that tragedy is the more noble, because it turns in a shorter compass; the whole action being circumscribed within the space of four and twenty hours. He might prove as well that a muskroom is to be preferred before a peach, because it shoots up in the compass of a night. A chariot may be driven round the pillar in less space than a large machine, because the bulk is not so great. Is the moon a more noble planet than Saturn, because she makes her revolution in less than thirty days; and he in little less than thirty years? Both their orbs are in proportion to their several magnitudes; and, consequently, the quickness or slowness of their motion, and the time of their circulations, is no argument of the greater or less perfection. And besides, what virtue is there in a tragedy, which is not contained in an epic poem? where pride is humbled, virtue rewarded, and vice punished; and those more amply treated, than the narrowness of the drama can admit? The shining quality of an epic hero, his magnanimity, his constancy, his patience, his piety, or whatever characteristic virtue his poet gives him, raises first our admiration: we are naturally prone to imitate what we admire; and frequent acts produce a habit. If the hero's chief quality be vicious, as, for example, the choleric and obstinate desire of vengeance in Achilles, yet the moral is instructive: and besides, we are informed in the very proposition of the Iliad, that this anger was pernicious; that it brought a thousand ills on the Grecian camp. The courage of Achilles is proposed to imitation, not his pride and disobedience to his general, nor his brutal cruelty to his dead enemy, nor his selling his body to his father: we abhor those actions while we read them, and what we abhor we never imitate: the poet only shews them, like rocks or quicksands, to be shunned.

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By this example the critics have concluded, that it is not necessary the manners of the hero should be virtuous. They are poetically good, if they are of a-piece. Though where a character of perfect virtue is set before us, 'tis more lovely; for there the whole hero is to be imitated. This is the Eneas of Virgil: this is that idea of perfection in an epic poem, which painters and statuary have only in their minds, and which no hands are able to express. These are the beauties of a God in a human body. When the picture of Achilles is drawn in tragedy, he is taken with those warts and moles, and hard features, by those who represent him on the stage, or he is no more Achilles; for his creator Homer has so described him. Yet even thus he appears a perfect hero, though an imperfect character of virtue. Horace paints him after Homer, and delivers him to be copied on the stage with all those imperfections; therefore they are either not faults in an heroic poem, or faults common to the drama. As I all, on the whole merits of the case, it must be acknowledged, that the epic poem is more for the manners, and tragedy for the passions. The passions, as I have said, are violent; and acute distempers require medicines of a strong and speedy operation. Ill habits of the mind and chronic diseases are to be corrected by degrees, and cured by alteratives: whereas though purges are sometimes necessary, yet diet, good air, and moderate exercise, have the greatest part. The matter being thus stated, it will appear that both sorts of poetry are of use for their proper end. The stage is active, the epic poem works at greater leisure, yet is active too, when need requires; for dialogue is imitated by the drama, from the more active parts of it. One puts off a fit like the quinquina, and relieves us only for a time; the other roots out the distemper, and gives a healthful habit. The sun enlightens and clears us, dispels fogs, and warms the ground with his daily beams; but the corn is sowed, increases, is ripened, and reaped for use, in process of time, and its proper season. I proceed from the greatness of the action to the dignity of the actors; I mean, to the persons employed in both poems. There likewise tragedy will be seen to borrow from the epopee; and that which borrows is always of less dignity, because it has not of its own. A subject, 'tis true, may lend to his sovereign; but the act of borrowing makes the king infe-

rior, because he wants, and the subject supplies. And suppose the persons of the drama wholly fabulous, or of the poet's invention, yet heroic poetry gave him the examples of that invention; because it was first, and Homer the common father of the stage. I know not of any one advantage which tragedy can boast above heroic poetry, but that it is represented to the view, as well as read; and instructs in the closet, as well as on the theatre. This is an uncontested excellence, and a chief branch of its prerogative; yet I may be allowed to say without partiality, that herein the actors share the poet's praise. Your lordship knows some modern tragedies which are beautiful on the stage, and yet I am confident you would not read them. Tryphon, the stationer, complains they are seldom asked for in his shop. The poet who flourished in the scene, is damned in the *ruelle*; nay more, he is not esteemed a good poet, by those who see and hear his extravagances with delight. They are a sort of stately sultan and lofty childfulness. Nothing but nature can give a sincere pleasure: where that is not imitated, 'tis grotesque painting; the fine woman ends in a fish's tail.

Dryden.

§ 95. *History of Translations.*

Among the studies which have exercised the ingenious and the learned for more than three centuries, none has been more diligently or more successfully cultivated than the art of translation; by which the impediments which bar the way to science are, in some measure, removed, and the multiplicity of languages becomes less incommodious.

Of every other kind of writing, the ancients have left us models which all succeeding ages have laboured to imitate; but translation may justly be claimed by the moderns as their own. In the first ages of the world instruction was commonly oral, and learning traditional, and what was not written could not be translated. When alphabetical writing made the conveyance of opinions and the transmission of events more easy and certain, literature did not flourish in more than one country at once; for distant nations had little commerce with each other, and those few whom curiosity sent abroad in quest of improvement, delivered their acquisitions in their own manner, desirous perhaps to be considered as the inventors of that which they had learned from others.

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The Greeks for a time travelled into Egypt, but they translated no books from the Egyptian language; and when the Macedonians had overthrown the empire of Persia, the countries that became subject to the Grecian dominion studied only the Grecian literature. The books of the conquered nations, if they had any among them, sunk in oblivion; Greece considered herself as the mistress, if not as the parent of arts, her language contained all that was supposed to be known, and, except the sacred writings of the Old Testament, I know not that the library of Alexandria adopted any thing from a foreign tongue.

The Romans confessed themselves the scholars of the Greeks, and do not appear to have expected, what has since happened, that the ignorance of succeeding ages would prefer them to their teachers. Every man who in Rome aspired to the praise of literature, thought it necessary to learn Greek, and had no need of versions when they could study the originals. Translation, however, was not wholly neglected. Dramatic poems could be understood by the people in no language but their own, and the Romans were sometimes entertained with the tragedies of Euripides and the comedies of Menander. Other works were sometimes attempted; in an old scholiast there is mention of a Latin *Iliad*, and we have not wholly lost Tully's version of the poem of Aratus; but it does not appear that any man grew eminent by interpreting another, and perhaps it was more frequent to translate for exercise or amusement than for fame.

The Arabs were the first nation who felt the ardour of translation: when they had subdued the eastern provinces of the Greek empire, they found their captives wiser than themselves, and made haste to relieve their wants by imparted knowledge. They discovered that many might grow wise by the labour of a few, and that improvements might be made with speed, when they had the knowledge of former ages in their own language. They therefore made haste to lay hold on medicine and philosophy, and turned their chief authors into Arabic. Whether they attempted the poets is not known; their literary zeal was vehement, but it was short, and probably expired before they had time to add the arts of elegance to those of necessity.

The study of ancient literature was interrupted in Europe by the irruption of

the northern nations, who subverted the Roman empire, and erected new kingdoms with new languages. It is not strange, that such confusion should suspend literary attention: those who lost, and those who gained dominion, had immediate difficulties to encounter and immediate miseries to redress, and had little leisure, amidst the violence of war, the trepidation of flight, the distresses of forced migration, or the tumults of unsettled conquest, to enquire after speculative truth, to enjoy the amusement of imaginary adventures, to know the history of former ages, or study the events of any other lives. But no sooner had this chaos of dominion sunk into order, than learning began again to flourish in the calm of peace. When life and possessions were secure, convenience and enjoyment were soon sought, learning was found the highest gratification of the mind, and translation became one of the means by which it was imparted.

At last, by a concurrence of many causes, the European world was roused from its lethargy; those arts which had been long obscurely studied in the gloom of monasteries became the general favourites of mankind; every nation vied with its neighbour for the prize of learning; the epide-mical emulation spread from south to north, and curiosity and translation found their way to Britain.

He that reviews the progress of English literature, will find that translation was very early cultivated among us, but that some principles, either wholly erroneous, or too far extended, hindered our success from being always equal to our diligence.

Chaucer, who is generally considered as the father of our poetry, has left a version of Boetius on the Comforts of Philosophy, the book which seems to have been the favourite of middle ages, which had been translated into Saxon by King Alfred, and illustrated with a copious comment ascribed to Aquinas. It may be supposed that Chaucer would apply more than common attention to an author of so much celebrity, yet he has attempted nothing higher than a version strictly literal, and has degraded the poetical parts to prose, that the constraint of versification might not obstruct his zeal for fidelity.

Caxton taught us typography about the year 1490. The first book printed in English was a translation. Caxton was both the translator and printer of the *Desruccion of Troye*, a book which, in that infancy

infancy of learning, was considered as the best account of the fabulous ages, and which, though now driven out of notice by authors of no greater use or value, still continued to be read in Caxton's English to the beginning of the present century.

Caxton proceeded as he began, and, except the poems of Gower and Chaucer, printed nothing but translations from the French, in which the original is so scrupulously followed, that they afford us little knowledge of our own language; though the words are English, the phrase is foreign.

As learning advanced, new works were adopted into our language, but I think with little improvement of the art of translation, though foreign nations and other languages offered us models of a better method; till in the age of Elizabeth we began to find that greater liberty was necessary to elegance, and that elegance was necessary to general reception; some essays were then made upon the Italian poets, which deserve the praise and gratitude of posterity.

But the old practice was not suddenly forsaken; Holland filled the nation with literal translation, and, what is yet more strange, the same exactness was obstinately practised in the versions of the poets. This absurd labour of construing into rhyme was countenanced by Jonson, in his version of Horace; and, whether it be that more men have learning than genius, or that the endeavours of that time were more directed towards knowledge than delight, the accuracy of Jonson found more imitators than the elegance of Fairfax; and May, Sandys, and Holiday, confined themselves to the toil of rendering line for line, not indeed with equal felicity, for May and Sandys were poets, and Holiday only a scholar and a critic.

Feltham appears to consider it as the established law of poetical translation, that the lines should be neither more nor fewer than those of the original; and so long had this prejudice prevailed, that Denham praises Fanshawe's version of Guarini as the example of a "new and noble way," as the first attempt to break the boundaries of custom, and assert the natural freedom of the muse.

In the general emulation of wit and genius, which the festivity of the Restoration produced, the poets shook off their constraint, and considered translation as no longer confined to servile closeness. But reformation is seldom the work of pure

virtue or unassisted reason. Translation was improved more by accident than conviction. The writers of the foregoing age had at least learning equal to their genius, and, being often more able to explain the sentiments or illustrate the allusions of the ancient, than to exhibit their graces and transmute their spirit, were perhaps willing sometimes to conceal their want of poetry by profusion of literature, and therefore translated literally, that their fidelity might shelter their insipidity or harshness. The wits of Charles's time had seldom more than slight and superficial views, and their care was to hide their want of learning behind the colours of a gay imagination: they therefore translated always with freedom, sometimes with licentiousness, and perhaps expected that their readers should accept sprightliness for knowledge, and consider ignorance and mistake as the impatience and negligence of a mind too rapid to stop at difficulties, and too elevated to descend to minuteness.

Thus was translation made more easy to the writer, and more delightful to the reader; and there is no wonder if ease and pleasure have found their advocates. The paraphrastic liberties have been almost universally admitted; and Sherbourn, whose learning was eminent, and who had no need of any excuse to pass slightly over obscurities, is the only writer who, in later times, has attempted to justify or revive the ancient severity.

There is undoubtedly a mean to be observed, Dryden saw very early that closeness best preserved an author's sense, and that freedom best exhibited his spirit; he therefore will deserve the highest praise who can give a representation at once faithful and pleasing, who can convey the same thoughts with the same graces, and who, when he translates, changes nothing but the language.

Idler.

§ 96. *What Talents are requisite to form a good Translator.*

After all, a translator is to make his author appear as charming as possibly he can, provided he maintains his character, and makes him not unlike himself. Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. 'Tis one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful.

ful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original; much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, *whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces, by a botching interpreter.* What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me, or any other man, when we commend those authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Ogilby's have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than a carcase would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: 'tis impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them, without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners; the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best of company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted, while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cry'd-up English poet for their model, adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious. Thus it appears necessary, that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue, before he attempts to translate a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style; but he must be a master of them too; he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own: so that, to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his au-

thor's sense in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers: for, though all those are exceeding difficult to perform, there yet remains an harder task; and 'tis a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, *the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret.* For example, not only the thoughts, but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different. Yet I see even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies, which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter (Sir P. Lely) that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were alike. And this happened to him because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet, yet there is a great distinction to be made in sweetness; as in that of sugar and in that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding in my translations out of four several poets; Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a tuncinēt, grave, and majestic writer; one who weighed, not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is every where founding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to encrease the delight of the reader; so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of
Claudian

Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenour; perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he: he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all tynalaphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another in the following word. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of tynalaphas; and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is every where above conceits of epigrammatic wit, and grots hyperboles: he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glazes not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him: for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause; and therefore it is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded as a great part of his character; but must confess to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself: for where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous of any translation of the *Æneid*: yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us, in his letters, that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil, therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious is to alter

his character; and to translate him line for line is impossible, because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Dryden.

§ 97. *The Nature of Wit in Writing.*

The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in poetry, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after; or, without a metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem; I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imagination of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis (the delight of an ill judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the juggle of a more proper paronomasia; neither is it to much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then the first happiness of a poet's imagination, is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, dressing or moulding of that thought, as the judgment represents it, proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of cloathing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and accuracy in the expression. For the first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions,

or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or, in fine, any thing that shews remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid: for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when actions or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

—Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

—lumenque juvenæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflatur honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariſyſe lapis circumdatur auro.

See his tempest, his funeral sports, his combats of Turnus and Æneas; and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the plague, the country,

the battle of the bulls, the labour of the bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, *Materia superabat opus*: the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification: and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Pisos:

Dixeris egregiè notum si callida verbum
Ruddident junctura novum—

Dryden.

§ 98. *Examples that Words may affect without raising Images.*

I find it very hard to persuade several, that their passions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas; and yet harder to convince them, that in the ordinary course of conversation, we are sufficiently understood without raising any images of the things concerning which we speak. It seems to be an odd subject of dispute with any man, whether he has ideas in his mind or not. Of this at first view, every man, in his own forum, ought to judge without appeal. But strange as it may appear, we are often at a loss to know what ideas we have of things, or whether we have any ideas at all upon some subjects. It even requires some attention to be thoroughly satisfied on this head. Since I wrote these papers, I found two very striking instances of the possibility there is, that a man may hear words without having any idea of the things which they represent, and yet afterwards be capable of returning them to others, combined in a new way, and with great propriety, energy, and instruction. The first instance is that of Mr. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth. Few men, blessed with the most perfect sight, can describe visual objects with more spirit and justness than this blind man; which cannot possibly be owing to his having a clearer conception of the things he describes than is common to other persons. Mr. Spence, in an elegant preface which

he has written to the works of this poet, reasons very ingeniously, and, I imagine, for the most part very rightly, upon the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon; but I cannot altogether agree with him, that some improprieties in language and thought, which occur in these poems, have arisen from the blind poet's imperfect conception of visual objects, since such improprieties, and much greater, may be found in writers even of an higher class than Mr. Blacklock, and who, notwithstanding, possessed the faculty of seeing in its full perfection. Here is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm by things of which he neither has, nor can possibly have any idea, farther than that of a bare sound; and why may not those who read his works be affected in the same manner that he was, with as little of any real ideas of the things described? The second instance is of Mr. Saunderson, professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge. This learned man had acquired great knowledge in natural philosophy, in astronomy, and whatever sciences depend upon mathematical skill. What was the most extraordinary, and the most to my purpose, he gave excellent lectures upon light and colours; and this man taught others the theory of those ideas which they had, and which he himself undoubtedly had not. But the truth is, that the words red, blue, green, answered to him as well as the ideas of the colours themselves; for the ideas of greater or lesser degrees of refrangibility being applied to these words, and the blind man being instructed in what other respects they were found to agree or to disagree, it was as easy for him to reason upon the word, as if he had been fully master of the ideas. Indeed it must be owned, he could make no new discoveries in the way of experiment. He did nothing but what we do every day in common discourse. When I wrote this last sentence, and used the words *every day*, and *common discourse*, I had no images in my mind of any succession of time; nor of men in conference with each other: nor do I imagine that the reader will have any such ideas on reading it. Neither when I spoke of red, blue, and green, as well as of refrangibility, had I these several colours, or the rays of light passing into a different medium, and there diverted from their

course, painted before me in the way of images. I know very well that the mind possesses a faculty of raising such images at pleasure; but then an act of the will is necessary to this; and in ordinary conversation or reading it is very rarely that any image at all is excited in the mind. If I say, "I shall go to Italy next summer," I am well understood. Yet I believe nobody has by this painted in his imagination the exact figure of the speaker passing by land or by water, or both; sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a carriage; with all the particulars of the journey. Still less has he any idea of Italy, the country to which I proposed to go; or of the greenness of the fields, the ripening of the fruits, and the warmth of the air, with the change to this from a different season, which are the ideas for which the word *summer* is substituted; but least of all has he any image from the word *next*; for this word stands for the idea of many summers, with the exclusion of all but one; and surely the man who says *next summer*, has no images of such a succession, and such an exclusion. In short, it is not only those ideas which are commonly called abstract, and of which no image at all can be found, but even of particular real beings, that we converse without having any idea of them excited in the imagination; as will certainly appear on a diligent examination of our own minds.

Burke on the Sublime.

§ 99. *The real Characteristics of the Whig and Tory Parties.*

When we compare the parties of Whig and Tory to those of Roundhead and Cavalier, the most obvious difference which appears betwixt them, consists in the principles of passive obedience and indefeasible right, which were but little heard of among the Cavaliers, but became the universal doctrine, and were esteemed the true characteristic of a Tory. Were these principles pushed into their most obvious consequences, they imply a formal renunciation of all our liberties, and an avowal of absolute monarchy; since nothing can be a greater absurdity, than a limited power which must be resisted, even when it exceeds its limitations. But as the most rational principles are often but a weak counterpoise to passion, 'tis no wonder that these absurd principles, sufficient, according to a celebrated author, to shock the

common sense of a Hottentot or Samoiède, were found too weak for that effect. The Tories, as men, were enemies to oppression; and also, as Englishmen, they were enemies to despotic power. Their zeal for liberty was, perhaps, less fervent than that of their antagonists, but was sufficient to make them forget all their general principles, when they saw themselves openly threatened with a subversion of the ancient government. From these sentiments arose the Revolution; an event of mighty consequence, and the firmest foundation of British liberty. The conduct of the Tories, during that event and after it, will afford us a true insight into the nature of that party.

In the first place, they appear to have had the sentiments of a True Briton in them in their affection to liberty, and in their determined resolution not to sacrifice it to any abstract principles whatsoever, or to any imaginary rights of princes. This part of their character might justly have been doubted of before the Revolution, from the obvious tendency of their avowed principles, and from their almost unbounded compliances with a court, which made little secret of its arbitrary designs. The Revolution shewed them to have been in this respect nothing but a genuine court party, such as might be expected in a British government; that is, lovers of liberty, but greater lovers of monarchy. It must, however, be confessed, that they carried their monarchical principles farther, even in practice, but more so in theory, than was, in any degree, consistent with a limited government.

Secondly, Neither their principles nor affections concurred, entirely or heartily, with the settlement made at the Revolution, or with that which has since taken place. This part of their character may seem contradictory to the former, since any other settlement, in those circumstances of the nation, must probably have been dangerous, if not fatal to liberty. But the heart of man is made to reconcile contradictions; and this contradiction is not greater than that betwixt passive obedience, and the resistance employed at the Revolution. A Tory, therefore, since the Revolution, may be defined in a few words to be a lover of monarchy, though without abandoning liberty, and a partizan of the family of Stuart; as a Whig may be defined to be a lover of liberty, though without re-

nouncing monarchy; and a friend to the settlement in the protestant line.

Hume's Essays.

§ 100. *Painting disagreeable in Women.*

A lady's face, like the coat in the Tale of a Tub, if left alone, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surpris'd at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions, between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric; yet at the same time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday; and, in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunt in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom nobody knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, till, on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the use of my lips at the expence of a fair-one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that maxims were given (as is observed in the epigram) like those of Pyramus, through a wall. I then discovered, that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeited; and that (as Hamlet says) "God had given them one face, and they had made themselves another."

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There, I think, they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make its way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black

black velvet mask; at another it was blotched with patches; and at present it is crusted over with plaister of Paris. In those battered belles who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some fort excusable; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed so common is this fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudson's; and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvass.

Connoisseur.

§ 101. *Advantages of well-directed Satire pointed out.*

A satirist of true genius, who is warmed by a generous indignation of vice, and whose censures are conducted by candour and truth, merits the applause of every friend to virtue. He may be considered as a sort of supplement to the legislative authority of his country; as assailing the unavoidable defects of all legal institutions for regulating of manners, and striking terror even where the divine prohibitions themselves are held in contempt. The strongest defence, perhaps, against the inroads of vice, among the more cultivated part of our species, is well-directed ridicule: they who fear nothing else, dread to be marked out to the contempt and indignation of the world. There is no succeeding in the secret purposes of dishonesty, without preserving some sort of credit among mankind; as there cannot exist a more impotent creature than a knave convicted. To expose, therefore, the false pretensions of counterfeited virtue, is to disarm it at once of all power of mischief, and to perform a public service of the most advantageous kind, in which any man can employ his time and his talents. The voice, indeed, of an honest satirist is not only beneficial to the world, as giving an alarm against the designs of an enemy so dangerous to all social intercourse; but as proving likewise the most efficacious preventive

to others, of assuming the same character of distinguished infamy. Few are so totally vitiated, as to have abandoned all sentiments of shame; and when every other principle of integrity is surrendered, we generally find the conflict is still maintained in this last post of retreating virtue. In this view, therefore, it should seem, the function of a satirist may be justified, notwithstanding it should be true (what an excellent moralist has asserted) that his chastisements rather exasperate than reclaim those on whom they fall. Perhaps no human penalties are of any moral advantage to the criminal himself; and the principal benefit that seems to be derived from civil punishments of any kind, is their restraining influence upon the conduct of others.

It is not every man, however, that is qualified to manage this formidable bow. The arrows of satire, when they are pointed by virtue, as well as wit, recoil upon the hand that directs them, and wound none but him from whom they proceed. Accordingly, Horace rests the whole success of writings of this sort upon the poet's being *integer ipse*; free himself from those immoral stains which he points out in others. There cannot, indeed, be a more odious; nor at the same time a more contemptible character, than that of a vicious satirist:

*Quis cælum terris non misceat & mare cœlo,
Si fur displiceat Vestri, homicida Miloni?*
Juv.

The most favourable light in which a censor of this species could possibly be viewed, would be that of a public executioner, who inflicts the punishment on others, which he has already merited himself. But the truth of it is, he is not qualified even for so wretched an office; and there is nothing to be dreaded from the satirist of known dishonesty, but his applause.

Fitzosborne's Letters.

§ 102. *Juvenal and Horace compared as Satirists.*

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt these poets upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It must be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his instructions of human life: but in my particular opinion, which I set not up for a standard to better judgments, Juvenal is

the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleased with both; but I owe more to Horace for my instruction, and more to Juvenal for my pleasure. This, as I said, is my particular taste of these two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can scarce give better reasons for their opinion, than I for mine; but all unbiassed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned. To such impartial men I must appeal; for they who have already formed their judgment, may justly stand suspected of prejudice: and though all who are my readers will set up to be my judges, I enter my caveat against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my jury; or if they be admitted, 'tis but reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is somewhat the better instructor of the two, is proved hence, that his instructions are more general, Juvenal's more limited: so that, granting that the counsels which they give are equally good for moral use, Horace, who gives the most various advice, and most applicable to all occasions which can occur to us in the course of our lives; as including in his discourses not only all the rules of morality, but also of civil conversation; is undoubtedly to be preferred to him, who is more circumscribed in his instructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occasions, than the other. I may be pardoned for using an old saying, since it is true, and to the purpose, *Bonum quo communius eo melius*. Juvenal, excepting only his first satire, is in all the rest confined to the exposing some particular vice; that he lather, and there he sticks. His sentences are truly shining, and instructive; but they are sprinkled here and there. Horace's teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the skill of Virgil, to hide his sentences; to give you the virtue of them, without shewing them in their full extent: which is the ostentation of a poet, and not his art. And this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age: *Negligentia extra corpus orationis eminent*. He would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear embossed upon it, and striking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry of Horace, and not vice: and as there are but few notoriously wicked men, in comparison with a shoal of fools and

fops; so 'tis a harder thing to make a man wise, than to make him honest: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the understanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind sides and follies, even in the professors of moral philosophy; and there is not any one set of them that Horace has not exposed. Which, as it was not the design of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in lashing vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagined; so, perhaps, it was not so much his talent. *Omne vafer vitium ridens Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcedit ludit*. 'This was the commendation that Persius gave him; where, by *vitium*, he means those little vices which we call follies, the defects of human understanding, or at most the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly passions and exorbitant desires. But on the word *omne*, which is universal, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmost recesses of nature; found out the imperfections even of the most wise and grave, as well as of the common people; discovering even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addresses the first satire, his hunting after business, and following the court; as well as in the persecutor Crispinus, his impertinence and importunity. 'Tis true, he exposes Crispinus openly as a common nuisance; but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Persius are confined to noblemen; and the stoick philosophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are opposed to those vices against which he declaims; but Horace laughs to shame all follies, and insinuates virtue rather by familiar examples than by the severity of precepts.

This last consideration seems to incline the balance on the side of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal, not only in profit, but in pleasure. But, after all, I must confess that the delight which Horace gives me is but languishing. Be pleased still to understand, that I speak of my own taste only: he may ravish other men; but I am too stupid and insensible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himself, and, as Scalliger says, only shows his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good-manners, are to be commended, but his wit is faint; and his wit, if I may dare to say so, almost insipid.

Juvenal

Juvenal is of a **more** vigorous and masculine wit, he gives me as much pleasure as I can bear: he fully satisfies my expectation: he treats his subject home: his spleen is raised, and he raises mine: I have the pleasure of concernment in all he says: he drives his reader along with him: and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly stop with him. If he went another stage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of progress, and turn the delight into fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a sign the subject is exhausted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can be justly found in him, 'tis that he is sometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; says more than he needs, like my friend the Plain Dealer, but never more than pleases. Add to this, that his thoughts are as just as those of Horace, and much more elevated. His expressions are sonorous and more noble, his verse more numerous, and his words are suitable to his thoughts, sublime and lofty. All these contribute to the pleasure of the reader; and the greater the soul of him who reads, his transports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop: but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuosity than Horace, but as securely; and the swiftness adds more lively agitation to the spirits.

Diderot.

§ 103. *Delicate Satire not easily but oft.*

How easy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! but how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms! To spare the grossness of the names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full face, and to make the noses and cheek stand out, and yet not to employ any depth of shadowing. 'Tis the mystery of that noble trade, which yet no master can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of railery is offensive. A witty man is tied while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occasion of an offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it, if it be granted; that in effect this ways does more mischief; that a man is secretly wounded; and though he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly butchering of a man, and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body, and leaves it standing in its place.

A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of her servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging: but to make a malefactor die sweetly, was only belonging to her husband. I wish I could apply it to myself, if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in Mr. Abfalem, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: 'tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had raised, I might have fastened for it justly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dexterously. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myself to the representing, or blind sides, and bold extravagancies, to which, tho' without a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wished; the poet went round, and he was out in his turn who began the stone.

Hobbs.

§ 104. *The Works of Art disagree in execution, tho' the Idea is the same.*

If we consider the works of nature and art, as they are qualified to contain the imagination, we find that the latter is defective, in comparison of the former, for though they may sometimes appear as beautiful as things, they can have nothing in them of that vastness and immensity, which astonish to great an extent as to the mind of the beholder. The one may be as pointed and delicate as the other, but can never give herself so august and magnificent in the design. There is something more bold and manly in the rough strokes of strokes of nature, than in the nice touches and embellishments of art. The beauties of the most stately garden or palace lie in a narrow compass, the imagination immediately runs them over, and requires something else to gratify her; but, in the wide fields of nature, the sight wanders up and down without confinement, and is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any certain stop or number. For this reason we always find the poet in love with a country life, where nature appears in the greatest perfection, and furnishes out all those scenes, that are most apt to delight the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit
urbem. *Hor.*

Hic fecit opus, et nescit fallere vitas.
Dives opum variis, hic late ora torulis,
Spelunca, vivone lacus, hic frons Tempus,
Mollisq; leani, molleque sub arbore torus.

Virg.

But though there are several of these wild scenes that are more delightful than any artificial shows; yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant; the more they resemble those of art: for in this case our pleasure rises from a double principle; from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects: we are pleased as well with comparing their beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in those accidental land-skips of trees, clouds, and cities, that are sometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottos; and, in a word, in any thing that hath such a variety or regularity as may seem the effects of design, in what we call the works of chance.

Advantage from their Similarity to those of Nature.

If the products of nature rise in value, according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their resemblance to such as are natural; because here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest landskip I ever saw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadow of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, the herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess, the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination, but certainly the chief reason is its near resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august, than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When, therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and

more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent everywhere an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegance, which we meet with in those of our own country. It might, indeed, be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage and the plough, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit, as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect, and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landskip of his own possessions. *Spectator.*

§ 105. *On the Progress of the Arts.*

The natural progress of the works of men is from rudeness to convenience, from convenience to elegance, and from elegance to nicety.

The first labour is enforced by necessity. The savage finds himself incommoded by heat and cold, by rain and wind; he shelters himself in the hollow of a rock, and learns to dig a cave where there was none before. He finds the sun and the wind excluded by the thicket, and when the accidents of the chace, or the convenience of pasturage, leads him into more open places, he forms a thicket for himself, by planting stakes at proper distances, and laying branches from one to another.

The next gradation of skill and industry produces a house, closed with doors, and divided by partitions; and apartments are multiplied and disposed according to the various degrees of power or invention; improvement succeeds improvement, as he that is freed from a greater evil grows impatient of a less, 'till ease in time is advanced to pleasure.

The

The mind, set free from the importunities of natural want, gains leisure to go in search of superfluous gratifications, and adds to the uses of habitation the delights of prospect. Then begins the reign of symmetry; orders of architecture are invented, and one part of the edifice is conformed to another, without any other reason than that the eye may not be offended.

The passage is very short from elegance to luxury. Ionic and Corinthian columns are soon succeeded by gilt cornices, inlaid floors, and petty ornaments, which shew rather the wealth than the taste of the possessor.

Idler.

§ 106. *The Study of Astronomy, peculiarly delightful.*

In fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow and the glaring comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the stable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and the rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind, (I hope it was not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet to sit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable scenes whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise.

How many fox-hunters and rural 'squires are to be found all over Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have lived all this time in a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and

that there are several other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! "Ay, but," says some illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the world, and leave it to others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat, and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy as a rational being is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and, by these reflections, to obtain just sentiments of the almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur.

Taylor.

§ 107. *The planetary and terrestrial Worlds comparatively considered.*

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with variety of beautiful decorations; whereas to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears an uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who still dwell at greater distances it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star; as in one part of the orbit he rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other utters in and anticipates the dawn; is a planetary world, which, with the four others that so wonderfully vary their mythic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own, are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the dis-

tribution

bution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is in this respect fixed and immovable; 'tis the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprize, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire, and keeps alive from age to age such an enormous mass of flame?" let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of the day: so that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarce distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immence and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball, shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel at this impetuous rate almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries.

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishing grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable

in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, was extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that their loss would leave scarce a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a county? What are a few lordships, or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions: but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their figure! they shrink into pompous nothings.

Spectator.

§ 108. *The Character of Toby Damper.*

It is one of the greatest advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous spirit, and cultivates a liberal disposition. We do not wonder that a lad who has never been sent to school, and whose faculties have been suffered to rust at the hall-house, should form too close an intimacy with his best friends, the groom and the game-keeper; but it would amaze us to see a boy well educated cherish this ill placed pride, or being, as it is called, the head of the company. A person of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being distinguished by the title of 'the gentleman,' while he is unwilling to associate with men of fashion, lest they should be his superiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, lest they should excel him in abilities. Sometimes indeed it happens, that a person of genius and learning will stoop to receive the incense of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-house and cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a brothel, in the very fact of reading his verses to the good old mother, and a circle of her daughters.

There are some few, who have been led into low company, merely from an affectation of humour, and, from a desire of seeing the driller scenes of life, have descended to associate with the meanest of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and alleys.

Tob.

The most striking instance I know of this low passion for drollery, is Toby Bumper, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himself; and is now become almost as low a character, as any of those whom he has chosen for his companions. Toby will drink purl in a morning, smoke his pipe in a night-cellar, give for a dinner, or eat black puddings at Bartholomew-fair, for the humour of the thing. He has also studied, and practised, all the plebeian arts and exercises, under the best masters; and has disgraced himself with every impolite accomplishment. He has had many a set-to with Luckhorse; and has now and then the honour of receiving a fall from the great Broughton himself. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachman, as a brother whip: at the noble game of prison-bars, he is a mitch even for the natives of Essex and Cheshire; and he is frequently engaged at the Artillery-ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket; and is himself esteemed as good a bat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amusements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn; and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceased friend so far, as to get himself knocked down in endeavouring to rescue the body from the surgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the art and manners of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his conversation with their emphatic oaths and expressive dialect, which recommends him as a man of excellent humour and high fun, among the Choice Spirits at Comus's court, or at the meeting of the *Sons of Sound Sense and Satisfaction*. He is also particularly famous for singing those cant songs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of sharpers and pick-pockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by screwing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. These and other like accomplishments frequently promote him to the chair in these facetious societies.

Toby has indulged the same notions of humour even in his amours; and is well-known to every street-walker from Cheap-side to Charing-cross. This has given several shocks to his constitution, and often involved him in unlucky scrapes. He has been frequently bruised, beaten and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping and Fleet ditch;

and was once soundly drubbed by a soldier for engaging with his trull. The last time I saw him he was laid up with two black eyes, and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight skirmish, about a mistress, in a night-cellar. *Conceit*.

§ 109. *Causes of national Characters.*

The vulgar are very apt to carry all national characters to extreme; and having once established it as a principle, that any people are knavish, or cowardly, or ignorant, they will admit of no exception, but comprehend every individual under the same character. Men of sense condemn these undistinguishing judgments; though at the same time they allow, that each nation has a peculiar set of manners, and that some particular qualities are more frequently to be met with among one people than among their neighbours. The common people in Switzerland have surely more probity than those of the same rank in Ireland; and every prudent man will, from that circumstance alone, make a difference in the trust which he reposes in each. We have reason to expect greater wit and gaiety in a Frenchman than in a Spaniard, though Cervantes was born in Spain. An Englishman will naturally be thought to have more wit than a Dane, though Tycho Brahe was a native of Denmark.

Different reasons are assigned for these national characters, while some account for them from moral, and others from physical causes. By moral causes I mean all circumstances which are fitted to work on the mind, as motives or reasons, and which render a peculiar set of manners habitual to us. Of this kind are the nature of the government, the revolutions of public affairs, the plenty or penury in which the people live, the situation of the nation with regard to its neighbours, and such like circumstances. By physical causes, I mean those qualities of the air and climate, which are supposed to work insensibly on the temper, by altering the tone and habit of the body, and giving a particular complexion; which, though reflection and reason may sometimes overcome, yet will it prevail among the generality of mankind, and have an influence on their manners.

That the character of a nation will very much depend on moral causes, must be evident to the most superficial observer; since a nation is nothing but a collection of individuals, and the manners of individuals are frequently determined by these causes.

As poverty and hard labour debase the minds of the common people, and render them unfit for any science and ingenious profession, so where any government becomes very oppressive to all its subjects, it must have a proportional effect on their temper and genius, and must banish all the liberal arts from amongst them.

The same principle of moral causes fixes the characters of different professions, and alters even the disposition which the particular members receive from the hand of nature. A soldier and a priest are different characters in all nations and all ages, and this difference is founded on circumstances, whose operation is external and unalterable.

The uncertainty of their life makes soldiers lavish and generous, as well as brave; their idleness, as well as the large societies which they form in camps or garrisons, inclines them to pleasure and gallantry; by their frequent change of company they acquire good breeding and an openness of behaviour; being employed only against a public and open enemy, they become candid, honest, and undesigning: and as they use more the labour of the body than the mind, they are commonly thoughtless and ignorant.

'Tis a trite but not altogether a false maxim, that priests of all religions are the same; and though the character of the profession will not in every instance prevail over the personal character, yet is it sure always to predominate with the greater number. For as chemists observe, that spirits when raised to a certain height are all the same, from whatever materials they be extracted; so these men being elevated above humanity, acquire an uniform character, which is entirely their own, and which is in my opinion, generally speaking, not the most amiable that is to be met with in human society; it is in most points opposite to that of a soldier, as is the way of life from which it is derived.

Hume's Essays.

§ 110. *Chastity an additional Ornament to Beauty.*

There is no charm in the female sex, that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good-breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented by both painters and statuary

under female shapes; but if any one of them has a more particular title to that sex, it is Modesty. I shall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations; it is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by instinct. *Spectator.*

§ 111. *Chastity a valuable Virtue in a Man.*

But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is, methinks, very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits, is what makes them honourable; but in this case, the very attempt is become very ridiculous: but in spite of all the raillery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should, upon this occasion, bring examples of heroic chastity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praise-worthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea; and ended his panegyric by telling him, that since he was at leisure, he would carry him to visit her. But that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality without roughness, and said, with a smile, "If I should visit her upon your introduction, now I have leisure, I don't know but I might go again upon her own invitation when I ought to be better employed." But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of Joseph in holy writ. When his master had trusted him so unreservedly (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the scripture) "He knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat," he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer! "Behold my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand; there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art

his

his wife." The same argument, which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and fallshood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulance, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my protest, that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraiture which I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him, in raillery against the continency of his principal character, If I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan: "That may be," answered the bard with a very grave face; "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero."

Guardian.

§ 112. *The Characters of Gamesters.*

The whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions: Every man who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a dupe or a sharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe

is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects:

"Who will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
As asses are,"
SHAKESPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards and dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers, he would object drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoil of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the character of a sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellencies of a sharper; but a gameller, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, where they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero: but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring that moves

moves the whole machine. Every gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure; but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five-and-twenty. A thorough gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no mistress of his heart except the queen of trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts serve only to instruct and assist him in the most dexterous method of packing the cards and coggng the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his conscience, and his liberal deportment and affected openness is a specious veil to recommend and conceal the blackest villainy.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen its vices, let us consider its miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to encrease his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask; and like Monsieur St. Croix, *causfuteur* to that famous *empoisonneur*, Madame Brinvillier, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the fench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago at White's. I am uncertain whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are still alive, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the dissingenuity of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice! What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to

smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair, and when he must act the stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle! How unhappy must he be, even in that situation from which he hopes to reap most benefit; I mean amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility! Their lordships are not always in a humour for play: they choose to laugh; they choose to joke; in the mean while our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice to which they set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thicket's employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach passes through Smaliberry-green, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

The sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false dice cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards always be placed upon the table. It is then our gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, achieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight—and forgotten before sun-rise.

These two portraits of a sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to shew different likenesses in the same man, put me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At first sight he was exhibited in a full-bottomed wig, a hat and feather, embroidered cloaths, diamond buttons, and the full court dress of those days; but by pulling a string the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiscard appeared to be a devil.

Connoisseur.

§ 113. *The TATTLER'S Advice to his Sister Jenny; a good Lesson for young Ladies.*

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for some days, my sister Jenny sent me

me word she should come and dine with me, and therefore desired me to have no other company, I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleased to see her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I saw she had a great deal to say to me, and easily discovered in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that she had abundance of satisfaction in her heart, which she longed to communicate. However, I was resolved to let her break into her discourse her own way, and reduced her to a thousand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her husband. But finding I was resolved not to name him, she began of her own accord: "My husband," says she, "gives his humble service to you;" to which I only answered, "I hope he is well," and without waiting for a reply, fell into other subjects. She at last was out of all patience, and said, with a smile and manner that I thought had more beauty and spirit than I had ever observed before in her; "I did not think, brother, you had been so ill-natured. You have been ever since I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my husband, and you will not be so kind as to give me an occasion." "I did not know," said I, "but it might be a disagreeable subject to you. You do not take me for so old-fashioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the discourse of her husband. I know nothing is more acceptable than to speak of one who is to be so; but to speak of one who is so—indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me." She shewed a little dislike to my raillery, and by her bridling up, I perceived she expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Distaff, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleased with the change in her humour; and upon talking with her on several subjects, I could not but fancy that I saw a great deal of her husband's way and manner in her remarks, her phrases, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unspeakable satisfaction, not only because I had found her a husband from whom she could learn many things that were laudable, but also because I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible sign that she entirely loved him. This is an observation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural shyness of her sex hindered her from telling me the greatness of her own passion, but I easily collect-

ed it from the representation she gave me of his. "I have every thing in Tranquillus," says she, "that I can wish for and enjoy in him (what indeed you told me were to be met with in a good husband) the fondness of a lover, the tenderness of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend." It transported me to see her eyes swimming in tears of affection when she spoke. "And is there not, dear sister," said I, "more pleasure in the possession of such a man, than in all the little impertinences of balls, assemblies, and equipage, which it cost me so much pains to make you content?" She answered smiling, "Tranquillus has made me a sincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midst of all my satisfactions: I am afraid, you must know, that I shall not always make the same amiable appearance in his eyes, that I do at present. You know, brother Bickerstaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer, and if you have any one secret in your art to make your sister always beautiful, I should be happier than if I were mistress of all the worlds you have shewn me in a stary night." "Jenny," said I, "without having recourse to magic, I shall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has so great a passion for you, and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus.—Endeavour to please, and you must please. Be always in the same disposition as you are when you ask for this secret, and you make take my word, you will never want it; an inviolable fidelity, good-humour, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decay of it invisible." *Laf.*

§ 114. *Curiosity.*

The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same or at least a sister passion to it, seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forward the mind to fresh enquiry and knowledge. Slip us of it, the mind (I fear) would daze for ever over the present page; and we could all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS IN PROSE.

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It is to this *spur* which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no ways bad,—but as others are—in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse;—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the tracks of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is good—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what is sincere.—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners—to look into ourselves, and form our own.

This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all lessons both of wisdom and reproof at home—carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original—will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so unpromising a setting-out,—without care, —without compass,—be not cast away for ever;—and may he not be said to escape well,—if he returns to his country only as naked as he first left it?

But you will send an able pilot with your son—a scholar.—

If wisdom could speak no other language but Greek or Latin—you do well—or if mathematics will make a gentleman,—or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow,—he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done—but the upshot will be generally this,—but the most pressing occasions of address, if he is a mere man of reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry,—and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be escorted by one who knows the world, not merely from books—but from his own experience:—a man who has been employed on such services, and thrice made the tour of Europe with success.

—That is, without breaking his own, or

his pupil's neck;—for if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken Swiss valet-de-chambre—some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months, “if God permit,”—much knowledge will not accrue;—some profit at least, —he will learn the amount to a halfpenny, of every stage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the best inns,—instructed where there is the best wine, and sup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and bargain himself. Look at our governor! I beseech you:—see, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages.—

—And here endeth his pride—his knowledge, and his use.

But when your son gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his society with men of rank and letters, with whom he will pass the greatest part of his time.

Let me observe, in the first place,—that company which is really good is very rare—and very shy: but you have surmounted this difficulty, and procured him the best letters of recommendation to the most eminent and respectable in every capital.

And I answer, that he will obtain all by them, which courtesy strictly stands obliged to pay on such occasions,—but no more.

There is nothing in which we are so much deceived, as in the advantages proposed from our connections and discourse with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; especially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or study.

Conversation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without some stock of knowledge, to balance the account perpetually betwixt you,—the trade drops at once: and this is the reason,—however it may be: and the contrary, why travellers have so little (especially good) conversation with natives,—owing to their suspicion,—or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the conversation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,—or the interruption of their visits.

The pain on these occasions is usually reciprocal; the consequence of which is, that the disappointed youth seeks an easier society; and as bad company is always ready,—and ever laying in wait—the career is soon finished; and the poor prodigal returns the same object of pity, with the prodigal in the gospel.

Sterne's Sermons.

§ 115. *Controversy seldom decently conducted.*

'Tis no uncommon circumstance in controversy, for the parties to engage in all the fury of disputation, without precisely instructing their readers, or truly knowing themselves, the particulars about which they differ. Hence that fruitless parade of argument, and those opposite pretences to demonstration, with which most debates, on every subject, have been infested. Would the contending parties first be sure of their own meaning, and then communicate their sense to others in plain terms and simplicity of heart, the face of controversy would soon be changed, and real knowledge, instead of imaginary conquest, would be the noble reward of literary toil.

Browne's Essays.

§ 116. *How to please in Conversation.*

None of the desires dictated by vanity is more general, or less blameable, than that of being distinguished for the arts of conversation. Other accomplishments may be possessed without opportunity of exerting them, or wanted without danger that the defect can often be remarked; but as no man can live otherwise than in an hermitage without hourly pleasure or vexation, from the fondness or neglect of those about him, the faculty of giving pleasure is of continual use. Few are more frequently envied than those who have the power of forcing attention wherever they come, whose entrance is considered as a promise of felicity, and whose departure is lamented, like the recess of the sun from northern climates, as a privation of all that enlivens fancy or inspires gaiety.

It is apparent that to excellence in this valuable art, some peculiar qualifications are necessary; for every man's experience will inform him, that the pleasure which men are able to give in conversation holds no stated proportion to their knowledge or their virtue. Many find their way to the tables and the parties of those, who never consider them as of the least importance in any other place; we have all, at one time or other, been content to love those whom we could not esteem, and been persuaded to try the dangerous experiment of admitting him for a companion whom we know to be too ignorant for a counsellor, and too treacherous for a friend.

He that would please must rarely aim at such excellence as depresses his hearers in their own opinion, or debars them from the

hope of contributing reciprocally to the entertainment of the company. Merriment extorted by fallies of imagination, sprightliness of remark, or quickness of reply, is too often what the Latins call, the Sardinian laughter, a distortion of face without gladness of heart.

For this reason no stile of conversation is more extensively acceptable than the narrative. He who has stored his memory with slight anecdotes, private incidents, and personal peculiarities, seldom fails to find his audience favourable. Almost every man listens with eagerness to extemporary history; for almost every man has some real or imaginary connection with a celebrated character, some desire to advance or oppose a rising name. Vanity often co-operates with curiosity. He that is a hearer in one place, qualifies himself to become a speaker in another; for though he cannot comprehend a series of argument, or transport the volatile spirit of wit without evaporation, yet he thinks himself able to treasure up the various incidents of a story, and pleases his hopes with the information which he shall give to some inferior society.

Narratives are for the most part heard without envy, because they are not supposed to imply any intellectual qualities above the common rate. To be acquainted with facts, not yet echoed by piebegan mouths, may happen to one man as well as to another, and to relate them when they are known, has in appearance so very little difficulty, that every one concludes himself equal to the task.

Rambler.

§ 117. *The various Faults in Conversation and Behaviour pointed out.*

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing; inasmuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of

of *whist* than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can; but it often happens, that those who most aim at shining in conversation, over-shoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them, as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck: are angry by a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper of a minuet-step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb-show with their own persons in the looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly ticking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance: though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed Speakers. And first, the emphatical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and

force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*; which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through an hearing-trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low Speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gallery. The Wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whiffles or Tune-lummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass, the Bawler, who enquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft parts of conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the Half-swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gar-bud*, *ad's fsh*, and *demme*; the Gothic humbuggers, and those who "nick-name God's creatures," and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskien*, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and t'other*; and lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and like all observe the same

cept of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea yea, and nay nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood-notes, as any signor or signora for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia grundle as expressively through the nose as the inhabitants in High-German; and that the fogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chatters and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and growlers may be justly compared to hogs. Snarl-ers are curs, that continually shew their teeth but never bite; and the spitfire passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not be stroking, but will purr when they are patted. Comp'ainers are screech-owls; and story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses: Critics in general are venomous serpents, that delight in biting; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies.

Connasseur.

§ 118. *A Citizen's Country, Haife described.*

Sir,

I remember to have seen a little French rovel, giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excursion into the country. He imagines himself about to ul-

dertake a long voyage to some strange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city as the most distant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is set on shore, he is amazed to find the people speak the same language, wear the same dress, and use the same customs with himself. He, who had spent all his life within the sight of Pont Neuf, looked upon every one that lived out of Paris as a foreigner; and though the utmost extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much surprized, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the Terra Incognita.

In your late paper on the amusements of Sunday, you have set forth in what manner our citizens pass that day, which most of them devote to the country; but I wish you had been more particular in your descriptions of those elegant rural mansions, which at once shew the opulence and the taste of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

I went last Sunday, in compliance with a most pressing invitation from a friend, to spend the whole day with him at one of these little seats, which he had fitted out for his retirement once a week from business. It is pleasantly situated about three miles from London, on the side of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge, consisting of two narrow planks, leading to the house. From the lower part of the house there is no prospect; but from the garden, indeed, one may see two men hanging in chains on Kennington-common, with a distant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I set out in the morning with my friend's book-keeper, who was my guide. When I came to the house, I found my friend in a black velvet cap sitting at the door smoking; he welcomed me into the country; and after having made me observe the turnpike on my left, and the Golden Sheaf on my right, he conducted me into his house, where I was received by his lady, who made a thousand apologies for being caught in such a dilapidated bill.

The hall (for so I was taught to call it) had its white wall almost hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one side was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Mansion House, with several other views of the principal buildings.

and halls: on the other, was the Death of the Stag, finely coloured by Mr. Overton: close by the parlour-door there hung a pair of stag's horns; over which there was laid across a red roccelo, and an amber-headed cane. Over the chimney-piece was my friend's picture, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed perriwig, a laced cravat with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a snuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waistcoat trimmed with gold, one hand stuck in the bosom of his shirt, and the other holding out a letter with this superscription: "To Mr.—, common-council-man of Farringdon-ward without." My eyes were then directed to another figure in a scarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been sheriff and knighted in the reign of king James the First. Madam herself filled up a pannel on the opposite side, in the habit of a shepherdess, smelling to a nosegay, and stroking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to see what he has pleased to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each side with lilies and coxcombs, supported by some old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he bade me take notice of a little square building surrounded with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taste had turned into a temple, by erecting some battlements and spires of painted wood on the front of it: but concluded with a hint, that I might retire to it upon occasion.

As the riches of a country are visible in the number of its inhabitants, and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to say that the present state of England is very flourishing and prosperous; and if our taste for building encreases with our opulence, for the next century, we shall be able to boast of finer country-seats belonging to our shopkeepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the most pompous descriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-seats belonging to Pliny, Hortensius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were patricians of great rank and fortune: there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their villas. But who has ever read of a Chinese-bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chand-

ler, or a Roman pastry-cook? Or could any of their shoe-makers or taylors boast a villa with his tin cascades, paper statues, and Gothic root-houses! Upon the above principles we may expect, that posterity will perhaps see a cheesemonger's *apicarium* at Brentford, a poulterer's *theriotrophium* at Chiswick, and an *ornithon* in a fishmonger's garden at Putney.

Connoisseur.

§ 119 *Humorous Scene between DENNIS the Critic (satirically represented by SWIFT as mad) and the Doctor.*

Scene DENNIS's Garret.

DENNIS, DOCTOR, NURSE, LINTON
the Bookfeller, and another Author.

DENNIS. [*Looking wise, and bringing on his words slowly and formally.*]

Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as it did with your predecessor, the famous Hippocrates, whom the mistaken citizens of Abdera sent for, in this very manner, to cure the philosopher Democritus. He returned full of admiration at the wisdom of the person whom he had supposed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus that Aristotle himself, and all the great ancients, spent their days and nights wrapped up in criticism, and beset all round with their own writings. As for me, be assured, I have no disease besides a swelling in my legs, of which I say nothing, since your art may farther certify you.

Doctor. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this swelling?

Dennis. By criticism.

Doctor. By criticism! that's a distemper I have never heard nor read of.

Dennis. Death, Sir! a distemper! it is no distemper; but a noble art. I have sat fourteen hours a day at it: and are you a doctor, and don't know that there's a communication between the brain and the legs?

Doctor. What made you sit so many hours, Sir?

Dennis. Cato, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I speak of your distemper. What gave you this tumour?

Dennis. Cato, Cato, Cato*.

Nurse. For God's sake, Doctor, name not this evil spirit; it is the whole cause of

* He published remarks on Cato, in the year 1712.

his madness. Alas! poor master will have his fits again.

[*Almost crying.*]

Lintot. Fits! with a pox! a man may well have fits and swelled legs, that sits writing fourteen hours in a day. The Remarks, the Remarks, have brought all his complaints upon him.

Doctor. The Remarks! what are they?

Dennis. Death! have you never read my Remarks? I'll be hang'd if this nig-gard's bookfeller has advertised the book but should have been.

Lintot. Not advertise it, quoth'a! pox! I have laid out pounds after pounds in advertising. There has been as much done for the book as could be done for any book in Christendom.

Doctor. We had better not talk of books, Sir, I am afraid they are the fuel that feed his delirium. Mention books no more. — I desire a word in private with this gentleman. — I suppose, Sir, you are his apothecary.

Genl. Sir, I am his friend.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What regimen have you observed since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage in Celsus, which says, "If the patient on the third day have an interval, suspend the medicaments at night." Let fumigations be used to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted steruation by hellibore.

Genl. Sir, you mistake the matter grave.

Doctor. What! an apothecary tell a physician he mistakes! you pretend to dispute my prescription! *Pharmacopœia corrigenda. Medicus solus prescribat.* Permit me him, I say, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Dennis. Death, Sir, do you take my friend for an apothecary! a man of genius and learning for an apothecary! Know, Sir, that this gentleman professes, like myself, the two noblest sciences in the universe, criticism and poetry. By the immortals, he himself is author of three whole paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my Public Spirit, and assisted me in my description of the furies and infernal regions in my Appius.

Lintot. He is an author. You mistake the gentleman, Doctor. He has been an author these twenty years, to his bookfeller's knowledge, if to no one's else.

Dennis. Is all the town in a combination? shall poetry fall to the ground? must our reputation in foreign countries be quite

lost? O destruction! perdition! cursed opera! confounded opera! as poetry once raised critics, so, when poetry fails, critics are overturned, and the world is no more.

Doctor. He raves, he raves. He must be pinioned, he must be strait-waitcoated, that he may do no mischief.

Dennis. O I am sick! I am sick to death!

Doctor. That is a good symptom, a very good symptom. To be sick to death (says the modern theory) is *Symptoma præclarum*. When a patient is sensible of his pain he is half-cured. Pray, Sir, of what are you sick?

Dennis. Of every thing. Of every thing. I am sick of the sentiments, of the diction, of the protasis, of the epistasis, and the catastrophe. — Alas! for the lost drama! the drama is no more!

Nurse. If you want a dram, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of gin in a minute. Mr. Lintot has drank the last of the noggin.

Dennis. O scandalous want! O shameful omission! By all the immortals, here is not the shadow of a *peripatetic*! no change of fortune in the tragedy!

Nurse. Pray, Sir, don't be uneasy about change. Give me the licence, and I'll get you change immediately at the grand shop next door.

Doctor. Hold your peace, good woman. His melancholy. You must call for help. Mr. Lintot, a — hold him, pray. [*Doctor goes to assist Lintot.*]

Lintot. Plague on the man! I am afraid he is really mad. And if he be, who the devil will buy the Remarks? I wish [*for a moment he had*] he had been better, rather than I had used hellibore in P. 604.

Doctor. He must use the cold bath, and be cupped on the head. The symptoms seem desperate. As you say, "He is really, he is mixed with a brain that is not of a constitution fit to receive it, the brain is too weak to be totally exhausted." You must endeavour to eradicate these indigestible ideas out of his peripateticism, and to restore the patient to a competent knowledge of himself.

Dennis. Curses, stand off! unhand me, miscreants! [*The Doctor, the Nurse, and Lintot, run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garden stairs all together.*]

— The man, whose labours are calculated to prove a treble to prove, to the decay of public spirit proceed from the loss of an opera.

to bring the town to reason, mad? Is the man, who settles poetry on the basis of antiquity, mad? See Longinus in my right hand, and Aristotle in my left! [*Calls after the Doctor, the Bookfeller, and the Nurse, from the top of the stairs.*] I am the only man among the moderns, that supports the venerable ancients. And am I to be assassinated? Shall a bookfeller, who has lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support? [*Goes into his garret, and shuts the door.*]

§ 120. *The two Bees.*

On a fine morning in May, two bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them: the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweet, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath, that, though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

§ 121. *Pleasant Scene of Anger, and the Disappointment of it.*

There came into a bookfeller's shop a very learned man, with an erect solemn air; who, though a person of great parts otherwise, is slow in understanding any

thing which makes against himself. After he had turned over many volumes, said the feller to him—Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you. Sir, said the chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it: it is certainly lost; and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago. Then, Sir, here is the other volume; I'll send you home with it, and please to pay for both. My friend replied he, can't it thou be so senseless, as not to know, that one volume is as important in my library, as in your shop? Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first volume; and, to be short, I will be paid. Sir, said the chapman, you are a young man; the book is lost; and learn, by this little loss, to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with. Ye, Sir, I'll bear when I must; but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me. Friend, you grow warm: I tell you, the book is lost; and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. Sir, there is, in this case, no need of bearing, for you have the book. I say, Sir, I have not the book; but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation betimes to the dissipation of this life: nay, do not fret and sorrow: it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit; and an impatient spirit can never without woe. Was ever any thing like this?—Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore, let me advise you, be patient: the book is lost, but do not you, for that reason, lose yourself.

Spectator.

§ 122. *Falstaff's Encomiums on Sack.*

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it—It ascends me into the brain, dries me, there, all the foolish, dull, and cloudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, inventive; full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.—The second property of your excellent sherris, is, the warming of the blood; which before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice. But the sherris warms it, and makes its course from the inward

the parts extreme. It illuminateth the way, which, as a beacon, gives warning to the rest of this little kingdom, man, to man; and, then, the vital commoners, and the petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this renown, doth any deed of courage—and this valour comes of sherris. For that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it awork; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, the sack commences it, and sets it in a use. Hereof comes it that Prince Henry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father he hath, like his father, and blue land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris.—If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—To forget their thin potations, and to addeth themselves to sack. *Shakespeare.*

§ 123. *Hotspur reading a Letter.*

“But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.”—He could be contented to be there! Why is he not then?—In respect of the love he bears our house! He shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous.”—Why, that’s certain: ’tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower safety. “The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself, unforted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.”—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frothy-spirited rogue this is! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady’s fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself, lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, beside, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next

month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a ragin rascal is this! an Earl!—Hail! you shall see now, in very brevity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to bedfords, to moving such a dish of flannelled milk with a honourable an act as—Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared, I will set forward to-night. *Ibid.*

§ 124. *Falstaff’s Soliloquy on Honour.*

Owe Heaven a death! ’Tis not due yet; and I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me?—Well, ’tis no matter, honour picks me on. But how if honour pick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no; or an arm? no; or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air; a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it so sterile then? yet to the world! But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it; therefore, I’ll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism. *Ibid.*

§ 125. *The perfect Speaker.*

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point where the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject!—Is man possible? Let talents accustom to the great occasion? A leguate—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the anguishes of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, is palliated, by the admiration of his talents.—What strength of an intellect, with what powers of the brain, with what emotions of the heart, does he exhibit and subjugate the whole man, and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passion!—To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work: all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy,

the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, and as it were with an electrical spirit, vibrate those energies from soul to soul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice.—The universal cry is—Let us march against Philip—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer—or die!

§ 126. *Disorders of the Mind cured.*

Sir,

Being bred to the study of physic, and having observed, with sorrow and regret, that whatever success the faculty may meet with in bodily disorders, they are generally baffled by disorders of the mind, I have made the latter the chief subject of my attention, and may venture to affirm, that my labour has not been thrown away. Though young in my profession, I have had a tolerable share of experience, and have a right to expect, that the credit of some extraordinary cures I have performed will furnish me with opportunities of performing more. In the mean time, I require it of you, not as a favour to myself, but as an act of justice to the public, to insert the following in your Chronicle.

Mr. Abraham Buston, a tailor, was horribly infected with the itch of stage-playing, to the grievous discomfiture of his wife, and the great detriment of nine small children. I prevailed with the manager of one of the theatres to admit him for a single night in the character of Othello, in which it may be remembered that a button-maker had formerly distinguished himself; when, having secured a seat in a convenient corner of the gallery, by the dexterous application of about three pecks of potatoes to the *sinister* and *occiput* of the patient, I entirely cured him of his delirium; and he has ever since betaken himself quietly to his needle and thimble.

Mr. Edward Snap was of so choleric a temper, and so extremely apt to think himself affronted, that it was reckoned dangerous even to look at him. I tweaked him by the nose, and administered the proper application behind; and he is now so good-humoured, that he will take the good of

affront imaginable without shewing the least resentment.

The reverend Mr. Puff, a methodist preacher, was so extravagantly zealous and laborious in his calling, that his friends were afraid he would bawl himself into a consumption. By my interest with a noble lord, I procured him a living with a reasonable income; and he now behaves himself like a regular divine of the established church, and never gets into a pulpit.

Mrs. Diana Bridle, a maiden lady, about forty years of age, had a conceit that she was with child. I advised her to convert her imaginary pregnancy into a real one, by taking a husband; and she has never been troubled with any *fancies* of that kind since.

Mr. William Moody, an elderly gentleman, who lived in a solitary part of Kent, was apt to be very low spirited in an easterly wind. I nailed his weathercock to a westerly point; and at present whichever way the wind blows, he is equally cheerful.

Alexander Stingo, Esq; was so strongly possessed by the spirit of witticism, that he would not condescend to open his lips for any thing less than an epigram. Under the influence of this malady he has been so deplorably dull, that he has often been silent a whole week together. I took him into my own house: instead of laughing at his jests, I either pronounced them to be puns, or paid no attention to them at all. In a month I perceived a wonderful alteration in him for the better: from thinking without speaking, he began to speak without thinking; at present never says a good thing, and is a very agreeable companion.

I likewise cured a lady of a longing for ortolans, by a dozen of Dunstable larks, and could send you many other remarkable instances of the efficacy of my prescriptions; but these are sufficient for a specimen.

I am, &c.

Bennet Thornton.

§ 127. *Character of a Choice Spirit.*

Sir,

That a tradesman has no business with humour, unless perhaps in the way of his dealing; or with writing, unless in his shop-book, is a truth, which I believe nobody will dispute with me. I am so unfortunate however as to have a nephew, who, not contented with being a grocer, is in danger of absolute ruin by his ambition

of being a wit; and having forsaken his counter for Comus's Court, and dignified himself with the appellation of a Choice Spirit, is upon the point of becoming a bankrupt. Instead of distributing his shop-bills as he ought, he wastes a dozen in a morning, by scribbling shreds of his nonsense upon the back of them; and a few days since affronted an alderman, his best customer, by sending him a pound of prunes wrapped up in a ballad he had just written, called, *The Citizen outwitted*, or a *Bob for the Mansion-House*.

He is likewise a regular frequenter of the play-houses, and, being acquainted with every underling of each theatre, is at an annual expence of ten pounds in tickets for their respective benefits. They generally adjourn together from the play to the tavern; and there is hardly a watchman, within a mile of Covent garden, but has had his head or his lanterna broke by one or other of the ingenious fraternity.

I turned into his shop this morning, and had no sooner set my foot upon the threshold, than he leaped over the counter, threw himself into an attitude, as he calls it, and asked me, in the words of some play that I remember to have seen formerly, "Whether I was a spirit of health, or a goblin damn'd?" I told him he was an undutiful young dog for daring to accost his uncle in that irreverent manner; and bid him speak like a Christian, and a reasonable person. Instead of being sensible of my rebuke, he took off his wig, and having very deliberately given it two or three twirls upon his fist, and pitched it upon his head again, said I was a dry old fellow, and should certainly afford them much entertainment at the club, to which he had the impudence to invite me: at the same time he thrust a card into my hand, containing a bill of fare for the evening's entertainment; and, as a farther inducement, assured me that Mr. Twister himself would be in the chair; that he was a great creature, and so prodigiously droll, that though he had heard him sing the same songs, and repeat the same stories, a thousand times, he could still attend to him with as much pleasure as at first. I cast my eye over the list, and can recollect the following items:

"*To all true Lovers of Fun and Jocularity.*"

"Mr. Twister will this evening take off a cat, worried by two bull-dogs; ditto, making love in a gutter; the knife-grinder and his wheel; High-Dutch

"squabble; and a hog in a slaughter-house."

I assured him, that so far from having any relish for these detestable noises, the more they resembled the originals the less I should like them; and, if I could ever be fool enough to go, should at least be wise enough to stop my ears till I came out again.

Having lamented my deplorable want of taste, by the elevation of his eye-brows and a significant shrug of his shoulders, he thrust his fore-finger against the inside of his cheek, and plucking it out of his mouth with a jerk, made a noise which very much resembled the drawing of a cork: I found, that by this signal he meant to ask me, if I chose a whet? I gave my consent by a sulky kind of nod, and walked into the back-room, as much ashamed of my nephew, as he ought to have been of himself. While he was gone to fetch a pint of mountain from the other side of the street, I had an opportunity to minute down a few of the articles of which the litter of his apartment consisted, and have selected these, as the most material, from among them:

On one of the sconces, by the chimney, a smart grizzle bob wig, well oiled and powdered, feather-topped, and bag-fronted.

On the opposite sconce, a scratch.

On the window-seat, a Nankin waistcoat, bound with silver twill, without skirts or pockets, stained with red wine, and pretty much shrunk.

Item, A pair of buckskin breeches, in one pocket a cut-eall, in the other the mouth of a quart-bottle, chipt and ground into a smooth ring, very fit to be used as a spying-glass by those who never want one.

Item, A red plush frock lapelled with ditto, one pocket stuffed with orange-peel, and the other with square bits of white paper ready cut and dried for a shower.

In the corner, a walking-staff, not portable.

Item, A small switch.

On the head of the bureau, a letter-case, containing a play-bill, and a quack-bill; a copy of verses, being an encomium upon Mr. Twister; another of four lines, which he calls a distich; and a third, very much blotted and scratched, and yet not finished, entitled, *An Extempore Epigram*.

Having taken this inventory of his goods and furniture, I sat down before the fire, to devise, if possible, some expedient to reclaim him; when, on a sudden, a sound like the braying of an ass, at my elbow, alarmed me to such a degree, that I started from my seat in an instant, and, to my further astonishment, beheld my nephew, almost black in the face, covering his ear with the hollow of his hand, and exerting the whole force of his lungs in imitating that respectable animal: I was so exasperated at this fresh instance of his folly, that I told him hastily, he might drink his wine alone, and that I would never see his face again, till he should think proper to appear in a character more worthy of himself and his family. He followed me to the door without making any reply; and, having advanced into the middle of the street, fell to clapping his sides, and crowing like a cock, with the utmost vehemence; and continued his triumphant ejaculations till I was fairly out of hearing.

Having reached my lodgings, I immediately resolved to send you an account of his absurdities; and shall take this opportunity to inform him, that as he is blest with such a variety of useful talents, and so completely accomplished as a Choice Spirit, I shall not do him the injury to consider him as a tradesman, or mortify him hereafter by endeavouring to give him any assistance in his business.

I am, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 128. *A Citizen's Family setting out for Brighthelmston.*

Sir,

That there are many disorders peculiar to the present age, which were entirely unknown to our forefathers, will (I believe) be agreed by all physicians, especially as they find an increase of their fees from them. For instance, in the language of the advertisement, "Never were nervous disorders more frequent;" we can hardly meet with a lady who is not *nervous* to the last degree, though our mothers and grandmothers scarce ever heard the word *Nerves*: the gentlemen too are *affected* in the same manner; and even in the country, this disorder has spread like the small-pox, and infected whole villages. I have known a farmer toss off a glass of brandy in a morning to prevent his hand shaking, while his wife has been obliged to have recourse to the same cor-

dial with her tea, because it otherwise would make her low-spirited. But there is an epidemical disorder (that was formerly quite unknown, and even now wants a name) which seizes whole families here in town at this season of the year. As I cannot define it, I shall not pretend to describe or account for it: but one would imagine, that the people were all bit by a mad dog, as the same remedy is thought necessary. In a word, of whatever nature the complaint may be, it is imagined that nothing will remove it, but spending the summer months in some dirty fishing-town by the sea-shore; and the water is judged to be most efficacious, where there is the greatest resort of afflicted persons.

I called upon a friend the other morning, in the city, pretty early, about business, when I was surprized to see a coach and four at the door, which the 'prentice and book-keeper were loading with trunks, portmanteaus, baskets, and band-boxes. The front-glass was screened by two round paper hat-cases hung up before it; against one door was placed a guitar-case; and a red satin cardinal, lined and edged with fur, was pinned against the other; while the extremities of an enormous hoop-petticoat rested upon each window. These preparations were undoubtedly for a journey; and when I came in, I found the family were equipped accordingly. The lady-mother was dressed in a Joseph of scarlet stuff, buttoned down from the breast to the feet, with a black silk bonnet, tied down to her head with a white handkerchief: little miss (about sixteen years of age) had a blue camblet jacket, cuffed and lapelled with pink satin, with a narrow edging of silver lace, a black beaver hat, covered on the outside with white shag, and cocked behind, with a silver button and loop, and a blue feather. The old gentleman had very little particular in his dress, as he wore his usual pompadour-coloured coat with gilt buttons; only he had added to it a scarlet cloth waistcoat, with a broad tarnished gold lace, which was made when he was chosen of the common-council. Upon my entrance, I naturally asked them if they were going into the country; to which the old lady replied in the affirmative, at the same time assuring me, that she was sorry to take Mr. — from his business, but she was obliged to it on account of her health. "Health!" says the old gentleman, "I don't understand your whim-whams, "not

"not I; here has it cost me the lord knows what in doctors' stuff already, without your being a pin the better for it; and now you must lug me and all the family to Brighthelmston." "Why, my dear," said the lady, "you know Dr. ——— tells me, there is nothing will do my spirits so much good as bathing in the sea." "The sea!" said the old gentleman; "why then could not you have taken lodgings at Gravesend, where I might have easily come in the evening, and gone back time enough for 'Change in the morning?" The good lady told him that he had no taste, that people of the best fashion went to Brighthelmston, and that it was high time their girl should see a little of the world. To this miss assented, by declaring, that indeed she had been no where but to the play, and the cattle-concert, since she had left the boarding-school. Both the females then asked me an hundred questions, such as, whether the sea looked green, and how much bigger it was than the Thames,—till the maid gave them notice that every thing was put up. Accordingly, I saw them into the coach; and the old lady did not forget to take the pug-dog with her, who, she declared, should go every morning into the sea, as she had been told it was good for the mange.

I cannot but agree with my city friend, that lodgings at Gravesend would answer all the common purposes of a jaunt to Brighthelmston; for though one pretence for visiting these places is, *going into the country*, people in fact do not leave town, but rather carry London with them. Their way of living is exactly the same as here, and their amusements not very different. They suffer themselves to be mewed up in a little dirty lodging, with not half so good a prospect, or so good an air, as in the high road at Hillington or Knightsbridge. Their mornings are drauded away, with perhaps a saunter upon the beach, which commands the delightful view of half a dozen boys, and as many fishing-smacks; and if it was not for a lounge at the coffee-house, or the bookseller's, they would be at a loss how to fill up the vacant hours till dinner. The evenings would hang no less heavy on their hands, but for the ingenious contrivance of the assembly-room; where, instead of enjoying the cool temperature of the open air, they choose to swelter in a crowd, and be almost suffocated with their own breaths. Add to this the refreshing summer diver-

sion of jiggling it to the delightful music of country scrapers,—to say nothing of the calmer and less sudorific exercise of the card-table. But what is most ridiculous, is the attention paid to dress in these public retirements, where a gentleman or a lady is expected to appear as gay as at court, or at Ranelagh: consequently, as soon as you arrive at them, you have bills civilly thrust into your hands, acquainting you, that there is such an one, a milliner, and such an one, an hair-dresser, *from London*.

I am a sincere well-wisher to your paper, &c.

ANTHONY FRESHWATER.
B. Thornton.

§ 129. *Character of a mighty good Kind of Man.*

Sir,

I have always thought your mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwise, may as well pass over what follows.

The good qualities of a mighty good kind of man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his, "Dear Sir," though he cares not a farthing for any body but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with "Dear Sir," and ends with, "I am, good Sir, your ever sincere and affectionate friend, and most obedient humble servant." You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a "Yes," or a "Tis, Sir," or "You oblige very right, Sir," for every word that is said; which, with the old gentry, that love to hear themselves talk, makes him pass for a mighty sensible and discerning, as well as a mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got men a habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such a one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company, assent with "What

"you say is very just," to an opposite sentiment from another; and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal and favourite topic of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sunshine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all; it may be East, West, North, or South, South East and by East, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage-coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is so civil, and so well-bred, that he would keep you standing half an hour uncovered, in the rain, rather than he would step into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health of half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, lest he should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast her fire-side. He is sure to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts, by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose. This of course recommends him to mamma's esteem; and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of these good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and, I believe, he pulled off his hat to every third person we met, with a "How do you do, my dear Sir!" though, I found he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion, and another mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not seen one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together, not with a design of op-

posing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently, crying, "Yes," together, and "Very true," "You are very right, my dear Sir;" and at last, having exhausted their favourite topic of, what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Westminster, a mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his school-fellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means she knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercise before he went to play: you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quality in his verse; and he made huge amends for the want of sense and spirit in his compositions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the university he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was constant at prayers night and morning, never missed gates, or the hall at meal-times, was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing, on all occasions, with masters of arts, and he was happy, beyond measure, in being acquainted with some of the heads of houses, who were glad though him to know what passed among the under-graduates. Though he was not reckoned, by the college, to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part, to be a mighty good kind of young man; and this even placid turn of mind has recommended him to no small preferment in the church.

We may observe, when these mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable situation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwise entitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet, if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his return, he is a mighty polite, as well as a mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a mighty good kind of man will make the attorneys sup-
ply

ply him with special pleadings or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his slow genius to be a dray-horse of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbishop, yet, if he is admitted of the medical college in Warwick-lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profession, as the success of the faculty depend, chiefly on old women, fanciful and hysterical young ones, whimsical men, and young children; among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a person so much as his being a mighty good kind of man.

I must own, that a good man, and a man of sense, certainly should have every thing that this kind of man has; yet, if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paste: it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond; but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shews it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as to expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens, that these mighty good kind of men are wolves in sheep's clothing; that their want of parts is supplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

Where this is not the case, I cannot help thinking that these kind of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable servants; and I would recommend, that this harmless, inoffensive, insipid, mighty good kind of man should be married to a character of a very different stamp, the mighty good sort of woman—an account of whom I shall give you in a day or two.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 130. *Character of a mighty good Sort of Woman.*

I suppose the female part of my readers are very impatient to see the character of a mighty good sort of a woman; and doubtless every mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what sort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The mighty good sort of woman is civil

without good-breeding, kind without good-nature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wishes to be thought every thing she is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing she really is. If you will take her word, she detects scandal from her heart: yet, if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a significant shrug of her shoulders, and shake of her head, she confesses, "It is too true, and the whole town says the same thing." She is the most compassionate creature living, and is ever *pying* one person, and *ferre* for another. She is a great dealer in *buts*, and *ifs*, and half sentences, and does more mischief with a *may be*, and *I'll say no more*, than she could do by speaking out. She confirms the truth of any story more by her fears and doubts, than if she had given proof positive; though she always concludes with a "Let us hope otherwise."

One principal business of a mighty good sort of woman is the regulation of families: and she extends a visitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife, which she is sure to foment and increase by pretending to settle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to side with one against the other. She has a most penetrating and discerning eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their secrets, that she may reveal them. If a man happens to stay out too late in the evening, she is sure to ~~scold~~ scold him handsomely the next time she sees him, and takes special care to tell him, in the hearing of his wife, what a bad husband he is: or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in a party at cards, she will keep the poor husband company, that he might not be dull, and entertains him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has also the entire disposal of the children in her own hands, and can disinherit them, provide for them, marry them, or confine them to a state of celibacy, just as she pleases: she fixes the lad's pocket-money at school, and allowance at the university; and has sent many an untoward boy to sea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refusal depends solely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old; one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a professed rake, another a fly sinner; and she frequently

frequently tells the girl, " 'Tis time enough to marry yet," till at last there is nobody will have her. But the most favourite occupation of a mighty good sort of woman is, the superintendence of the servants: she protests, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle, and thieves, and the maids are sluts, and good-for-nothing hussies. In her own family she takes care to separate the men from the maids, at night, by the whole height of the house; these are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his roosting-place in the kitchen, or is stuffed into the turn-up seat in the passage, close to the street-door. She rises at five in the summer, and at day-light in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, &c. and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the maistors and mistresses, wherever she sees, or rather imagines, this to be practised. She has caused many a man-servant to lose his place for romping in the kitchen; and many a maid has been turned away, upon her account, for *dressing at the men*, as she calls it, looking out at the window, or standing at the street-door, in a summer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-sisters, all mighty good sort of women, who, to prevent any ill consequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the risk of their place, that the maids have any *comers after them*, nor will, on any account, a brother or a male cousin, be suffered to visit them.

A distinguishing mark of a mighty good sort of woman is, her extraordinary pretensions to religion: she never misses church twice a-day, in order to take note of those who are absent; and she is always lamenting the decay of piety in these days. With some of them, the good Dr. Whitfield, or the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their mouths: and they look upon the whole bench of bishops to be very Jews in comparison of these saints. The mighty good sort of woman is also very charitable in outward appearance; for, though she would not relieve a family in the utmost distress, she deals out her halfpence to every common beggar, particularly at the church door; and she is eternally soliciting other people to contribute to this or that public charity, though she herself will not give sixpence to any one of them. An universal benevolence is another characteristic of a mighty good sort of woman, which renders her (as strange as it may seem) of a most

unforgiving temper. Heaven knows, she bears nobody any ill-will; but if a tradesman has disobliged her, the honestest man in all the world becomes the most arrant rogue; and she cannot rest till she has persuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off as well as herself. Every one is with her "The best creature in the universe," while they are intimate; but upon any slight difference—"Oh—she was vastly mistaken in the persons;—she thought them good sort of bodies—but—she has done with them:—other people will find them out as well as herself:—that's all the harm she wishes them."—

As the mighty good sort of women differ from each other, according to their age and situation in life, I shall endeavour to point out their several marks, by which we may distinguish them. And first, for the most common character:—If she happens to be of that neutral sex, an old maid, you may find her out by her prim look, her formal gesture and the see-saw motion of her head in conversation. Though a most rigid Protestant, her religion favours very much of the Roman Catholic, as she holds that almost every one must be damned except herself. But the heaven that runs mostly through her whole composition, is a detestation of that odious creature, man, whom she affects to loath as much as some people do a rat or a toad; and this affectation she cloaks under a pretence of a love of God, at a time of life when it must be supposed, that she can love nobody, or rather nobody loves her. If the mighty good sort of body is young and unmarried, besides the usual tokens you may know her by her quarrelling with her brothers, thwarting her sisters, snapping her father, and overruling her mother, though it is ten to one she is the favourite of both. All her acquaintance cry her up as a mighty discreet kind of body; and as she affects an indifference for the men, though not a total antipathy, it is a wonder if the giddy girls, her sisters, are not married before her, which she would look upon as the greatest mortification that could happen to her. Among the mighty good sort of women in wedlock, we must not reckon the tame domestic animal, who thinks it her duty to take care of her house, and be obliging to her husband. On the contrary, she is negligent of her home-affairs, and studies to recommend herself more abroad than in her own house. If she pays a regular round

of

of visits, if she behaves decently at the card-table, if she is ready to come into any party of pleasure, if she pays no regard to her husband, and puts her children out to nurse, she is not a good wife, or a good mother, perhaps; but she is—a mighty good sort of woman.

As I disposed of the mighty good kind of man in marriage, it may be expected, that I should find out a proper match also for the mighty good sort of woman. To tell you my opinion then—if she is old, I would give her to a young rake, being the character she loves best at her heart:—or, if she is mighty young, mighty handsome, mighty rich, as well as a mighty good sort of woman, I will marry her myself, as I am unfortunately a bachelor.

Your very humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 131. *On the affected Strangeness of some Men of Quality.*

Sir,

As you are a mighty good kind of man, and seem willing to let your prels to any subject whereby the vices or follies of your countrymen may be corrected or amended, I beg leave to offer you the following remarks on the extraordinary, yet common, behaviour of some part of our nobility towards their sometimes intimate, though inferior acquaintance.

It is no less common than extraordinary, to meet a nobleman in London, who stares you full in the face, and seems quite a stranger to it; with whom you have spent the preceding summer at Harwich or Brighthelmston; with whom you have often dined; who has often singled you out and taken you under his arm to accompany him with a *tête à tête* walk; who has accosted you, all the summer, by your surname, but, in the winter, does not remember either your name, or any feature in your face.

I shall not attempt to describe the pain such right honourable behaviour, at first meeting, gives to a man of sensibility and sentiment, nor the contempt he must conceive for such ennobled beings. Another class of these right honourable intimates are indeed so far condescending, as to submit to own you a little, if it be in a corner of the street; or even in the Park, if it be at a distance from any real good company. Their porters will even let you into their houses, if my lord has no company; and they themselves will receive you very civilly,

but will shun you a few hours after, at court, as a pick-pocket (though you be a man of good sense, good family, and good character) for having no other blench than that your modesty or diffidence perhaps has occasioned your being a long time in the army, without attaining the rank of a general, or at the law, without being called within the bar. I could recite many instances of this kind of polite high-becding, that every man of education, who has been a quality-baker, has often experienced; but I shall wave that, and conclude by shewing you, how certainly to avoid such contempt, and even decoy his lordship out of his walk to take notice of you, who would not have known you had you continued in his.

The method is this: suppose we see my lord coming towards Spring-garden, under Marlborough garden-walk; instead of meeting him, approach so near only, that you are certain, from the convexity of his eye (for they are all very near-sighted) that he sees you, and that he is certain you see and know him. This done, walk deliberately to the other side of the Mall, and, my life for it, his lordship either trots over to you, or calls you, by your surname, to him. His pride is alarmed; he cannot conceive the reason, why one, he has all along considered would be proud of the least mark of his countenance, should avoid taking an even chance for so great an honour as a bow or a nod.—But I would not be understood, that his lordship is not much offended at you, though he make you a visit the next day, and never did before, in order to drop you for ever after, lest you should him. This is not conjecture, but what I have often put in practice with success, if any success it is to be so noticed; and as a further proof of it, I do assure you, I had once the honour of being sometimes known to, and by, several lords, and lost all their friendship, because I would not let them know me at one time very intimately, at another, not at all—for which loss I do not at all find myself the worse.

I am your humble servant,

B. Thornton.

§ 132. *On the Arrogance of younger Brothers of Quality.*

Sir,

Though it is commonly said, that pride and contempt for inferiors are strongly implanted in the breasts of our nobility, it must be allowed, that their politeness and good-

good-breeding render it, in general, imperceptible; and, as one may well say,

He that has pride, not shewing that he's proud,
Let me not know it, he's not proud at all,
one may also affirm, with truth, of the British nobility, that he who has no pride at all cannot shew less than they do. They treat the meanest subject with the greatest affability, and take pains to make every person they converse with forget the distance that there is between him and them.

As the younger brothers, and other near relations of the nobility, have the same education and the same examples ever before their eyes, one might expect to see in them the same affable behaviour, the same politeness. But, strange as it is, nothing is more different than the behaviour of my lord, and my lord's brother. The latter you generally see proud, insolent, and overbearing, as if he possessed all the wealth and honour of the family. One might imagine from his behaviour, that the pride of the family, like the estates in some boroughs, always descended to the younger brother. I have known one of these young noblemen, with no other fortune than this younger brother's inheritance, above marrying a rich merchant's daughter, because he would not disgrace himself with a plebeian alliance; and rather choose to give his hand to a lady Betty, or a lady Charlotte, with nothing but her title for her portion.

I know a younger brother in a noble family, who, twelve years ago, was so regardless of his birth, as to desire my lord his father to send him to a merchant's counting-house for his education; but, though he has now one of the best houses of business of any in Leghorn, and is already able to buy his father's estate, his brothers and sisters will not acknowledge him as a relation, and do not scruple to deny his being their brother, at the expence of their lady-mother's reputation.

It always raises my mirth, to hear with what contempt these younger brothers of quality speak of persons in the three learned professions, even those at the top of each. The bench of bishops are never distinguished by them with any higher appellation, than—those parsons: and when they speak of the judges, and those who hold the first places in the courts of justice, to a gentleman at the bar, they say—your lawyers: and the doctors Heberden, Adington, and Askew, are, in their genteel dialect, called—those physical people. Trade

is such a disgrace, that there is no difference with them between the highest and lowest that are concerned in it; they rank the greatest merchants among common tradesmen, as they can see no difference between a counting-house and a chandler's shop. They think the run of their father's or their brother's kitchen, a more genteel means of subsistence than what is afforded by any calling or occupation whatsoever, except the army or the navy; as if nobody was deserving enough of the honour to cut a Frenchman's throat, but persons of the first rank and distinction.

As I live so far from the polite end of the town as Bedford-row, I undergo much decent raillery on that account, whenever I have the honour of a visit from one of these younger brothers of quality: he wonders who makes my wigs, my cloaths, and my liveries; he praises the furniture of my house, and allows my equipage to be handsome: but declares he discovers more of expence than taste in either: he can discover that Hallet is not my upholsterer, and that my chariot was not made by Butler: in short, I find he thinks one might as well compare the Banqueting-house at Whitehall with the Mansion-house for elegance, as to look for that in Bedford-row, which can only be found about St. James's. He will not touch any thing at my table but a piece of mutton: he is so cloyed with made dishes, that a plain joint is a rarity; my claret too, though it comes from Messrs. Brown and Whiteford, and no otherwise differs from my lord's than in being bought for ready money, is put by for my port. Though he politely hobs or nobs with my wife, he does it as if I had married my cook; and she is further mortified with seeing her carpet treated with as little ceremony as if it was an oil-cloth. If, after dinner, one of her damask chairs has the honour of his lordly breech, another is indulged with the favour of raising his leg. To any gentleman who drinks to this man of fashion, he is his most obedient humble servant, without bending his body, or looking to see who does him this honour. If any person even under the degree of a knight, speaks to him, he will condescend to say Yes or No; but he is as likely as Sir Francis Wronghead to say the one when he should say the other. If I presume to talk about any change in the ministry before him, he discovers great surprize at my ignorance, and wonders that we, at this end of the town, should differ so much from the people

people about Grosvenor-square. We are absolutely, according to him, as little alike as if we were not of the same species; and I find, it is as much impossible for us to know what passes at court, as if we lived at Rotherhithe or Wapping. I have very frequent opportunities of contemplating the different treatment I receive from him and his elder brother. My lord, from whom I have received many favours, behaves to me as if he was the person obliged; while his lordship's brother, who has conferred no favour on me but borrowing my money, which he never intends to pay, behaves as if he was the creditor, and the debt was a forlorn one.

The insolence which is so much complained of among noblemen's servants, is not difficult to account for: ignorance, idleness, high-living, and a consciousness of the dignity of the noble person they serve, added to the example of my lord's brother, whom they find no less dependent in the family than themselves, will naturally make them arrogant and proud. But this conduct in the younger brother must for ever remain unaccountable. I have been endeavouring to solve this phenomenon to myself, ever since the following occurrence happened to me.

When I came to settle in town, about five-and-twenty years ago, I was strongly recommended to a noble peer, who promised to assist me. On my arrival, I waited upon his lordship, and was told by the porter, with an air of great indifference, that he was not at home; and I was very near receiving the door in my face, when I was going to acquaint this civil person, that I had a letter in my pocket for his lord: upon my producing it, he said I might leave it; and immediately snatched it from me. I called again the next day, and found, to my great surprise, a somewhat better reception from my friend the porter, who immediately, as I heard afterwards, by order from his lord, introduced me into the library. When I entered, I saw a gentleman in an armed chair reading a pamphlet, whom, as I did not know him, I took for my lord himself, especially as he did not rise from his chair, or so much as offer to look towards me, on my entering. I immediately addressed myself to him with—"My lord"—but was instantly told by him, without taking his eyes from the pamphlet, that his brother was dressing: he read on, and left me to contemplate the situation I was in, that if I had been treated

with so much contempt from the porter and my lord's brother, what must I expect from my noble patron? While I was thus reflecting, in comes a gentleman, running up to me, and taking me cordially by the hand, said, he was heartily glad to see me. I was greatly distressed to know how to behave. I could not imagine this to be his lordship who was so ad'le and courteous, and I could not suppose it was any body who meant to insult me. My anxiety was removed by his pulling out the letter I had left, and saying, "He was very happy that it was in his power to comply with the contents of it;" at the same time introducing me to his brother, as a gentleman he was happy to know. This younger brother arose from his chair with great indifference; and, taking me coolly by the hand, said, "He should be proud of so valuable an acquaintance;" and, resuming his seat, proceeded to finish his pamphlet. Upon taking leave, my lord renewed his former declaration; but his brother was too intent on his reading to observe the bow made to him by the valuable acquaintance he a few minutes before professed himself so proud of.

I am not ignorant, however, that there are many younger brothers to peers, who acknowledge, with much concern, the truth of what has been said, and are ready to allow, that, in too many families of distinction, the younger brother is not the finer gentleman.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 133. *Persons of Quality proved to be Quakers.*

I always reflect with pleasure, that strong as the fondness of imitating the French has been among people of fashion, they have not yet introduced among us their contempt for trade. A French marquis, who has nothing to boast of but his high birth, would scorn to take a merchant's daughter by the hand in wedlock, though her father should be as rich as the Bally of the East Indies; as if a Frenchman was only to be valued, like a black-pudding, for the goodness of his blood; while our nobility not only go into the city for a wife, but send their younger sons to a merchant's counting-house for education. But, I confess, I never considered, till very lately, how far they have from time to time departed from this French folly in their esteem for trade; and I find, that the greatest part of our nobility

bility may be properly deemed merchants, if not traders, and even shopkeepers.

In the first place, we may consider many of our nobility in the same light as Beaver or Lienſon, or any other keepers of repositories. The breeding of running-horſes is become a favourite traffic among them; and we know how very largely perſons of the firſt faſhion deal this way, and what great addition they make to their yearly income by winning plates and matches, and then ſelling the horſe for a prodigious ſum. What advantages muſt accrue to them, if they have a mare of blood to breed from! But what a treaſure have they if they are poſſeſſed of the ſtallion in faſhion! I can therefore ſee no difference between this occupation of my lord and that of any Yorkſhire dealer whatever: and if his lordſhip is not always ſo ſucceſſful in his trade as the jockey of the North, it is not becauſe he does not equally hold it fair to cheat his own brother in horſe-ſleſh. If a duke rides his own horſes on the courſe, he does not, in my judgment, diſſer from any other jockey on the turf; and I think it the ſame thing, whether a man gets money by keeping a ſtallion, or whether he gets it by keeping a bull or a boar for the pariſh.

We know of many perſons of quality whoſe paſſion for trade has made them dealers in fighting-cocks; and I heard one declare to me lately, that there was no truſting to ſervants in that buſineſs; that he ſhould make nothing of it, if he did not look after the cocks himſelf; and that, for a month before he is to fight a match, he always takes care of and feeds them himſelf; and for that purpoſe (ſtrange as it may ſeem) he lies in a little room cloſe by them every night. I cannot but admire this induſtry, which can make my noble friend quit his lady's bed, while tradesmen of a lower rank neglect their buſineſs for the charms of a kept miſtreſs. But it muſt be allowed, that theſe dealers in live fowl are to be conſidered as poulterers, as well as thoſe who ſell the deer of their park are to be ranked among the butchers in Clare-market; though the latter endeavour artfully to avoid this, by ſelling their veniſon to paſtry-cooks and fiſhmongers.

What ſhall we ſay of thoſe who ſend veniſon, hares, pheasants, partridges, and all other game, to their poulterer and fiſhmonger in London, to receive an equivalent in poultry and fiſh in winter, when they are in town?—Though theſe ſportſ-

men do not truck their commodities for money, they are nothing leſs than higlers and huckſters, dealers and chapmen, in the proper ſenſe of the words; for an exchange was never denied to be a ſale, though it is affirmed to be no robbery.

I come now to the conſideration of thoſe who deal in a much larger and more extenſive way, and are properly ſtilled merchants; while thoſe already mentioned are little more than traders in the retailing buſineſs: what immenſe ſums are received by theſe electioneering merchants, whoſe fortunes and influence in many counties and boroughs enable them to procure a ſeat in parliament for any that will pay for it! How profitable has nurſing the eſtates of extravagant perſons of diſtinction proved to many a right honourable friend! I do not mean from his ſhewing himſelf a true ſteward, but from the weight and intereſt he has got by it at a general election. What Jew deals larger than many of our nobility in the ſtocks and in lottery tickets? And, perhaps one ſhould not find more bulls and bears at Jonathan's than at Arthur's. If you cannot, at this laſt place, inſure your houſe from fire, or a ſhip from the danger of the ſea, or the French, you may get largely underwrit on lives, and inſure your own againſt that of your mother or grandmother for any ſum whatſoever. There are thoſe who deal as greatly in this practice of putting one life againſt another as any underwriter in the city of London; and, indeed, the end of inſuring is leſs answered by the latter than the former; for the prudent citizen will not ſet his name to any policy, where the perſon to be inſured is not in perfect health; while the merchants at St. James's, who inſure by means of bets inſtead of policies, will pay you any ſum whatſoever, if a man dies that is run through the body, ſhot through the head, or has tumbled off his chair in an apoplexy; for as there are perſons who will lay on either ſide, he who wants to inſure need only chooſe that which answers his purpoſe. And as to the dealings of theſe merchants of faſhion in annuities upon lives, we often hear that one ſells his whole eſtate, for his life, to another; and there is no other form of conveyance uſed between the buyer and ſeller, than by ſhuffling a pack of cards, or throwing a pair of dice; but I cannot look upon this ſort of traffic in any other light than that, when a condemned felon ſells his own body to a ſurgeon to be anatomized.

After

After all, there is no branch of trade that is usually extended so far, and has such a variety in it, as gaming; whether we consider it as carried on by cards, dice, horse-racing, pitting, betting, &c. &c. &c. These merchants deal in very various commodities, and do not seem to be very anxious in general about any difference in value, when they are striking a bargain: for, though some expect ready money for ready money when they play, as they would blood for blood in a duel, many, very many, part with their ready money to those who deal upon trust, nay oftentimes to those who are known to be incapable of paying. Sometimes I have seen a gentleman bet his gold with a lady who has earrings, bracelets, and other diamonds to answer her stake; but I have much oftener seen a lady play against a roll of guineas, with nothing but her virtue to part with to preserve her honour if she lost. The markets, in which the multiplicity of businesses of this kind is transacted, are very many, and are chiefly appropriated to that end and no other, such as routs, assemblies, Arthur's, Newmarket, and the courses in every county. Where these merchants trade in ready money only, or in bank-notes, I consider them as bankers of quality; where, in ready money against trust, and notes of hand of persons that are but little able to pay, they must be broken merchants: and whoever plays with money against a lady's jewels, should, in my mind, hang out the Three Blue Balls in a private alley; and the lady who stakes her virtue for gold, should take the house of a late venerable matron in the Piazza, to carry on her trade in that place.

But it is with pleasure I see our merchants of quality neglecting several branches of trade that have been carried on with success, and in which great fortunes have been raised in former times by some of their ancestors. What immense sums have, we know, been got by some great men in the smuggling trade! And we have heard of large profits being made by the sale of commissions in the army and navy; by procuring places and pensions; and vast sums received for quartering a lord's sister, nephew, or natural son on any one who holds a profitable post under the government. Smuggling, surely, should be left to our good friends on the shores of Kent and Sussex; and I think, he who sells commissions in the navy or army, the free-gifts of the prince, should suffer like a deserter,

or be keel-hauled to death under a first-rate man of war; and he who, like a Turkish vizier, levies contributions on those who hold poits and places under his master, should, like him, be squeezed in his turn, till the sponge is dry, and then bow-stringed for the good of the people.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thonster.

§ 134. On Pedantry.

Sir,

It is the least symptom of learning, or the least show more than your footman, is become an offence against the rules of politeness, and is branded with the name of pedantry and ill-breeding. The very word of a Roman or a Grecian name, is a hard name, as the ladies call it, though their own perhaps are harder by half, is enough to disconcert the temper of a dozen countesses, and to strike a whole assembly of fine gentlemen dumb with amazement.

This squeamishness of theirs is owing to their aversion to pedantry, which they understand to be a sort of muteness that can only be contracted in a reclusive and a studious life, and a foible peculiar to men of letters. But if a strong attachment to a particular subject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerness to introduce that subject upon all occasions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it without either wit or discretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as they certainly are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned; and St. James's itself may boast of producing as arrant pedants as were ever sent forth from a college.

I know a woman of fashion who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who observes from morning to noon that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night that it spits, that it mists, that it is set in for a wet evening; and, being incapable of any other discourse, is as insipid a companion, and just as pedantic, as he who quotes Aristotle over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

A gentleman of my acquaintance is a constant attendant upon parliamentary business, and I have heard him entertain a large circle, by the hour, with the speculations that were made in a debate upon mumi and perry. He has a wonderful memory, and a kind of oratorical tune in his recitation, that serves him instead of an emphasis. By those means he has acquired the reputation

ation of having a deal to say for himself; but as it consists entirely of what others have said for themselves before him, and if he should be deaf during the sessions, he would certainly be dumb in the intervals, I must needs set him down for a pedant.

But the most troublesome, as well as most dangerous character of this sort that I am so unhappy as to be connected with, is a stripling who spends his whole life in a fencing-school. This athletic young pedant is, indeed, a most formidable creature; his whole conversation lies in *Quart* and *Tierce*; if you meet him in the street, he salutes you in the gymnastic manner, throws himself back upon his left hip, levels his cane at the pit of your stomach, and looks as fierce as a prize-fighter. In the midst of a discourse upon politics, he starts from the table on a sudden, and splits himself into a monstrous lounge against the wainscot; immediately he puts a foil into your hand, insists upon teaching you his murdering thrust, and if, in the course of his instructions, he pushes out an eye or a fore-tooth, he tells you, that you *slapp'd your point, or dropp'd your wrist*, and imputes all the mischief to the awkwardness of his pupil.

The musical pedant, who, instead of attending to the discourse, diverts himself with humming an air, or, if he speaks, expresses himself in the language of the orchestra; the Newmarket pedant, who has no knowledge but what he gathers upon the turf: the female pedant, who is an adept in nothing but the patterns of silks and lounces; and the coffee-house pedant, whose whole erudition lies within the margin of a newspaper, are nuisances so extremely common, that it is almost unnecessary to mention them. Yet, pedants as they are, they shelter themselves under the fashionableness of their foible, and, with all the properties of the character, generally escape the imputation of it. In my opinion, however, they deserve our censure more than the merest book-worm imaginable. The man of letters is usually confined to his study, and having but little pleasure in conversing with men of the world, does not often intrude himself into their company: these unlearned pedants, on the contrary, are to be met with every where; they have nothing to do but to run about and be troublesome, and are universally the bane of agreeable conversation. I am, Sir, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 135. *A Sunday in the Country.*

Sir, Aug. 8, 1761.

As life is so short, you will agree with me, that we cannot afford to lose any of that precious time, every moment of which should be employed in such gratifications as are suitable to our stations and dispositions. For this reason we cannot but lament, that the year should be curtailed of almost a seventh part, and that, out of three hundred and sixty-five days, fifty-two of them should be allotted, with respect to many persons, to dullness and insipidity. You will easily conceive, that, by what I have said, I allude to that enemy to all mirth and gaiety, Sunday, whose impudent intrusion puts a check on our amusements, and casts a gloom over our cheerful thoughts. Persons, indeed, of high fashion regard it no more than the other part of the week, and would no more be restrained from their pleasures on this day, than they would keep fast on a fast-day; but others, who have the same taste and spirit, though less fortunes, are constrained, in order to save appearances, to debar themselves of every amusement except that of going to church, which they can only enjoy in common with the vulgar. The vulgar, it is true, have the happy privilege of converting this holy-day into a day of extraordinary festivity; and the mechanic is allowed to get drunk on this day, if on no other, because he has nothing else to do. It is true, that the citizen on this day gets loose from his counter, to which he had been fastened all the rest of the week like a bad shilling, and riots in the luxuries of Islington or Mile-end. But what shall be said of those who have no business to follow but the bent of their inclinations? on whose hands, indeed, all the days of their life would hang as heavy as Sundays, if they were not enlivened by the dear variety of amusements and diversions. How can a woman of any spirit pass her time on this dismal day, when the play-house, and Vauxhall, and Ranelagh, are shut, and no places of public meeting are open, but the churches? I talk not of those in higher life, who are so much above the world, that they are out of the reach of its censures; I mean those who are confined in a narrower sphere, so as to be obliged to pay some regard to reputation. But if people in town have reason to complain of this weekly bar put upon their pleasures, how unhappy must they be who are immured in the old mansion-house in the country, and cloistered

cloistered up (as it were) in a nunnery? This is my hard case: my aunt, who is a woman of the last age, took me down with her this summer to her house in Northamptonshire; nor shall I be released from my prison till the time of the coronation, which will be as joyful to me as the act of grace to an insolvent debtor. My time, however, is spent agreeably enough, as far as any thing can be agreeable in the country, as we live in a good neighbourhood, see a good deal of company, pay a good many visits, and are near enough Astrop-Wells for me to play at cards at all the public breakfastings, and to dance at the assemblies. But, as I told you, my aunt is an old-fashioned lady, and has got queer notions of I know not what. I dread nothing so much as the coming round of Sunday, which is sure to prove, to me at least, a day of penance and mortification. In the morning we are dragged, in the old family coach, to the parish church, not a stone's throw off the house, for grandeur-sake; and, though I dress me ever so gay, the ignorant bumpkins take no more notice of me than they do of my aunt, who is muffled up to the chin. At dinner we never see a creature but the parson, who never fails coming for his customary fee of roast-beef and plum-pudding; in the afternoon the same dull work of church-going is repeated; and the evening is as melancholy as it is to a criminal who is to be executed the next morning. When I first came down, I proposed playing a game at whist, and invited the doctor to make a fourth; but my aunt looked upon the very mention of it as an abomination. I thought there could be no harm in a little innocent music; and therefore, one morning, while she was getting ready for church, I began to tune my guitar, the sound of which quickly brought her down stairs, and she vowed she would break it all to pieces, if I was so wicked as to touch it; though I offered to compromise the matter with her, by playing nothing but psalm-tunes to please her. I hate reading any thing, but especially good books, as my aunt calls them, which are dull at any time, but much duller on a Sunday; yet my aunt wonders I will not employ myself, when I have nothing to do, in reading Nelson on the Feasts and Fasts, or a chapter in the Bible. You must know, that the day I write this on is Sunday; and it happens to be so very rainy, that my aunt is afraid to venture herself in the damp church, for fear of increasing her rheu-

matism; she has therefore put on her spectacles, ordered the great family-bible into the hall, and is going to read prayers herself to the servants. I excused myself from being present, by pretending an head-ach, and stole into my closet in order to divert myself in writing to you. How I shall be able to go through the rest of the day, I know not; as the rain, I believe, will not suffer us to stir out, and we shall sit moping and yawning at one another, and looking stupidly at the rain out of the Gothic window in the little parlour, like the clean and unclean beasts in Noah's ark. It is said, that the gloomy weather in November induces Englishmen commonly to make away with themselves; and, indeed, considering the weather, and all together, I believe I shall be tempted to drown myself at once in the pond before the door, or fairly tuck myself up in my own garters.

I am your very humble servant,

DOROTHY THURSDAY.

B. Thornion.

§ 136. *On the Militia.*

Sir,

Aug. 9, 1761.

The weather here in England is as unsettled and variable as the tempers of the people; nor can you judge, from the appearance of the sky, whether it will rain or hold up for a moment together, any more than you can tell by the face of a man, whether he will lour in a frown, or clear up in a smile. An unexpected shower has obliged me to turn into the first inn; and I think I may even as well pass my time in writing for your paper, especially as I have nothing else to do, having examined all the prints in the room, read over all the rhymes, and admired all the *Dear Misses* and *Charming Misses* on the window-panes.

As I had the honour to pay my shilling at the ordinary in this town with some of the officers of the militia, I am enabled to send you a few thoughts on that subject. With respect to the common men, it will be sufficient to observe, that in many military practices, no body of regulars can possibly exceed them. Their prowess in marauding is unquestionable; as they are sure to take prisoners whatever stragglers they meet with on their march, such as geese, turkeys, chickens, &c. and have been often known to make a perfect desert of a farmer's yard. By the by, it is possibly on this account, that a turkey bear so great an antipathy to the colour of red. These fellows are, indeed, so intrepid, that

they will attack any convoy of provisions that falls in their way; and my landlord assures me, that as soon as they come into a town, they immediately lay close siege to the pantry and kitchen, which they commonly take by storm, and never give any quarter; as also, that they are excellent miners, in working their way into the cellar.

I little imagined that I should have met with my old university acquaintance *Jack Five Bar* in this part of the country, as I could not but think we had been at least two hundred miles asunder. Indeed I did not know him at his first accosting me, as he approached slowly to me with a distantly familiar air, and a sliding bow forward, and a "Sir, your most humble servant," instead of springing upon me like a greyhound, and clapping me on the shoulder like a bailiff, squeezing my four fingers in his rough palm, like a nut-cracker, and then whirling my arm to and fro, like the handle of a great pump, with a blunt "How dost do?—I am glad to see thee"—and an hearty *Damne* at the beginning and end of it. Jack, you must know, by being a militia captain, is become a fine gentleman; so fine a one, indeed, that he affects to despise what he never knew, and asked me, if I had not, as well as himself, forgot all my *Greek*.

It is true, that my friend Jack (I beg his honour's pardon, I should say captain) has had the advantage of an Oxford education; and therefore it is not wonderful, that he has been worked, kneaded, moulded, fine-drawn, and polished into a better kind of pipe-makers clay than the clods of which some of his brother officers were composed. Yet these, I found, had in some measure cast their slough, and put on the martial gentility with the dress: such are the surprizing effects of a red coat, that it immediately dubs a man a gentleman; as, for instance, every private man in his majesty's foot-guards is dignified with the title of gentleman-soldier.

To the honour of the militia be it spoken, their officers have made noble advances in the military arts, and are become as great proficient in them as any of the regulars; I mean those arts particularly, which will render them an ornament to their country in the time of peace. First then, with respect to dress and politeness of behaviour. The red coat, the cockade, the shoulder-knot, and the sword, have metamorphosed our plain country 'squires into as arrant beaux as any on the parade.

The short jerkin, striped waistcoat, leather breeches, and livery of the hunt, are exchanged for an elegant laced uniform; the bob-wig has sprouted to a queue; the boots are cast off for silk stockings and turned pumps; and the long whip has given place to a gold-hilted sword, with a flaming sword-knot. They have reconciled themselves to ruffles, and can make a bow, and come into a room with a good grace. With these accomplishments, our bumkins have been enabled to shine at country assemblies; though it must be confessed, that these grown gentlemen stand somewhat in need of Mr. Duke's instructions. Some of them have also carried their politeness so far as to decide a point of honour with their swords; and at the last town I passed through, I was told, there had been a duel between a militia officer and the surgeon of the place, when the former being pricked in the sword-arm, his antagonist directly pulled out his salve-box, and kindly dressed the wound upon the field of battle.

Another necessary qualification of a soldier is, cursing and swearing; in which exercise, I assure you, our militia gentry are very expert. It is true, they had had some practice in it before they left their native fields, but were not disciplined in discharging their oaths with right military grace. A common fellow may swear indeed like a trooper, as any one may let off a gun, or push with a sword; but to do it with a good air, is to be learned only in a camp. This practice, I suppose, was introduced among our regiments, and tolerated by the chaplains, that it might familiarize them to the most shocking circumstances: for, after they have intrepidly damned one another's eyes, limbs, blood, bodies, souls, and even their own, they must certainly be fearless of any harm that can happen to them.

Drinking is another absolute requisite in the character of a good officer; and in this our militia are not at all deficient. Indeed they are kept to such constant duty in this exercise, that they cannot fail of being very expert at it. No veterans in the service can charge their glasses in better order, or discharge them more regularly at the word of command. By the way, this is the only duty that is expected from the chaplain; and he is commonly as ready to perform it as any of the corps.

Intrigue is as essential to a soldier as his regimentals; you will therefore imagine

gine the militia do not fall short of the regulars in this military accomplishment. Every woman is regarded by them as lawful plunder; some they besiege by secret sap and undermining, and some they take by assault. It has been frequently a practice in the most civilized armies, whenever they storm a town, not only to cut the throats of the men, but to ravish the women; and it is from this example, I suppose, that our officers think it an indispensable branch of their duty to debauch the wives and sisters of the inhabitants wherever they are quartered; or perhaps, considering the great loss of men we have sustained by sea and land, they are desirous of filling up the chasm, and providing recruits for a future war.

The last circumstance which I shall mention, as highly necessary in an officer, is, the spirit of gaming. The militia-officer was undoubtedly possessed of this spirit in some degree before, and would back his own horses on the turf, or his own cocks in a main, or bye-battle; but he never thought of risking his whole patrimony on a single card, or the turn of a die. Some of them have suffered more by a peaceful summer's campaign, than if their estates had been over-run, pillaged, and laid waste by the invader: and what does it signify, whether the timber is cut down and destroyed by the enemy, or sold to satisfy a debt of honour to a sharper?

But—the rain is over, and I am glad of it—as I was growing serious, contrary to my usual humour. I have ordered my horse out—and have some miles to ride—to no more at present from

Your constant correspondent, &c.
B. Thornton.

§ 137. *On going to Bath, Tunbridge, and other Watering-places, in the Summer.*

Nunc est bibendum. Sadlers-Wells.

It has long been a doubt with me, whether his majesty loses more subjects in the year by water or by spirituous liquors: I mean, I cannot determine within myself, whether Bath, Tunbridge, Scarborough, &c. &c. do less harm to the constitutions of my fellow-creatures, than brandy, gin, or even British spirits. I own, nothing gives me more surprise in the practice of the learned in Warwick-lane, than their almost unanimously concurring in ducking their patients in the sea, or drenching them with salt, steel, or sulphureous

water, be their distemper what it may. If a man has a dropsy, they will not hesitate to give gallons of this element, as they do not scruple to give the strongest cordials sometimes in the most violent fever.

Though the faculty seem to agree, one and all, that every patient should visit some watering-place or other in the summer, I do not find they are settled in their opinions, what particular waters suit particular disorders. I have visited them all for my amusement; and upon conversing with the invalids in each place, I have found, to my great surprise, in Bath, Tunbridge, Bristol, and Brighthelmstone, many persons drinking the waters for the gout, bilious cholics, or weak nerves, as if the same effects could be produced by steel, salt, and sulphur; nay, a gentleman of my acquaintance was sent by different physicians to different places, though they were all agreed about the nature of his case. I verily believe, if a man would consult every physician in the kingdom, he would visit every sink in the whole island; for there is not an hole or bottom in any county, that has not its salutary spring; and every spring has its physician to prove, in a long pamphlet of hard words, that those waters are superior to any other, and that any patient, in any disorder whatever, may be sure of relief. In short, we seem to have a second deluge, not by the wickedness, but the folly of the people, and every one is taking as much pains to perish in it as Noah and his family did to escape it.

The present thirst after this element, which the physicians have created, makes it necessary for them to send their patients to some waters in vogue; but the choice being left to the doctor, he is determined in it by various circumstances: sometimes the patient is sent where the best advice and assistance may be had, in case the distemper should increase; sometimes where the physician of the place is a cousin or a pupil of the physician in town; sometimes where the doctor has an estate in the neighbourhood; and I have more than once known a patient sent to a place, for no other reason, but because the doctor was born within four miles of it.

I cannot easily suggest to myself any reason, why physicians in London are fond of sending their patients to waters at the greatest distance, whilst the country practitioners generally recommend the springs in their neighbourhood. I cannot come into the notion that prevails among many persons, that

that some of the faculty in London divide the fees with those they recommend in the country, like the lawyers who deal in agency; but I am induced to think that, as they are conscious the waters are out of the case, they hope the exercise and change of air in a long journey will lay the groundwork of that cure, which the temperance and dissipation prescribed by the doctor may possibly perform: on this account they decline sending their patients to Saddlers-Wells, Powis-Wells, Pancras-Wells, Acton-Wells, Bagnigge-Wells, the Dog and Duck, or Islington-Spa, which are as salutary as those of Bath or Tunbridge for patients who live at a distance, and who can receive no benefit from the wells and spas in their neighbourhood.

Another circumstance confirms me in the opinion, that the waters of any spa do nothing more towards the cure than what is to be had from any pump whatsoever. I never found the inhabitants of the place appear at the springs and wells with the company of foreigners; and I have seen many invalids among them complaining of cholics, asthma, gouts, &c. as much as the visitors of the place: and if it is said, that many who come to Bath on crutches go away without them, I have seen, more than once, those very crutches supporting some miserable cripple of the town.

It may be urged, that many cures have been performed at these public places; but whether they are to be attributed to the waters, or the air, exercise, and temperance prescribed by the doctor, will appear from the following story.

An honest country baker having, by his close and anxious application to business in the day-time, and a very constant attendance at the Three Horse-shoes at night, contracted a distemper that is best understood by the names of the Hip or the Horrors, was so very miserable, that he had made two attempts upon his own life; at length, by the persuasion of his friends, he applied to a physician in the neighbourhood for advice; the doctor (I suppose a quack, by the low fee which he demanded) told him, he would cure him in a month, if he would follow his directions; but he expected, in the mean time, a new quartern loaf whenever he should send for it. In return for the first quartern, he sent a box of pills, with directions for the baker to take three at six in the morning fasting, after which to walk four miles; to take the same number at six in the evening, and to walk the like num-

ber of miles: to repeat the same number of pills at eight, and to work them off with a pint of ale, without the use of his pipe, and the like number at ten o'clock, going to bed. The baker kept his word with the doctor, and the doctor kept his with the patient; for, at the end of the month, the honest fellow was in as good health, and enjoyed as high spirits, as when he was a boy. The cheapness of his cure induced the baker to enquire of his doctor, by what wonderful medicine so speedy and perfect a cure had been effected. The doctor, which is another proof of his not being regularly bred, told him, the pills were made of his own loaf covered with gold leaf; and added, if he would take the same medicine, and follow the same directions, whenever his relapsing into his former course of life should bring on the like disorder, he might be sure of as speedy and effectual a cure.

I should, however, want gratitude, as well as candour, if I did not acknowledge a very lasting obligation I lie under to Tunbridge-waters: my wife and I had lamented, for two or three years, that the very good estate which I enjoyed would, probably, after my death, go into another family, for want of an heir in my own. My wife was advised to go to Tunbridge, and to drink the waters for eight or nine months: we were very much grieved to part for so long a time; but such has been our amazing success, that the dear creature returned to me, at the end of half a year, four months gone with child.

B. Thornton.

§ 138. *The faint-hearted Lover.*

Sir,

I do not doubt but every one of your readers will be able to judge of my case, as, without question, every one of them either has been, or is at present, as much in love as your humble servant. You must know, Sir, I am the very Mr. *Faint-heart* described in the proverb, who *never won fair lady*: for though I have paid my addresses to several of the sex, I have gone about it in so meek and pitiful a manner, that it might fairly be a question, whether I was in earnest. One of my Dulcineas was taken, as we catch mackerel, by a bit of scarlet; another was seduced from me by a suit of embroidery; and another surrendered, at the first attack, to the long sword of an Irishman. My present suit and service is paid to a certain lady who is as fearful of receiving any tokens of my affection as I am of offering them. I am only permitted

to admire her at a distance; an ogle or a leer are all the advances I dare make; if I move but a finger it puts her all in a sweat; and, like the sensitive plant, she would shrink and die away at a touch. During our long courtship I never offered to salute her but once; and then she made such a wriggling with her body, such a struggling with her arms, and such a tossing and twirling of her head to and fro, that, instead of touching her lips, I was nearly in danger of carrying off the tip of her nose. I even dared at another time to take her round the waist; but she bounced away from me, and screamed out as if I had actually been going to commit a rape upon her. I also once plucked up courage sufficient to attempt squeezing her by the hand, but she resisted my attack by so close a clench of her fist, that my grasp was prevented with nothing but sharp-pointed knuckles, and a long thumb-nail; and I was directly after saluted with a violent stroke on my jaw-bone. If I walk out with her, I use all my endeavours to keep close at her side; but she whisks away from me as though I had some catching distemper about me: if there are but three of us, she eludes my design by skipping sometimes on one side and sometimes on t'other as I approach her; but when there are more of us in company, she takes care to be sheltered from me by placing herself the very midmost of the rank. If we ride in a coach together, I am not only debarred from sitting on the same side, but I must be seated on the furthest corner of the seat opposite to her, that our knees may not meet. We are as much at distance from one another at dinner, as if we were really man and wife, whom custom has directed to be kept under the whole length of the table; and when we drink tea, she would sooner run the risk of having the contents spilt over her, than take the cup and saucer from me any nearer than at both our arms length. If I mention a syllable that in the least borders upon love, she immediately reddens at it as much as if I had let drop a loose or indecent expression; and when I desire to have a little private conversation with her, she wonders at my impudence, to think that she could trust herself with a man alone. In short, Sir, I begin to despair of ever coming to close contact with her: but what is still more provoking, though she keeps me at so respectful a distance, she tamely permits a stripping fellow of the guards to pat her on the cheek, play with her hand, and even approach her lips, and that too in my pre-

sence. If you, or any of your readers, can advise me what to do in this case, it will be a lasting obligation conferred on

Your very humble servant

TIMOTHY MILDMAN.

B. Thormion.

§ 139. *A circumstantial Detail of every Particular that passed at the Coronation.*

[In a Letter from a Gentleman to his Friend in the Country.]

Dear Sir,

Though I regret leaving you so soon, especially as the weather has since proved so fine, that it makes me long to be with you in the country, yet I honestly confess, that I am heartily glad I came to town as I did. As I have seen it, I declare I would not have missed the sight upon any consideration. The friendship of Mr. Rolles, who procured me a pass-ticket, as they call it, enabled me to be present both in the Hall and the Abbey; and as to the procession out of doors, I had a fine view of it from a one-pair of stairs room, which your neighbour, Sir Edward, had hired, at the small price of one hundred guineas, on purpose to oblige his acquaintance. I wish you had been with me; but as you have been deprived of a sight, which probably very few that were present will ever see again, I will endeavour to describe it to you as minutely as I can, while the circumstances are fresh in my memory, though my description must fall very short of the reality. First, then, conceive to yourself the fronts of the houses, in all the streets that could command the least point of view, lined with scaffolding, like so many galleries or boxes raised one above another to the very roofs. These were covered with carpets and cloths of different colours, which presented a pleasing variety to the eye; and if you consider the brilliant appearance of the spectators who were seated in them (many being richly dressed) you will easily imagine that this was no indifferent part of the show. The mob underneath made a pretty contrast to the rest of the company. Add to this, that though we had nothing but wet and cloudy weather for some time before, the day cleared up, and the sun shone auspiciously, as it were in compliment to the grand festival. The platform, on account of the uncertainty of the weather, had a shelving roof, which was covered with a kind of sail-cloth; but near the place where I was, an honest Jack Tar climbed up to the top and stripped off the covering, which

which gave us not only a more extensive view, but let the light in upon every part of the procession. I should tell you, that a rank of foot soldiers was placed on each side within the platform; and it was not a little surprising to see the officers familiarly conversing and walking arm and arm with many of them, till we were let into the secret, that they were gentlemen who had put on the dresses of common soldiers, for what purpose I need not mention. On the outside were stationed; at proper distances, several parties of horse-guards, whose horses, indeed, somewhat incommoded the people, that pressed incessantly upon them, by their prancing and capering; though, luckily, I do not hear of any great mischief being done. I must confess, it gave me much pain, to see the soldiers, both horse and foot, most unmercifully belabouring the heads of the mob with their broad-swords, bayonets, and musquets; but it was not unpleasant to observe several tipping the horse-soldiers slyly from time to time (some with half-pence, and some with silver, as they could muster up the cash) to let them pass between the horses to get nearer the platform; after which these unconscionable gentry drove them back again. As soon as it was day-break (for I chose to go to my place over-night) we were diverted with seeing the coaches and chairs of the nobility and gentry passing along with much ado; and several persons, very richly dressed, were obliged to quit their equipages, and be escorted by the soldiers through the mob to their respective places. Several carriages, I am told, received great damage; Mr. Jennings, whom you know, had his chariot broke to pieces; but providentially neither he nor Mrs. Jennings, who were in it, received any hurt.

Their majesties (to the shame of those he it spoken who were not so punctual) came in their chairs from St. James's through the Park to Westminster about nine o'clock. The king went into a room which they call the Court of Wards, and the queen into that belonging to the gentleman-usher of the black-rod. The nobility and others, who were to walk in the procession, were mustered and ranged by the officers of arms in the Court of Requests, Painted Chamber, and House of Lords, from whence the cavalcade was conducted into Westminster-hall. As you know all the avenues and places about the Hall, you will not be at a loss to understand me. My pass-ticket would have been of no service, if I had not

prevailed on one of the guards, by the irresistible argument of half-a-crown, to make way for me through the mob to the Hall-gate, where I got admittance just as their majesties were seated at the upper end, under magnificent canopies. Her majesty's chair was on the left hand of his majesty; and they were attended by the great chamberlain, lord high constable, earl marshal, and other great officers. Four swords, I observed, and as many spurs, were presented in form, and then placed upon a table before the king.

There was a neglect, it seems, somewhere, in not sending for the dean and prebendaries of Westminster, &c. who, not finding themselves summoned, came of their own accord, preceded by the choristers, singers, &c. among whom was your favourite, as indeed he is of every one, Mr. Beard. The Hall-gate was now thrown open to admit this lesser procession from the Abbey, when the bishop of Rochester (that is, the dean) and his attendants brought the Bible and the following regalia of the king, *viz.* St. Edward's crown, rested on a cushion of gold cloth, the orb with the cross, a sceptre with the dove on the top, another tipped with a cross, and what they call St. Edward's staff. The queen's regalia were brought at the same time, *viz.* her crown upon a cushion, a sceptre with a cross, and a rod of ivory with a dove. These were severally laid before their majesties, and afterwards delivered to the respective officers who were to bear them in the procession.

Considering the length of the cavalcade, and the numbers that were to walk, it is no wonder that there should be much confusion in marshalling the ranks. At last, however, every thing was regularly adjusted, and the procession began to quit the Hall between eleven and twelve. The platform leading to the west door of the Abbey was covered with blue baize for the train to walk on; but there seemed to me a defect in not covering the upright posts that supported the awning, as it is called (for they looked mean and naked) with that or some other coloured cloth. As I carry you along, I shall wave mentioning the minute particulars of the procession, and only observe that the nobility walked two by two. Being willing to see the procession pass along the platform through the streets, I hastened from the Hall, and by the assistance of a soldier made my way to my former station at the corner of Bridge-street, where the windows commanded

commanded a double view at the turning. I shall not attempt to describe the splendor and magnificence of the whole; and words must fall short of that innate joy and satisfaction which the spectators felt and expressed, especially as their majesties passed by; on whose countenances a dignity suited to their station, tempered with the most amiable complacency, was sensibly impressed. It was observable, that as their majesties and the nobility passed the corner which commanded a prospect of Westminster-bridge, they stopped short, and turned back to look at the people, whose appearance, as they all had their hats off, and were thick planted on the ground, which rose gradually, I can compare to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

I had the misfortune not to be able to get to the Abbey time enough to see all that passed there; nor, indeed, when I got in, could I have so distinct a view as I could have wished. But our friend Harry Whitaker had the luck to be stationed in the first row of the gallery behind the seats allotted for the nobility, close to the square platform which was erected by the altar, with an ascent of three steps, for their majesties to be crowned on. You are obliged to him, therefore, for several particulars which I could not otherwise have informed you of. He tells me, as soon as their majesties entered the church, the choir struck up with an anthem; and, after they were seated, and the usual recognition and oblations were made, the litany was chanted by the bishops of Chester and Chichester, and the responses made by the whole choir, accompanied by the whole band of music. Then the first part of the communion-service was read; after which a sermon was preached by the bishop of Salisbury, now archbishop of York. I was not near enough to hear it, nor, perhaps you will say, did I much desire it; but, by my watch, it lasted only fifteen minutes. This done, Harry says he saw very distinctly his majesty subscribe the declaration, and take the coronation oath, the solemnity of which struck him with an unspeakable awe and reverence; and he could not help reflecting on the glorious privilege which the English enjoy, of binding their kings by the most sacred ties of conscience and religion. The king was then anointed by his grace of Canterbury on the crown of his head, his breast, and the palms of his hands; after which he was presented with the spurs, and girt with the sword, and was then in-

vested with the coronation-robcs, the armills, as they are called, and the imperial pall. The orb with the cross was also presented, and the ring was put upon the fourth finger of his majesty's right hand by the archbishop, who then delivered the sceptre with the cross, and the other with the dove; and being assisted by several bishops, he lustily placed the crown reverently upon his majesty's head. A profound awful silence had reigned till this moment, when, at the very instant the crown was let fall on the king's head, a fellow having been placed on the top of the Abbey-dome, from whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropt as a signal; the Park and Tower guns began to fire, the trumpets sounded, and the Abbey echoed with the repeated shouts and acclamations of the people. The peers, who before this time had their coronets in their hands, now put them on, as the bishops did their caps, and the representatives of the dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy their hats. The knights of the Bath in particular made a most splendid figure, when they put on their caps, which were adorned with large plumes of white feathers. It is to be observed, that there were no commoners knights of the Garter; consequently, instead of caps and vestments peculiar to their order, they, being all peers, wore the robes and coronets of their respective ranks. I should mention, that the kings of arms also put on coronets.

Silence again assumed her reign, and the shouts ceasing, the archbishop proceeded with the rest of the divine service; and after he had presented the Bible to his majesty, and solemnly read the benedictions, his majesty kissed the archbishops and bishops one after another as they knelt before him. The *Te Deum* was now performed, and this being ended, his majesty was elevated on a superb throne, which all the peers approached in their order, and did their homages.

The coronation of the queen was performed in nearly the same manner with that of his majesty; the archbishop anointed her with the holy oil on the head and breast, and after he had put the crown upon her head, it was a signal for princess Augusta and the peeresses to put on their coronets. Her majesty then received the sceptre with the cross, and the ivory rod with the dove, and was conducted to a magnificent throne on the left hand of his majesty.

I cannot

I cannot but lament that I was not near enough to observe their majesties going through the most serious and solemn acts of devotion; but I am told, that the reverent attention which both paid, when (after having made their second oblations) the next ceremony was, their receiving the holy communion, it brought to the mind of every one near them, a proper recollection of the consecrated place in which they were. Prayers being over, the king and queen retired into St. Edward's chapel, just behind the altar. You must remember it—it is where the superstition of the Roman Catholics has robbed the tomb of that royal confessor of some of its precious ornaments; here their majesties received each of them a crown of state, as it is called, and a procession was made in the same manner as before, except in some trifling instances, back again to Westminster-hall, all wearing their coronets, caps, &c. You know I have often said, that if one loses an hour in the morning, one may ride after it the whole day without being able to overtake it. This was the case in the present instance; for, to whatever causes it might be owing, the procession most assuredly set off too late: besides, according to what Harry observed, there were such long pauses between some of the ceremonies in the Abbey, as plainly shewed all the actors were not perfect in their parts. However it be, it is impossible to conceive the chagrin and disappointment which the late return of the procession occasioned; it being so late indeed, that the spectators, even in the open air, had but a very dim and gloomy view of it, while to those who had sat patiently in Westminster-hall, waiting its return for six hours, scarce a glimpse of it appeared, as the branches were not lighted till just upon his majesty's entrance. I had flattered myself that a new scene of splendid grandeur would have been presented to us in the return of the procession, from the reflection of the lights, &c. and had therefore posted back to the Hall with all possible expedition: but not even the brilliancy of the ladies' jewels, or the greater lustre of their eyes, had the power to render our *darkness visible*; the whole was confusion, irregularity, and disorder.

However, we were afterwards amply recompensed for this partial eclipse by the bright picture which the lighting of the chandeliers presented to us. Your unlucky law-suit has made you too well acquainted

with Westminster-hall for me to think of describing it to you; but I assure you the face of it was greatly altered from what it was when you attended to hear the verdict given against you. Instead of the enclosures for the courts of Chancery and King's Bench at the upper end, which were both removed, a platform was raised with several ascents of steps, where their majesties in their chairs of state, and the royal family, sat at table. On each side, down the whole length of the Hall, the rest of the company were seated at long tables, in the middle of which were placed, on elevations painted to represent marble, the deserts, &c. Conceive to yourself, if you can conceive, what I own I am at a loss to describe, so magnificent a building as that of Westminster-hall, lighted up with near three thousand wax-candles in most splendid branches; our crowned heads, and almost the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, most superbly arrayed, and adorned with a profusion of the most brilliant jewels; the galleries on every side crowded with company for the most part elegantly and richly dressed: but to conceive it in all its lustre, I am conscious that it is absolutely necessary one must have been present. To proceed in my narration—Their majesties table was served with three courses, at the first of which earl Talbot, as steward of his majesty's household, rode up from the Hall-gate to the steps leading to where their majesties sat; and on his returning the spectators were presented with an unexpected sight, in his lordship's backing his horse, that he might keep his face still towards the king. A loud clapping and huzzing consequently ensued from the people present. The ceremony of the champion, you may remember we laughed at, at its representation last winter; but I assure you it had a very serious effect on those ladies who were near him (though his horse was very gentle) as he came up, accompanied by lord Effingham as earl-marshal, and the duke of Bedford as lord high-constable, likewise on horseback: it is needless to repeat what passed on this occasion. I am told, that the horse which the champion rode was the same that his late majesty was mounted on at the glorious and memorable battle of Dettingen. The beast, as well as the rider, had his head adorned with a plume of white, red, and blue feathers.

You cannot expect that I should give you a bill of fare, or enumerate the number

ber of dishes that were provided and sent from the temporary kitchens erected in Cotton-garden for this purpose. No less than sixty haunches of venison, with a surprising quantity of all sorts of game, were laid in for this grand feast: but that which chiefly attracted our eyes, was their majesties desert, in which the confectioner had lavished all his ingenuity in rock-work and emblematical figures. The other deserts were no less admirable for their expressive devices. But I must not forget to tell you, that when the company came to be seated, the poor knights of the Bath had been overlooked, and no table provided for them: an airy apology, however, was served up to them instead of a substantial dinner; but the two junior knights, in order to preserve their rank of precedency to their successors, were placed at the head of the judges table, above all the learned brethren of the coif. The peers were placed on the outermost side of the tables, and the peeresses within, nearest to the walls. You cannot suppose that there was the greatest order imaginable observed during the dinner, but must conclude, that some of the company were as eager and impatient to satisfy the craving of their appetites as any of your country 'quires at a race or affize ordinary.

It was pleasant to see the various stratagems made use of by the company in the galleries to come in for a snack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine; nay, even garters (I will not say of a different sex) were united for the same purpose. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets with them, which were let down, like the prisoners boxes at Ludgate or the Gate-house, with a *Pray, remember the poor*.

You will think it high time that I should bring this long letter to a conclusion. Let it suffice then to acquaint you, that their majesties returned to St. James's a little after ten o'clock at night; but they were pleased to give time for the peeresses to go first, that they might not be incommoded by the pressure of the mob to see their majesties. After the nobility were departed, the illustrious *mobility* were (according to custom) admitted into the Hall, which they presently cleared of all the moveables, such as the victuals, cloths, plates, dishes, &c. and, in short, every thing that could stick to their fingers.

I need not tell you, that several coronation medals, in silver, were thrown among the populace at the return of the procession. One of them was pitched into Mrs. Dixon's lap, as she sat upon a scaffold in Palace-yard. Some, it is said, were also thrown among the peeresses in the Abbey just after the king was crowned; but they thought it below their dignity to stoop to pick them up.

My wife desires her compliments to you: she was *buggishly* pleased with the sight. All friends are well, except that little Nancy Green has got a swelled face, by being up all night; and Tom Moffat has his leg laid up on a stool, on account of a broken shin, which he got by a kick from a trooper's horse, as a reward for his mobbing it. I shall say nothing of the illuminations at night: the news-papers must have told you of them, and that the Admiralty in particular was remarkably lighted up. I expect to have from you an account of the rejoicings at your little town; and desire to know whether you was able to get a slice of the ox which was roasted whole on this occasion.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most heartily,

JAMES HEMMING.

P. S. The Princess Dowager of Wales, with the younger branches of the royal family, did not walk in the grand procession, but made up a lesser procession of their own; of which you will find a sufficient account in the public prints. They had a box to see the coronation in the Abbey, and afterwards dined in an apartment by themselves adjoining to the Hall.

Since my writing the above, I have been informed for certain, that the sword of state, by some mistake, being left behind at St. James's, the Lord Mayor's sword was carried before the king by the earl of Huntingdon, in its stead; but when the procession came into the Abbey, the sword of state was found placed upon the altar.

Our friend Harry, who was upon the scaffold, at the return of the procession closed in with the rear; at the expence of half a guinea was admitted into the Hall; got brim-full of his majesty's claret; and, in the universal plunder, brought off the glass her majesty drank in, which is placed in the beaufait as a valuable curiosity.

B. Tharnton.

§ 140. *A Letter from a successful Adventurer in the Lottery.*

Sir,

You will not be at all surpris'd when I tell you, that I have had very ill-luck in the lottery; but you will stare when I further tell you, it is because unluckily I have got a considerable prize in it. I received the glad tidings of my misfortune last Saturday night from your Chronicle, when, on looking over the list of the prizes, as I was got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come up a 2000 l. In the pride as well as joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company—my good luck, as I then foolishly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by insisting that I should treat them that evening. Friends are never so merry, or stay longer, than when they have nothing to pay: they never care too how extravagant they are on such an occasion. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In short, I reeled home as well as I could about four in the morning; when thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me (as usual) for staying out so long, I told her the occasion of it; but instead of rejoicing, as I thought she would, she cried—"Pish, ONLY two thousand pounds!" However, she was at last reconciled to it; taking care to remind me, that she had chosen the ticket herself, and she was all along sure it would come up a prize, because the number was an odd one. We neither of us got a wink of sleep, though I was heartily inclined to it; for my wife kept me awake—by telling me of this, that, and t'other thing which she wanted, and which she would now purchase, as we could afford it.

I know not how the news of my success spread so soon among my other acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one she knew, or not knew, at church. The consequence was, that I had no less than seven very hearty friends came to dine with us by way of wishing us joy; and the number of these hearty friends was increased to above a dozen by supper-time. It is kind in one's friends to be willing to partake of one's success; they made themselves very merry literally at my expence; and, at parting, told me they would bring some more friends, and have another jolly evening with me on this happy occasion.

When they were gone, I made shift to get a little rest, though I was often disturb'd by my wife talking in her sleep. Her head, it seems, literally ran upon wheels, that is, the lottery-wheels; she frequently called out that she had got the ten thousand pounds; she muttered several wild and incoherent expressions about gowns, and ruffles, and ear-rings, and necklaces; and I once heard her mention the word *coach*. In the morning, when I got up, how was I surpris'd to find my good fortune published to all the world in the news-paper! though I could not but smile (and madam was greatly pleas'd) at the printer's exalting me to the dignity of *Esquire*, having been nothing but plain Mr. all my life before. And now the misfortunes arising from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In consequence of the information given in the news-paper, we were no sooner sat down to breakfast than we were complimented with a rat-a-tattoo from the drums, as if we had been just married: after these had been silenced by the usual method, another band of music saluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the same tune. I was harass'd the whole day with petitions from the hospital boys that drew the ticket, the commissioners clerks that wrote down the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket, all of them praying, "That my *Honour* would consider them." I should be glad you would inform me what these people would have given me if I had had a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know, when they should wait upon me to *wet* my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's relations, came in such shoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One insisted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to me to put his little boy (my two-and-fortieth cousin) out 'prentice; another, lately *white-washed*, propos'd to me my setting him up again in business; and several of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving how to dispose of this new acquisition. She found out, in the first place, (according to the complaint of most women) that she had not got a gown to her back, at least not one fit for her *now* to appear in. Her wardrobe

robe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered several chafms in our furniture, especially in the articles of plate and china. She also determined to *see a little pleasure*, as she calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me (though at a great loss) to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuse her because the number was her own choosing: and she has further persuaded me (as we have had such good luck) to lay out a great part of the produce in purchasing more tickets, all of her own choosing. To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find I shall be a looser by my gains: and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a five thousand or ten thousand.

I am
Your very humble servant,
JEFFREY CHANCE.

P. S. I am just going to club—I hope they won't desire me to treat them again.

B. Thornton.

§ 141. *Characters of CAMILLA and FLORA.*

Camilla is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather, she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive; to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence, she is unconscious of any, and this heightens them all: she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light: she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to misguide her; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance.

The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is Camilla melancholy? does she sigh? Every body is affected: they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others seem by a natural impulse to feel her superiority; and yet when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before: she joins to the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often mis-called modesty: nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! by this silent unassuming merit she over-awes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noise, with which inferior natures in superior stations overwhelm the slavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? what, will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally striking in the art of a Corregio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuse it to the infinity of nature! How different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! In Camilla, nature has displayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant softness of female propriety: in Flora, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrolled, yet blameless freedom. Flora has something original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined; to know her and to love her is the same thing; but you cannot know her by description. Her person is rather touching than majestic, her features more expressive than regular, and her manner

pleases

pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule, than because it is conformable to any that custom has established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed; Flora, of the wild sweetness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive sweetness of the Loves. Artless sensibility; wild, native feminine gaiety, and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange characteristics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish than increase, rather to hide than adorn; and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dress, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifested in Camilla and Flora! yet while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved, that truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree than they are possessed by Flora: she is just as attentive to the interest of others, as she is negligent of her own; and tho' she could submit to any misfortune that could befall herself, yet she hardly knows how to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the strongest sensibility with the most lively gaiety; and both are expressed with the most bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inspires a reverence that keeps you at a respectful, yet admiring distance, Flora excites the most ardent, yet most elegant desire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive sensibility of Calisto: Camilla almost elevates you to the sensibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliest idea of woman.

Greville.

§ 142. *A Fable by the celebrated Linnæus, translated from the Latin.*

Once upon a time the seven wise men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was proposed that every one of them should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the rest, proposed the opinion of some of the astronomers about the fixed stars, which they believed to be so many suns, that had each

their planets rolling about them, and were stored with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with this thought, they agreed to supplicate Jupiter, that he would at least permit them to take a journey to the moon and stay there three days, in order to see the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented, and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they desired to see. They picked out some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing and painting the objects they should meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. The next day being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon; and being still faint, they refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which they relished so well, that it overcame their curiosity. This day they only saw through the window that delightful spot, adorned with the most beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre, and heard the singing of most melodious birds till evening came on. The next day they rose very early in order to begin their observations; but some very beautiful young ladies of that country coming to make them a visit, advised them first to recruit their strength before they exposed themselves to the laborious task they were about to undertake.

The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of these damsels, prevailed over the resolution of these strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jollity; so that this whole day was spent in galantry, till some of the neighbouring inhabitants growing envious at their mirth, rushed in with swords. The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising the very next day they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed, and the third day the cause was heard; and what with accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself, the whole day was taken up, on which the term set by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon described, but all they could tell was, for that was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung among the branches of the trees; but what kind of flowers

flowers they saw, or what kind of birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. Upon which they were treated every where with contempt.

If we apply this fable to men of the present age, we shall perceive a very just similitude. By these three days the fable denotes the three 'ages of man. First, youth, in which we are too feeble in every respect to look into the works of the Creator: all that season is given up to idleness, luxury, and pastime. Secondly, manhood, in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raising a family. Thirdly, old age, in which after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law-suits and proceedings relating to their estates. Thus it frequently happens that men never consider to what end they were destined, and why they were brought into the world. *B. Thornton.*

§ 143. *Mercy recommended.*

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him: my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him 'cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand.—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the tail, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go poor devil,—get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

* * * This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject. *Sterne.*

§ 144. *The Starling.*

—Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly,—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified

herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a Starling hung in a little cage.—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the Starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it with the same lamentations of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the Starling—God help thee! said I, but I will let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! said I, I cannot set thee at liberty—"No," said the Starling—"I can't get out, I can't get out," said the Starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walked up stairs unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery! said I—Al'thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter

ter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled!—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent——Grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess—as my companion—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

Sterne.

§ 145. *The Captive.*

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room; I sat down close by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement: I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery; but, musing, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groupes in it did but distract me——

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half-wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish; in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice—his children——

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etch-

ing another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Ibid.

§ 146. *Trim's Explanation of the Fifth Commandment.*

——Pr'ythee, Trim, quoth my father,—What dost thou mean, by "honouring thy father and mother?"

Allowing them, an't please your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.—He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself. *Ibid.*

§ 147. *Healib.*

O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargeth the soul.—and openeth all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for! and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

Ibid.

§ 148. *A Voyage to Lilliput.*

CHAP. I.

The author gives some account of himself and family: his first inducements to travel. He is shipwrecked, and swims for his life: gets fast on shore in the country of Lilliput; is made a prisoner, and carried up the country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel college in Cambridge at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent

eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; and my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation, and other parts of the mathematics, useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be some time or other my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates, I went down to my father; where, by the assistance of him and my uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden: there I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden, I was recommended by my good master Mr. Bates to be surgeon to the *Swallow*, captain Abraham Pannell, commander; with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant, and some other parts. When I came back, I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old-Jewry; and being advised to alter my condition, I married Mrs. Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hofier in Newgate-street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But, my good master Bates dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife, and some of my acquaintance, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages for six years to the East and West-Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, antient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books; and when I was aloft, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old-Jewry to Fetter-lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors: but it would not turn to account. After three years expectation that

things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Pritchard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South-Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4th, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas: let it suffice to inform him, that, in our passage from thence to the East-Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the north-west of Van Diemen's land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30 degrees 2 minutes south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labour, and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the fifth of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts, the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's length of the ship; but the wind was so strong, that we were driven directly upon it, and immediately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed by my computation about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labour while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overfet by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock, or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell; but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom: but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth; and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small, that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any signs of houses or inhabitants; at least I was in so weak a condition, that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that, and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life.

life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked, it was just day-light. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt *several slender ligatures across my body*, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me; but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the mean time, I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud, that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *bekinab degul*: the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness; at length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and at the same time with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *tolgo phonac*; when in an instant I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body, (though I felt them not) and

some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a groaning with grief and pain, and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me *a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce*. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself: and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherways of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased: and about four yards from me, over-against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it: from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned, that before the principal person began his oration, he cried out three times, *langro debul sun*; (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me.) Whereupon immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger; the other two stood one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands

demands of nature so strong upon me, that I could not forbear shewing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *burgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above an hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, shewing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating, that a small quantity would not suffice me, and being a most ingenious people, they flung up with great dexterity one of their largest hog-heads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top; I drank it off at a draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hog-head, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders, they shouted for joy, and danced upon my breast, repeating several times as they did at first, *bekinah degul*. They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hog-heads, but first warning the people below to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *borach me vola*, and when they saw the vessels in the air, there was an universal shout of *bekinah degul*. I confess, I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach, and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honour I made them, for so I interpreted my submissive behaviour, soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now

considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people, who had treated me with so much expence and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature, as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue. And producing his credentials under the signet royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determinate resolution; often pointing forwards, which as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to shew, that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs to let me understand that I should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds, but again, when I felt the smart of their arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know, that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *burgo* and his train withdrew with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon after I heard a general shout, with frequent repetitions of the words, *peplam sclon*, and I felt great numbers of people on my left side relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right, and to ease myself with making water; which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people, who conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened

ed to the right and left on that side, to avoid the torrent which fell with such noise and violence from me. But before this, they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment very pleasant to the smell, which in a few minutes removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hoghead of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express; and determined in council that I should be tied in the manner I have related, (which was done in the night while I slept) that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution perhaps may appear very bold and dangerous, and I am confident would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion; however, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous: for supposing these people had endeavoured to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength, as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince hath several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men of war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which

it seems set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of packthread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages, which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords by many pulleys fastened on the poles, and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told, for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and an half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopt awhile to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently*: whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my awaking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me, if I should offer to stir. The next morning at sun-rise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city-gates about noon. The emperor, and all his court, came out to

* It has been remarked, that courage in whatever cause, though it sometimes excites indignation, is never the object of contempt; but this appears to be true, only because courage is supposed to imply superiority: for this *officer in the guards* becomes extremely ridiculous and contemptible by an act of the most daring curiosity, which sets him in comparison with Gulliver; to whom he was so much inferior, that a blast of the Man-mountain's nostrils would have endangered his life; and if heroism itself is not proof against ridicule, those surely are Lilliputians in philosophy who consider ridicule as the test of truth.

meet

meet us, but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopt, there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom, which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as prophane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed fourscore and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over-against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above an hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it on pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle; but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.

CHAP. II.

The emperor of Lilliput, attended by several of the nobility, comes to see the author in his confinement. The emperor's person and habit described. Learned men appointed to teach the author their language. He gains favour by his mild disposition. His

pockets are searched, and his sword and pistols taken from him.

When I found myself on my feet, I looked about me, and must confess I never beheld a more entertaining prospect. The country around appeared like a continued garden, and the inclosed fields, which were generally forty feet square, resembled so many beds of flowers. These fields were intermingled with woods of half a *slang**, and the tallest trees, as I could judge, appeared to be seven feet high. I viewed the town on my left hand, which looked like the painted scene of a city in a theatre.

I had been for some hours extremely pressed by the necessities of nature; which was no wonder, it being almost two days since I had last disburthened myself. I was under great difficulties between urgency and shame. The best expedient I could think on, was to creep into my house, which I accordingly did; and, shutting the gate after me, I went as far as the length of my chain would suffer, and discharged my body of that uneasy load. But this was the only time I was ever guilty of so uncleanly an action: for which I cannot but hope the candid reader will give some allowance, after he hath maturely and impartially considered my case, and the distresses I was in. From this time my constant practice was, as soon as I rose, to perform that business in open air at the full extent of my chain; and due care was taken every morning, before company came, that the offensive matter should be carried off in wheel-barrow by two servants appointed for that purpose. I would not have dwelt so long upon a circumstance, that perhaps at first sight may appear not very momentous, if I had not thought it necessary to justify my character, in point of cleanliness, to the world; which I am told some of my maligners have been pleased, upon this and other occasions, to call in question.

When this adventure was at an end, I came back out of my house, having occasion for fresh air. The emperor was already descended from the tower, and advancing on horseback towards me, which had like to have cost him dear; for the beast, though very well trained, yet wholly unused to such a sight, which appeared as if a mountain moved before him, reared up on his hinder feet: but that prince, who

* A *slang* is a pole or perch; sixteen feet and an half.

is an excellent horseman, kept his seat till his attendants ran in and held the bridle, while his majesty had time to dismount. When he alighted, he surveyed me round with great admiration; but kept beyond the length of my chain. He ordered his cooks and butlers, who were already prepared, to give me victuals and drink, which they pushed forward in a sort of vehicles upon wheels, till I could reach them. I took these vehicles, and soon emptied them all; twenty of them were filled with meat, and ten with liquor; each of the former afforded me two or three good mouthfuls; and I emptied the liquor of ten vessels, which was contained in earthen vials, into one vehicle, drinking it off at a draught; and so I did the rest. The empress, and young princes of the blood of both sexes, attended by many ladies, sat at some distance in their chairs; but upon the accident that happened to the emperor's horse, they alighted, and came near his person, which I am now going to describe. He is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European: but he had on his head a light helmet of gold adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose*; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and scabbard were gold en-

* The masculine strength of features, which Gulliver could not see till he laid his face upon the ground, and the awful superiority of stature in a being whom he held in his hand; the helmet, the plume, and the sword, are a fine reproof of human pride; the objects of which are trifling distinctions, whether of person or rank; the ridiculous parade and ostentation of a pigmy; which derive not only their origin but their use from the folly, weakness, and imperfection of ourselves and others.

riched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate, and I could distinctly hear it, when I stood up. The ladies and couriers were all most magnificently clad, so that the spot they stood upon seemed to resemble a petticoat spread on the ground embroidered with figures of gold and silver. His imperial majesty spoke often to me, and I returned answers; but neither of us could understand a syllable. There were several of his priests and lawyers present (as I conjectured by their habits) who were commanded to address themselves to me, and I spoke to them in as many languages as I had the least smattering of, which were high and low Dutch, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, and *lingua Franca*; but all to no purpose. After about two hours the court retired, and I was left with a strong guard to prevent the impertinence, and probably the malice, of the rabble, who were very impatient to crowd about me as near as they durst, and some of them had the impudence to shoot their arrows at me, as I sat on the ground by the door of my house, whereof one very narrowly missed my left eye. But the colonel ordered six of the ringleaders to be seized, and thought no punishment so proper as to deliver them bound into my hands; which some of his soldiers accordingly did, pushing them forwards with the but-ends of their pikes into my reach: I took them all in my right hand, put five of them into my coat-pocket, and as to the sixth, I made a countenance as if I would eat him alive. The poor man squalled terribly, and the colonel and his officers were in much pain, especially when they saw me take out my penknife: but I soon put them out of fear; for, looking mildly, and immediately cutting the strings he was bound with, I set him gently on the ground, and away he ran. I treated the rest in the same manner, taking them one by one out of my pocket; and I observed both the soldiers and people were highly delighted at this mark of my clemency, which was represented very much to my advantage at court.

Towards night I got with some difficulty into my house, where I lay on the ground, and continued to do so about a fortnight; during which time the emperor gave orders to have a bed prepared for me. Six hundred beds † of the common measure were

† Gulliver has observed great exactness in the just proportion and appearances of the objects thus lessened. OAKERT.

brought

brought in carriages, and worked up in my house; an hundred and fifty of their beds, sewn together, made up the breadth and length; and these were four doubled, which however kept me but indifferently from the hardness of the floor, that was of smooth stone. By the same computation they provided me with sheets, blankets, and coverlets, tolerable enough for one who had been so long inured to hardships.

As the news of my arrival spread through the kingdom, it brought prodigious numbers of rich, idle, and curious people to see me; so that the villages were almost emptied; and great neglect of tillage and household affairs must have ensued, if his imperial majesty had not provided, by several proclamations and orders of state, against this inconvenience. He directed, that those who had already beheld me should return home, and not presume to come within fifty yards of my house without licence from court; whereby the secretaries of state got considerable fees.

In the mean time the emperor held frequent councils, to debate what course should be taken with me; and I was afterwards assured by a particular friend, a person of great quality, who was as much in the secret as any, that the court was under many difficulties concerning me. They apprehended my breaking loose; that my diet would be very expensive, and might cause a famine. Sometimes they determined to starve me, or at least to shoot me in the face and hands with poisoned arrows, which would soon dispatch me; but again they considered, that the stench of so large a carcase might produce a plague in the metropolis, and probably spread through the whole kingdom. In the midst of these consultations, several officers of the army went to the door of the great council-chamber, and two of them being admitted, gave an account of my behaviour to the six criminals above-mentioned, which made so favourable an impression in the breast of his majesty, and the whole board, in my behalf, that an imperial commission was issued out, obliging all the villages nine hundred yards round the city to deliver in every morning six beeves, forty sheep, and other victuals, for my sustenance; together with a proportionable quantity of bread, and wine, and other liquors; for the due payment of which his majesty gave assignments upon his treasury. For this prince lives chiefly upon his own demesnes, seldom, except upon great occasions, raising

any subsidies upon his subjects, who are bound to attend him in his wars at their own expence. An establishment was also made of six hundred persons to be my domestics, who had board-wages allowed for their maintenance, and tents built for them very conveniently on each side of my door. It was likewise ordered, that three hundred taylors should make me a suit of cloaths after the fashion of the country: that six of his majesty's greatest scholars should be employed to instruct me in their language: and lastly, that the emperor's horses, and those of the nobility, and troops of guards, should be frequently exercised in my sight, to accustom themselves to me. All these orders were duly put in execution, and in about three weeks I made a great progress in learning their language; during which time the emperor frequently honoured me with his visits, and was pleased to assist my masters in teaching me. We began already to converse together in some sort; and the first words I learnt were to express my desire, that he would please to give me my liberty, which I every day repeated on my knees. His answer, as I could apprehend it, was, that this must be a work of time, not to be thought on without the advice of his council, and that first I must *lumo kelmin peſſo deſmar lon enpeſo*; that is, swear a peace: with him and his kingdom. However, that I should be used with all kindness; and he advised me to acquire, by my patience and discreet behaviour, the good opinion of himself and his subjects. He desired I would not take it ill, if he gave orders to certain proper officers to search me; for probably I might carry about me several weapons, which must needs be dangerous things, if they answered the bulk of so prodigious a person. I said, his majesty should be satisfied; for I was ready to strip myself, and turn up my pockets before him. This I delivered part in words, and part in signs. He replied, that by the laws of the kingdom I must be searched by two of his officers; that he knew this could not be done without my consent and assistance; that he had so good an opinion of my generosity and justice, as to trust their persons in my hands: that whatever they took from me, should be returned when I left the country, or paid for at the rate which I would set upon them. I took up the two officers in my hands, put them first into my coat-pockets, and then into every other pocket about me, except my two fobs, and another

secret pocket, which I had no mind should be searched, wherein I had some little necessities, that were of no consequence to any but myself. In one of my fobs there was a silver watch, and in the other a small quantity of gold in a purse. These gentlemen, having pen, ink, and paper about them, made an exact inventory of every thing they saw; and, when they had done, desired I would set them down, that they might deliver it to the emperor. This inventory I afterwards translated into English, and is word for word as follows:

Imprimis, In the right coat-pocket of the great Man-mountain (for so I interpret the words *Quibus Flestrin*) after the strictest search we found only one great piece of coarse cloth, large enough to be a foot-cloth for your majesty's chief room of state. In the left pocket we saw a huge silver chest, with a cover of the same metal, which we the searchers were not able to lift. We desired it should be opened, and one of us stepping into it, found himself up to the mid-leg in a sort of dust, some part whereof flying up to our faces, set us both a sneezing for several times together. In his right waistcoat-pocket we found a prodigious bundle of white thin tubinnies, folded one over another, about the bigness of three men, tied with a strong cable, and marked with black figures; which we humbly conceive to be writings, every letter almost half as large as the palm of our hands. In the left there was a sort of engine, from the back of which were extended twenty long poles, resembling the pallisades before your majesty's court; wherewith we conjecture the Man-mountain combs his head; for we did not always trouble him with questions, because we found it a great difficulty to make him understand us. In the large pocket on the right side of his middle cover (so I translate the word *raufulo*, by which they meant my breeches) we saw a hollow pillar of iron, about the length of a man, fastened to a strong piece of timber, larger than the pillar; and upon one side of the pillar were huge pieces of iron sticking out, cut into strange figures, which we know not what to make of. In the left pocket another engine of the same kind. In the smaller pocket on the right side were several round flat pieces of white and red metal of different bulk; some of the white, which seemed to be silver, were so large and heavy, that my comrade and I could hardly lift them. In the left pocket

were two black pillars irregularly shaped. we could not without difficulty reach the top of them, as we stood at the bottom of his pocket. One of them was covered, and seemed all of a-piece; but at the upper end of the other there appeared a white round substance, about twice the bigness of our heads. Within each of these was inclosed a prodigious plate of steel; which, by our orders, we obliged him to shew us, because we apprehended they might be dangerous engines. He took them out of their cases, and told us, that in his own country his practice was to shave his beard with one of these, and to cut his meat with the other. There were two pockets, which we could not enter: these he called his fobs: they were two large slits cut into the top of his middle cover, but squeezed close by the pressure of his belly. Out of the right fob hung a great silver chain with a wonderful engine at the bottom. We directed him to draw out whatever was at the end of that chain; which appeared to be a globe, half silver, and half of some transparent metal; for on the transparent side we saw certain strange figures circularly drawn, and thought we could touch them, till we found our fingers stopped by that lucid substance. He put this engine to our ears, which made an incessant noise like that of a water-mill: and we conjecture it is either some unknown animal, or the god that he worships; but we are more inclined to the latter opinion, because he assured us (if we understood him right, for he expressed himself very imperfectly) that he seldom did any thing without consulting it. He called it his oracle, and said it pointed out the time for every action of his life*. From the left fob he took out a net almost large enough for a fisherman, but contrived to open and shut like a purse, and served him for the same use: we found therein several massy pieces of yellow metal, which, if they be real gold, must be of immense value.

Having thus, in obedience to your majesty's commands, diligently searched all his pockets, we observed a girdle about his waist, made of the hide of some prodigious animal, from which on the left side hung a sword of the length of five men; and on the right a bag or pouch divided into two

* Perhaps the author intended to expose the probable fallacy of opinions derived from the relations of travellers, by shewing how little trust need to be misundestood to make falsehood precious,

cells, each cell capable of holding three of your majesty's subjects. In one of these cells were several globes, or balls, of a most ponderous metal, about the bigness of our heads, and required a strong hand to lift them; the other cell contained a heap of certain black grains, but of no great bulk or weight, for we could hold above fifty of them in the palms of our hands.

This is an exact inventory of what we found about the body of the Man-mountain, who used us with great civility, and due respect to your majesty's commission. Signed and sealed, on the fourth day of the eighty-ninth moon of your majesty's auspicious reign.

Clefrin Frelock, Marfi Frelock.

When this inventory was read over to the emperor, he directed me, although in very gentle terms, to deliver up the several particulars. He first called for my scymeter, which I took out, scabbard and all. In the mean time he ordered three thousand of his choicest troops (who then attended him) to surround me at a distance, with their bows and arrows just ready to discharge: but I did not observe it, for mine eyes were wholly fixed upon his majesty. He then desired me to draw my scymeter, which, although it had got some rust by the sea-water, was in most parts exceeding bright. I did so, and immediately all the troops gave a shout between terror and surprize; for the sun shone clear, and the reflection dazzled their eyes, as I waved the scymeter to and fro in my hand. His majesty, who is a most magnanimous prince*, was less daunted than I could expect; he ordered me to return it into the scabbard, and cast it on the ground as gently as I could, about six feet from the end of my chain. The next thing he demanded, was one of the hollow iron pillars; by which he meant my pocket-pistols. I drew it out, and at his desire, as well as I could, expressed to him the use of it; and charging it only with powder, which by the closeness of my pouch happened to escape wetting in the sea (an inconvenience against which all prudent mariners take special care to provide) I first cau-

tioned the emperor not to be afraid, and then I let it off in the air. The astonishment here was much greater than at the sight of my scymeter. Hundreds fell down, as if they had been struck dead; and even the emperor, although he had stood his ground, could not recover himself in some time. I delivered up both my pistols in the same manner I had done my scymeter, and then my pouch of powder and bullets; begging him that the former might be kept from fire, for it would kindle with the smallest spark, and blow up his imperial palace into the air. I likewise delivered up my watch, which the emperor was very curious to see, and commanded two of his tallest yeoman of the guards to bear it on a pole upon their shoulders, as draymen in England do a barrel of ale. He was amazed at the continual noise it made, and the motion of the minute-hand, which he could easily discern; for their sight is much more acute than ours: he asked the opinions of his learned men about it; which were various and remote, as the reader may well imagine without my repeating it; although indeed I could not very perfectly understand them. I then gave up my silver and copper money, my purse with nine large pieces of gold, and some smaller ones: my knife and razor, my comb and silver snuff-box, my handkerchief and journal-book. My scymeter, pistols, and pouch, were conveyed in carriages to his majesty's stores; but the rest of my goods were returned me.

I had, as I before observed, one private pocket, which escaped their search, wherein there was a pair of spectacles (which I sometimes use for the weakness of mine eyes) a pocket perspective, and some other little conveniences; which being of no consequence to the emperor, I did not think myself bound in honour to discover, and I apprehended they might be lost or spoiled, if I ventured them out of my possession.

CHAP. III.

The author diverts the emperor and his nobility of both sexes in a very uncommon manner. The diversions of the court of Lilliput described. The author has his liberty granted him upon certain conditions.

My gentleness and good behaviour had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army, and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took

* He who does not find himself disposed to honour this magnanimity should reflect, that a right to judge of moral and intellectual excellence is with great absurdity and injustice arrogated by him who admires, in a being six feet high, any qualities that he despises in one whose stature does not exceed six inches.

all possible methods to cultivate this favourable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand: and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide and seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language. The emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons, who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant either by death or disgrace (which often happens) five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope, and whoever jumps the highest without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to shew their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the strait rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summer set several times together upon a trencher, fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater, when the ministers themselves are commanded to shew their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far, that there is hardly one of them, who hath not received a fall, and some of them, two or three. I was assured, that a year or two before my arrival Flimnap would have infallibly broke

his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

* There is likewise another diversion, which is only shewn before the emperor and empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long, one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons, whom the emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or new world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick sometimes creep under it backwards and forwards several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue-coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third; which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court, who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand, as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen upon a large courser took my foot, shoe and all; which was indeed a prodigious leap. I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly, and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each. I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks, and tied them parallel at each corner about two feet from the ground; then I fastened

my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect; and extended it on all sides, till it was tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchiefs, served as ledges on each side. When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and in short discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted, that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up, and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance. It was my good fortune, that no ill accident happened in these entertainments, on y^e once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it any more in such dangerous enterprizes.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with this kind of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty, that some of his subjects, riding near the place where I was first taken up, had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting up on each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they

humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the Man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses. I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion, that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident, which I never observed, but thought my hat had been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and the nature of it: and the next day the waggoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor having ordered that part of his army, which quarters in and about his metropolis, to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner. He desired I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old experienced leader, and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order, and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast, and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colours flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot and a thousand horse. His majesty gave orders, upon pain of death, that every soldier in his march should observe the strictest decency with regard to my person; which however could not prevent some of the younger officers from turning up their eyes, as they passed under me: and, to confess the truth, my breeches were at that time in so ill a condition, that they afforded some opportunities for laughter and admiration.

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty, that his majesty at length mentioned the matter first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgiam,

golam, who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself. These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two under secretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them; first in the manner of my own country, and afterwards in the method prescribed by their laws, which was to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear. But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ullly Gue, most mighty emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the centre, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime majesty proposeth to the Man-mountain, lately arrived at our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform.

1st. The Man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our licence under our great seal.

2d. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours warning to keep within doors.

3d. The said Man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

4th. As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our subjects into his hands without their own consent.

5th. If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the Man-mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

6th. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu*, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

7th. That the said Man-mountain shall, at his times of leisure, be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones, towards covering the wall of the principal park and other our royal buildings.

8th. That the said Man-mountain shall, in two moons time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

Lastly, That, upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said Man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favour. Given at our palace at Belfaborac, the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honourable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam, the high-admiral: whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty. The emperor himself in person did me the honour to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet, but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which, to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favours he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

* In his description of Lilliput he seems to have had England more immediately in view. In his description of Blefuscu, he seems to intend the people and kingdom of France. CARRER.

The reader may please to observe, that, in the last article for the recovery of my liberty, the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Some time after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determinate number; he told me that his majesty's mathematicians having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact œconomy of so great a prince.

CHAP. IV.

Mildendo, the metropolis of Lilliput, described, together with the emperor's palace. A conversation between the author and a principal secretary concerning the affairs of that empire. The author's offers to serve the emperor in his wars.

The first request I made, after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis; which the emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. The wall, which encompassed it, is two feet and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it; and it is flanked with strong towers at ten feet distance. I stepped over the great western gate, and passed very gently, and sideling, through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection to avoid treading on any straggler, who might remain in the streets; although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses at their own peril. The garret-windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred feet long. The two great streets, which run

cross and divide it into four quarters, are five feet wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls; the houses are from three to five stories: the shops and markets well provided.

The emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is inclosed by a wall of two feet high, and twenty feet distance from the buildings. I had his majesty's permission to step over this wall; and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward court is a square of forty feet, and includes two other courts: in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult: for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five feet high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace; but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distant from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three feet high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand; this I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eighty feet wide. I then stepped over the building very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court; and, lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the empress and the young princes in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her imperial majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

But

But I shall not anticipate the reader with further descriptions of this kind, because I reserve them for a greater work, which is now almost ready for the press, containing a general description of this empire, from its first erection, through a long series of princes, with a particular account of their wars and politics, laws, learning, and religion, their plants and animals, their peculiar manners and customs, with other matters very curious and useful; my chief design at present being only to relate such events and transactions, as happened to the public or to myself, during a residence of about nine months in that empire.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary of state (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach to wait at a distance, and desired I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said, he might pretend to some merit in it: but however added, that, if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For, said he, as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils; a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion by a most potent enemy from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand, that for above seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of *Fracklesan* and *Slacklesan**, from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alledged indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty is determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly, that his majesty's imperial

* High-church and Low-church, or Whig and Tory. As every accidental difference between man and man in person and circumstances is by this work rendered extremely contemptible; so speculative differences are shown to be equally ridiculous, when the zeal with which they are opposed and defended too much exceeds their importance.

heels are lower at least by a *drurr* than any of his court (*drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch.) The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the *Fracklesan*, or high-heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some tendency towards the high-heels; at least, we can plainly discover, that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets we are threatened with an invasion from the island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty. For as to what we have heard you affirm, that there are other kingdoms and states in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain, that an hundred mortals of your bulk would, in a short time, destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty's dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions, than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obdurate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: it is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty's grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon the emperor, his father, published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us, there have been six rebellions raised on that account: wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy: but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party ren-

dered

dered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral (which is their Alcoran.) This however is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these; "That all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end." And which is the convenient end, should in my humble opinion be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from their party here at home, that a bloody war hath been carried on between the two empires for six-and-thirty moons, with various successes; during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much greater number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing a great confidence in your valour and strength, hath commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor, and to let him know, that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to interfere with parties; but I was ready with the hazard of my life to defend his person and state against all invaders*.

C H A P. V.

The author, by an extraordinary stratagem, prevents an invasion. A high title of honour is conferred upon him. Ambassadors arrive from the emperor of Blefuscu, and sue for peace. The empress's apartment on fire by an accident; the author instrumental in saving the rest of the palace.

The empire of Blefuscu is an island, situated to the north-east side of Lilliput, from

Gulliver, without examining the subject of dispute, readily engaged to defend the emperor against invasion; because he knew that no such monarch had a right to invade the dominions of another, for the propagation of truth.

whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me, all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war upon pain of death, and an embargo laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his majesty a project I formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet: which, our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plummed; who told me, that in the middle at high-water it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked towards the north-east coast, over against Blefuscu; where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective-glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men of war, and a great number of transports: I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high-water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground; I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened, when they saw me, that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls: I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly

infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept among other little necessities, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and thus armed went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect, farther than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the boldest part of my enterprize remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving above two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men of war after me.

The Blefuscuans, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run a-drift, or fall foul on each other: but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair, as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger, I stopt awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face; and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in more pain, because I was under water to my neck. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in an hostile manner: but he was soon eased of his fears, for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing; and holding up the end of the cable, by which

the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "*Long live the most puissant emperor of Lilliput!*" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

His majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so unmeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think on nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a viceroy: of destroying the Big-endian exiles, and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics of policy as well as justice: and I plainly protested, that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery. And when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

This open bold declaration of mine was so opposite to the schemes and politics of his imperial majesty, that he could never forgive me; he mentioned it in a very artful manner at council, where I was told that some of the wisest appeared at least by their silence to be of my opinion; but others, who were my secret enemies, could not forbear some expressions, which by a side-wind reflected on me. And from this time began an intrigue between his majesty and a junto of ministers maliciously bent against me, which broke out in less than two months, and had like to have ended in my utter destruction. Of so little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

About three weeks after this exploit, there arrived a solemn embassy from Blefuscu, with humble offers of a peace; which was soon concluded upon conditions very advantageous to our emperor, wherewith I shall not trouble the reader. There were six ambassadors, with a train of about five hundred persons; and their entry was very magnificent, suitable to the grandeur of their master, and the importance of their business. When their treaty was finished, wherein I did them several good offices by the credit I now had, or at least appeared to have at court, their excellencies, who were privately told how much I had been their

their friend, made me a visit in form. They began with many compliments upon my valour and generosity, invited me to that kingdom in the emperor their master's name, and desired me to shew them some proofs of my prodigious strength, of which they had heard so many wonders; wherein I readily obliged them, but shall not trouble the reader with the particulars.

When I had for some time entertained their excellencies to their infinite satisfaction and surprise, I desired they would do me the honour to present my most humble respects to the emperor their master, the renown of whose virtues had so justly filled the whole world with admiration, and whose royal person I resolved to attend before I returned to my own country: accordingly the next time I had the honour to see our emperor, I desired his general licence to wait on the Blefuscudian monarch, which he was pleased to grant me, as I could plainly perceive, in a very cold manner: but could not guess the reason, till I had a whisper from a certain person, that Flimnap and Bolgolam had represented my intercourse with those ambassadors as a mark of disaffection, from which I am sure my heart was wholly free. And this was the first time I began to conceive some imperfect idea of courts and ministers.

It is to be observed, that these ambassadors spoke to me by an interpreter, the languages of both empires differing as much from each other as any two in Europe, and each nation priding itself upon the antiquity, beauty, and energy of their own tongues, with an avowed contempt for that of their neighbour; yet our emperor, standing upon the advantage he had got by the seizure of their fleet, obliged them to deliver their credentials, and make their speech in the Lilliputian tongue. And it must be confessed, that from the great intercourse of trade and commerce between both realms, from the continual reception of exiles, which is mutual among them, and from the custom in each empire to send their young nobility and richer gentry to the other in order to polish themselves by seeing the world, and understanding men and manners; there are few persons of distinction, or merchants, or seamen, who dwell in the maritime parts, but what can hold conversation in both tongues; as I found some weeks after, when I went to pay my respects to the emperor of Blefuscu, which in the midst of great misfortunes, through

the malice of my enemies, proved a very happy adventure to me, as I shall relate in its proper place.

The reader may remember, that when I signed those articles upon which I recovered my liberty, there were some which I disliked upon account of their being too servile, neither could any thing but an extreme necessity have forced me to submit. But being now a *nardac* of the highest rank in that empire, such offices were looked upon as below my dignity, and the emperor (to do him justice) never once mentioned them to me. However, it was not long before I had an opportunity of doing his majesty, at least as I then thought, a most signal service. I was alarmed at midnight with the cries of many hundred people at my door; by which being suddenly awaked, I was in some kind of terror. I heard the word *burglum* repeated incessantly: several of the emperor's court making their way through the crowd, intreated me to come immediately to the palace, where her imperial majesty's apartment was on fire by the carelessness of a maid of honour, who fell asleep while she was reading a romance. I got up in an instant; and orders being given to clear the way before me, and it being likewise a moonshine night, I made a shift to get to the palace without trampling on any of the people. I found they had already applied ladders to the walls of the apartment, and were well provided with buckets, but the water was at some distance. These buckets were about the size of a large thimble, and the poor people supplied me with them as fast as they could; but the flame was so violent that they did little good. I might easily have stifled it with my coat, which I unfortunately left behind me for haste, and came away only in my leathern jerkin. The case seemed wholly desperate and deplorable, and this magnificent palace would have infallibly been burnt down to the ground, if by a presence of mind unusual to me, I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I had the evening before drank plentifully of a most delicious wine, called *glimigrin* (the Blefuscudians call it *flancee*, but ours is esteemed the better sort) which is very diuretic. By the luckiest chance in the world I had not discharged myself of any part of it. The heat I had contracted by coming very near the flames, and by my labouring to quench them, made the wine begin to operate by urine; which I voided in such a quantity, and applied so

wall to the proper places, that in three minutes the fire was wholly extinguished, and the rest of that noble pile, which had cost so many ages in erecting, preserved from destruction.

It was now daylight, and I returned to my house, without waiting to congratulate with the emperor; because, although I had done a very eminent piece of service, yet I could not tell how his majesty might resent the manner by which I had performed it: for, by the fundamental laws of the realm, it is capital in any person, of what quality soever, to make water within the precincts of the palace. But I was a little comforted by a message from his majesty, that he would give orders to the grand justiciary for passing my pardon in form; which, however, I could not obtain. And I was privately assured, that the empress, conceiving the greatest abhorrence of what I had done, removed to the most distant side of the court, firmly resolved that those buildings should never be repaired for her use; and, in the presence of her chief confidants, could not forbear vowing revenge.

C H A P. VI.

Of the inhabitants of Lilliput; their learning, laws, and customs; the manner of educating their children. The author's way of living in that country. His vindication of a great lady.

Although I intend to leave the description of this empire to a particular treatise, yet in the mean time I am content to gratify the curious reader with some general ideas. As the common size of the natives is somewhat under six inches high, so there is an exact proportion in all other animals, as well as plants and trees: for instance, the tallest horses and oxen are between four and five inches in height, the sheep an inch and a half, more or less; their geese about the bigness of a sparrow, and so the several gradations downwards, till you come to the smallest, which to my sight were almost invisible; but nature hath adapted the eyes of the Lilliputians to all objects proper for their view: they see with great exactness, but at no great distance. And, to shew the sharpness of their sight towards objects that are near, I have been much pleased with observing a cook pulling a lark, which was not so large as a common fly and a young girl threading an invisible needle with invisible silk. Their tallest trees are about seven feet high: I

mean some of those in the great royal park, the tops whereof I could but just reach with my fist clenched. The other vegetables are in the same proportion; but this I leave to the reader's imagination.

I shall say but little at present of their learning, which for many ages hath flourished in all its branches among them; but their manner of writing is very peculiar, being neither from the left to the right, like the Europeans; nor from the right to the left, like the Arabians; nor from up to down, like the Chinese: but asslant from one corner of the paper to the other, like ladies in England.

They bury their dead with their heads directly downwards, because they hold an opinion, that in eleven thousand moons they are all to rise again, in which period the earth (which they conceive to be flat) will turn upside down, and by this means they shall at their resurrection be found ready standing on their feet. The learned among them confess the absurdity of this doctrine, but the practice still continues in compliance to the vulgar.

There are some laws and customs in this empire very peculiar; and, if they were not so directly contrary to those of my own dear country, I should be tempted to lay a little in their justification. It is only to be wished they were as well executed. The first I shall mention relates to informers. All crimes against the state are punished here with the utmost severity; but, if the person accused maketh his innocence plainly to appear upon his trial, the accuser is immediately put to an ignominious death: and out of his goods or lands the innocent person is quadruply recompensed for the loss of his time, for the danger he underwent, for the hardships of his imprisonment, and for all the charges he hath been at in making his defence. Or, if that fund be deficient, it is largely supplied by the crown. The emperor also confers on him some public mark of his favour, and proclamation is made of his innocence through the whole city.

They look upon fraud as a greater crime than theft, and therefore seldom fail to punish it with death; for they alledge, that care and vigilance, with a very common understanding, may preserve a man's goods from thieves, but honesty has no fence against superior cunning; and since it is necessary that there should be a perpetual intercourse of buying and selling, and dealing

ing upon credit; where fraud is permitted, and connived at, or hath no law to punish it, the honest dealer is always undone, and the knave gets the advantage. I remember when I was once interceding with the king for a criminal, who had wronged his master of a great sum of money, which he had received by order, and ran away with; and happening to tell his majesty, by way of extenuation, that it was only a breach of trust; the emperor thought it monstrous in me to offer as a defence the greatest aggravation of the crime; and truly I had little to say in return, farther than the common answer, that different nations had different customs; for, I confess, I was heartily ashamed *.

Although we usually call reward and punishment the two hinges upon which all government turns, yet I could never observe this maxim to be put in practice by any nation, except that of Lilliput. Whoever can there bring sufficient proof, that he hath strictly observed the laws of his country for seventy-three moons, hath a claim to certain privileges, according to his quality and condition of life, with a proportionable sum of money out of a fund appropriated for that use: he likewise acquires the title of Snipall, or Legal, which is added to his name, but doth not descend to his posterity. And these people thought it a prodigious defect of policy among us, when I told them, that our laws were enforced only by penalties, without any mention of reward. It is upon this account that the image of justice, in their courts of judicature, is formed with six eyes, two before, as many behind, and on each side one, to signify circumspection; with a bag of gold open in her right hand, and a sword sheathed in her left, to shew she is more disposed to reward than punish.

In chusing persons for all employments they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understandings is fitted to some station or other, and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs to be a mystery, comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age: but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to

be in every man's power, the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required. But they thought the want of moral virtues was so far from being supplied by superior endowments of the mind, that employments could never be put into such dangerous hands as those of persons so qualified; and at least, that the mistakes committed by ignorance in a virtuous disposition would never be of such fatal consequence to the public weal, as the practices of a man whose inclinations led him to be corrupt, and who had great abilities to manage, to multiply, and defend his corruptions.

In like manner, the disbelief of a divine Providence renders a man incapable of holding any public station; for, since kings avowed themselves to be the deputies of Providence, the Lilliputians think nothing can be more absurd than for a prince to employ such men as disown the authority under which he acteth.

In relating these and the following laws, I would only be understood to mean the original institutions and not the most scandalous corruptions, into which these people are fallen by the degenerate nature of man. For as to that infamous practice of acquiring great employments by dancing on ropes, or badges of favour and distinction by leaping over flicks, and creeping under them, the reader is to observe, that they were first introduced by the grandfather of the emperor now reigning, and grew to the present height by the gradual increase of party and faction.

Ingratitude is among them a capital crime, as we read it to have been in some other countries: for they reason thus, that whoever makes ill returns to his benefactors, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Their notions relating to the duties of parents and children differ extremely from ours. For, since the conjunction of male and female is founded upon the great law of nature, in order to propagate and continue the species, the Lilliputians will not have it, that men and women are joined together like other animals by the motives of concupiscence; and that their tenderness towards their young proceeds from the like natural principle: for which reason they will never allow, that a child is under

* An act of parliament hath been since passed, by which some breaches of trust have been made capital.

under any obligation to his father for begetting him, or to his mother for bringing him into the world, which, considering the miseries of human life, was neither a benefit in itself, nor intended so by his parents, whose thoughts in their love encounters were otherwise employed. Upon these, and the like reasonings, their opinion is that parents are the last of all others to be trusted with the education of their own children: and therefore they have in every town public nurseries, where all parents, except cottagers and labourers, are obliged to send their infants of both sexes to be reared and educated when they come to the age of twenty moons, at which time they are supposed to have some rudiments of docility. These schools are of several kinds, suited to different qualities, and to both sexes. They have certain professors well skilled in preparing children for such a condition of life as befits the rank of their parents, and their own capacities as well as inclination. I shall first say something of the male nurseries, and then of the female.

The nurseries for males of noble or eminent birth are provided with grave and learned professors, and their several deputies. The clothes and food of the children are plain and simple. They are bred up in the principles of honour, justice, courage, modesty, clemency, religion, and love of their country; they are always employed in some business, except in the times of eating and sleeping, which are very short, and two hours for diversions, consisting of bodily exercises. They are dressed by men till four years of age, and then are obliged to dress themselves, although their quality be ever so great, and the women attendants, who are aged proportionably to ours at fifty, perform only the most menial offices. They are never suffered to converse with servants, but go together in smaller or greater numbers to take their diversions, and always in the presence of a professor, or one of his deputies; whereby they avoid those early bad impressions of folly and vice, to which our children are subject. Their parents are suffered to see them only twice a year; the visit is to last but an hour; they are allowed to kiss the child at meeting and parting; but a professor, who always stands by on those occasions, will not suffer them to whisper, or use any fondling expressions, or bring any presents of toys, sweetmeats, and the like.

The pension from each family for the education and entertainment of a child,

upon failure of due payment, is levied by the emperor's officers.

The nurseries for children of ordinary gentlemen, merchants, traders, and handicrafts, are managed proportionably after the same manner, only those designed for trades are put out apprentices at eleven years old, whereas those of persons of quality continue in their exercises till fifteen, which answers to twenty-one with us: but the confinement is gradually lessened for the last three years.

In the female nurseries, the young girls of quality are educated much like the males, only they are dressed by orderly servants of their own sex; but always in the presence of a professor or deputy, till they come to dress themselves, which is at five years old. And if it be found, that these nurses ever presume to entertain the girls with frightful or foolish stories, or the common follies practised by chambermaids among us, they are publicly whipped thrice about the city, imprisoned for a year, and banished for life to the most desolate part of the country. Thus the young ladies there are as much ashamed of being cowards and fools as the men, and despite all personal ornaments beyond decency and cleanliness: neither did I perceive any difference in their education, made by their difference of sex, only that the exercises of the females were not altogether so robust; and that some rules were given them relating to domestic life, and a smaller compass of learning was enjoined them: for their maxim is, that, among people of quality, a wife should be always a reasonable and agreeable companion, because she cannot always be young. When the girls are twelve years old, which among them is the marriageable age, their parents or guardians take them home, with great expressions of gratitude to the professors, and seldom without tears of the young lady and her companions.

In the nurseries of females of the meaner sort, the children are instructed in all kinds of works proper for their sex, and their several degrees: those intended for apprentices are dismissed at seven years old, the rest are kept to eleven.

The meaner families, who have children at these nurseries, are obliged, besides their annual pension, which is as low as possible, to return to the steward of the nursery a small monthly share of their gettings to be a portion for the child; and therefore all parents are limited in their expences by
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the law. For the Lilliputians think nothing can be more unjust, than for people, in subservience to their own appetites, to bring children into the world, and leave the burden of supporting them on the public. As to persons of quality, they give security to appropriate a certain sum for each child, suitable to their condition; and these funds are always magaged with good husbandry, and the most exact justice.

The cottagers and labourers keep their children at home, their business being only to till and cultivate the earth, and therefore their education is of little consequence to the public: but the old and diseased among them are supported by hospitals: for begging is a trade unknown in this empire.

And here it may perhaps divert the curious reader, to give some account of my domestics, and my manner of living in this country, during a residence of nine months and thirteen days. Having a head mechanically turned, and being likewise forced by necessity, I had made for myself a table and chair convenient enough out of the largest trees in the royal park. Two hundred sempstresses were employed to make me shirts, and linen for my bed and table, all of the strongest and coarsest kind they could get; which however they were forced to quilt together in several folds, for the thickest was some degrees finer than lawn. Their linen is usually three inches wide, and three feet make a piece. The sempstresses took my measure as I lay on the ground, one standing on my neck, and another at my mid-leg, with a strong cord extended, that each held by the end, while a third measured the length of the cord with a rule of an inch long. Then they measured my right thumb, and desired no more; for by a mathematical computation, that twice round the thumb is once round the wrist, and so on to the neck and the waist, and by the help of my old shirt, which I displayed on the ground before them for a pattern, they fitted me exactly. Three hundred tailors were employed in the same manner to make me clothes; but they had another contrivance for taking my measure. I kneeled down, and they raised a ladder from the ground to my neck; upon this ladder one of them mounted, and let fall a plum-line from my collar to the floor, which just answered the length of my coat: but my waist and arms I measured myself. When my clothes were finished, which was done in my house

(for the largest of them would not have been able to hold them) they looked like the patch-work made by the ladies in England, only that mine were all of a colour.

I had three hundred cooks to dress my victuals in little convenient huts built about my house, where they and their families lived, and prepared me two dishes a-piece. I took up twenty waiters in my hand, and placed them on the table; an hundred more attended below on the ground, some with dishes of meat, and some with barrels of wine and other liquors, slung on their shoulders; all which the waiters above drew up, as I wanted, in a very ingenious manner, by certain cords, as we draw the bucket up a well in Europe. A dish of their meat was a good mouthful, and a barrel of their liquor a reasonable draught. Their mutton yields to ours, but their beef is excellent. I have had a sirloin so large, that I have been forced to make three bits of it; but this is rare. My servants were astonished to see me eat it, bones and all, as in our country we do the leg of a lark. Their geese and turkies I usually eat at a mouthful, and I must confess they far exceed ours. Of their smaller fowl I could take up twenty or thirty at the end of my knife.

One day his imperial majesty, being informed of my way of living, desired that himself and his royal consort, with the young princes of the blood of both sexes, might have the happiness (as he was pleased to call it) of dining with me. They came accordingly, and I placed them in chairs of state upon my table, just over-against me, with their guards about them. Flimnap, the lord-high-treasurer, attended there likewise with his white staff; and I observed he often looked on me with a sour countenance, which I would not seem to regard, but eat more than usual, in honour to my dear country, as well as to fill the court with admiration. I have some private reasons to believe, that this visit from his majesty gave Flimnap an opportunity of doing me ill offices to his master. That minister had always been my secret enemy, though he outwardly carested me more than was usual to the moroseness of his nature. He represented to the emperor the low condition of his treasury; that he was forced to take up money at great discount; that exchequer bills would not circulate under nine *per cent.* below par; that I had cost his majesty above a million and a half of *spring* (their greatest gold coin, about

about the bigness of a spangle) and upon the whole, that it would be adviseable in the emperor to take the first fair occasion of dismissing me.

I am here obliged to vindicate the reputation of an excellent lady, who was an innocent sufferer upon my account. The treasurer took a fancy to be jealous of his wife, from the malice of some evil tongues, who informed him that her grace had taken a violent affection for my person; and the court-scandal ran for some time, that she once came privately to my lodging. 'This I solemnly declare to be a most infamous falsehood, without any grounds, farther than that her grace was pleased to treat me with all innocent marks of freedom and friendship. I own she came often to my house, but always publicly, nor ever without three more in the coach, who were usually her sister and young daughter, and some particular acquaintance; but this was common to many other ladies of the court. And I still appeal to my servants round, whether they at any time saw a coach at my door, without knowing what persons were in it. On those occasions, when a servant had given me notice, my custom was to go immediately to the door; and, after paying my respects, to take up the coach and two horses very carefully in my hands (for, if there were six horses, the postillion always unharnessed four) and placed them on a table, where I had fixed a moveable rim quite round, of five inches high, to prevent accidents. And I have often had four coaches and horses at once on my table full of company, while I sat in my chair, leaning my face towards them; and, when I was engaged with one set, the coachmen would gently drive the others round my table. I have passed many an afternoon very agreeably in these conversations. But I defy the treasurer or his two informers (I will name them, and let them make their best of it) Clustril and Drunlo, to prove that any person ever came to me *incognito*, except the secretary Reldresfal, who was sent by express command of his imperial majesty, as I have before related. I should not have dwelt so long upon this particular, if it had not been a point wherein the reputation of a great lady is so nearly concerned, to say nothing of my own, though I then had the honour to be a *nardac*, which the treasurer himself is not; for all the world knows, that he is only a *glumglum*; a title inferior by one degree, as that of a marquis is to a duke in England; yet I allow he preceded

me in right of his post. These false informations, which I afterwards came to the knowledge of by an accident not proper to mention, made the treasurer shew his lady for some time an ill countenance, and me a worse; and although he was at last undeceived and reconciled to her, yet I lost all credit with him, and found my interest decline very fast with the emperor himself, who was indeed too much governed by that favourite.

CHAP. VII.

The author, being informed of a design to accuse him of high treason, makes his escape to Blefuscu. His reception there.

Before I proceed to give an account of my leaving this kingdom, it may be proper to inform the reader of a private intrigue, which had been for two months forming against me.

I had been hitherto all my life a stranger to courts, for which I was unqualified by the meanness of my condition. I had indeed heard and read enough of the dispositions of great princes and ministers; but never expected to have found such terrible effects of them in so remote a country, governed, as I thought, by very different maxims from those in Europe.

When I was just preparing to pay my attendance on the emperor of Blefuscu, a considerable person at court (to whom I had been very serviceable, at a time when he lay under the highest displeasure of his imperial majesty) came to my house very privately at night in a close chair, and, without sending his name, desired admittance: the chairmen were dismissed; I put the chair, with his lordship in it, into my coat-pocket; and, giving orders to a trusty servant to say I was indisposed and gone to sleep, I fastened the door of my house, placed the chair on the table according to my usual custom, and sat down by it. After the common salutations were over, observing his lordship's countenance full of concern, and enquiring into the reason, he desired I would hear him with patience in a matter that highly concerned my honour and my life. His speech was to the following effect, for I took notes of it as soon as he left me.

You are to know, said he, that several committees of council have been lately called in the most private manner on your account; and it is but two days since his majesty came to a full resolution.

You are very sensible that Skyresh Bolgolan (*galbet*, or high-admiral) hath been your mortal enemy almost ever since your arrival: his original reasons I know not; but his hatred is increased since your great success against Blefuscu, by which his glory, as admiral, is much obscured. This lord, in conjunction with Flimnap the high-treasurer, whose enmity against you is notorious on account of his lady, Limtoc the general, Lalcon the chamberlain, and Balmuff the grand justiciary, have prepared articles of impeachment against you for treason, and other capital crimes.

This preface made me so impatient, being conscious of my own merits and innocence, that I was going to interrupt: when he entreated me to be silent, and thus proceeded:

Out of gratitude for the favours you have done me, I procured information of the whole proceedings, and a copy of the articles; wherein I venture my head for your service.

Articles of Impeachment against Quinbus Flestrin, the Man-mountain.

ARTICLE I.

Whereas by a statute made in the reign of his imperial majesty Calin DeStar Plune, it is enacted, that whoever shall make water within the precincts of the royal palace, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of high treason: notwithstanding, the said Quinbus Flestrin, in open breach of the said law, under colour of extinguishing the fire kindled in the apartment of his majesty's most dear imperial consort, did maliciously, traitorously, and devilishly, by discharge of his urine, put out the said fire kindled in the said apartment, lying and being within the precincts of the said royal palace, against the statute in that case provided, &c. against the duty, &c.

ARTICLE II.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin having brought the imperial fleet of Blefuscu into the royal port, and being afterwards commanded by his imperial majesty to seize all the other ships of the said empire of Blefuscu, and reduce that empire to a province to be governed by a vice-roy from hence, and to destroy and put to death not only all the *big-endian* exiles, but likewise all the people of that empire, who would not immediately forsake the *big-endian* heresy: he the said Flestrin, like a false traitor

against his most auspicious, serene, imperial majesty, did petition to be excused from the said service, upon pretence of unwillingness to force the consciences, or destroy the liberties and lives of an innocent people.*

ARTICLE III.

That, whereas certain ambassadors arrived from the court of Blefuscu to sue for peace in his majesty's court: he the said Flestrin did, like a false traitor, aid, abet, comfort, and divert the said ambassadors, although he knew them to be servants to a prince who was lately an open enemy to his imperial majesty, and in open war against his said majesty.

ARTICLE IV.

That the said Quinbus Flestrin, contrary to the duty of a faithful subject, is now preparing to make a voyage to the court and empire of Blefuscu, for which he hath received only verbal licence from his imperial majesty; and under colour of the said licence doth falsely and traitorously intend to take the said voyage, and thereby to aid, comfort, and abet the emperor of Blefuscu, so late an enemy, and in open war with his imperial majesty aforesaid.

There are some other articles, but these are the most important, of which I have read you an abstract.

In the several debates upon this impeachment it must be confessed that his majesty gave many marks of his great lenity, often urging the services you had done him, and endeavouring to extenuate your crimes. The treasurer and admiral insisted that you should be put to the most painful and ignominious death, by setting fire on your house at night, and the general was to attend with twenty thousand men armed with poisoned arrows to shoot you on the face and hands. Some of your servants were to have private orders to strew a poisonous juice on your shirts and sheets, which would soon make you tear your own flesh, and die in the utmost torture. The general came into the same opinion; so that for a long time there was a majority against you: but his majesty resolving, if possible,

* A lawyer thinks himself honest if he does the best he can for his client, and a statesman if he promotes the interest of his country; but the dean here inculcates an higher notion of right and wrong, and obligations to a larger community.

to spare your life, at last brought off the chamberlain.

Upon this incident Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, who always approved himself your true friend, was commanded by the emperor to deliver his opinion, which he accordingly did: and therein justified the good thoughts you have of him. He allowed your crimes to be great, but that still there was room for mercy, the most commendable virtue in a prince, and for which his majesty was so justly celebrated. He said, the friendship between you and him was so well known to the world, that perhaps the most honourable board might think him partial: however, in obedience to the command he had received, he would freely offer his sentiments. That if his majesty, in consideration of your services, and pursuant to his own merciful disposition, would please to spare your life, and only give order to put out both your eyes, he humbly conceived, that by this expedient justice might in some measure be justified, and all the world would applaud the lenity of the emperor, as well as the fair and generous proceedings of those who have the honour to be his counsellors. That the loss of your eyes would be no impediment to your bodily strength, by which you might still be useful to his majesty: that blindness is an addition to courage, by concealing dangers from us; that the fear you had for your eyes, was the greatest difficulty in bringing over the enemy's fleet; and it would be sufficient for you to see by the eyes of the ministers, since the greatest princes do no more.

This proposal was received with the utmost disapprobation by the whole board. Bolgolam the admiral could not preserve his temper; but rising up in fury said, he wondered how the secretary durst presume to give his opinion for preserving the life of a traitor; that the services you had performed were, by all true reasons of state, the great aggravation of your crimes; that you, who was able to extinguish the fire by discharge of urine in her majesty's apartment (which he mentioned with horror) might at another time raise an inundation by the same means to drown the whole palace; and the same strength, which enabled you to bring over the enemy's fleet, might serve upon the first discontent to carry them back: that he had good reasons to think you were a Big-endian in your heart; and as treason begins in the heart before it appear in overt-acts, so he

accused you as a traitor on that account, and therefore insisted you should be put to death.

The treasurer was of the same opinion: he shewed to what streights his majesty's revenue was reduced by the charge of maintaining you, which would soon grow insupportable: that the secretary's expedient of putting out your eyes was so far from being a remedy against this evil, that it would probably increase it, as is manifest from the common practice of blinding some kind of fowl, after which they fed the fatter and grew sooner fat: that his sacred majesty and the council, who are your judges, were in their own consciences fully convinced of your guilt, which was a sufficient argument to condemn you to death, without the formal proofs required by the strict letter of the law*.

But his imperial majesty, fully determined against capital punishment, was graciously pleased to say, that since the council thought the loss of your eyes too easy a censure, some other may be inflicted hereafter. And your friend the secretary, humbly desiring to be heard again, in answer to what the treasurer had objected concerning the great charge his majesty was at in maintaining you, said, that his excellency, who had the sole disposal of the emperor's revenue, might easily provide against that evil, by gradually lessening your establishment; by which, for want of sufficient food, you would grow weak and faint, and lose your appetite, and consume in a few months; neither would the stench of your carcase be then so dangerous, when it should become more than half diminished; and immediately upon your death five or six thousand of his majesty's subjects might in two or three days cut your flesh from your bones, take it away by cartloads, and bury it in distant parts to prevent infection, leaving the skeleton as a monument of admiration to posterity.

Thus by the great friendship of the se-

* There is something so odious in whatever is wrong, that even those whom it does not subject to punishment endeavour to colour it with an appearance of right; but the attempt is always unsuccessful, and only betrays a consciousness of deformity by shewing a desire to hide it. Thus the Lilliputian court pretended a right to dispense with the strict letter of the law to put Gulliver to death, though by the strict letter of the law only he could be convicted of a crime; the intention of the statute not being to suffer the palace rather to be burnt than pissed upon,

cretary the whole affair was compromised. It was strictly enjoined, that the project of starving you by degrees should be kept a secret, but the sentence of putting out your eyes was entered on the books; none dissenting except Bolgolam the admiral, who, being a creature of the empress's, was perpetually incited by her majesty to insult upon your death, she having borne perpetual malice against you on account of that infamous and illegal method you took to extinguish the fire in her apartment.

In three days, your friend the secretary will be directed to come to your house, and read before you the articles of impeachment; and then to signify the great lenity and favour of his majesty and council, whereby you are only condemned to the loss of your eyes, which his majesty doth not question you will gratefully and humbly submit to; and twenty of his majesty's surgeons will attend in order to see the operation well performed, by discharging very sharp-pointed arrows into the balls of your eyes, as you lie on the ground.

I leave to your prudence what measures you will take; and, to avoid suspicion, I must immediately return in as private a manner as I came.

His lordship did so, and I remained alone under many doubts and perplexities of mind.

It was a custom introduced by this prince and his ministry (very different, as I have been assured, from the practices of former times) that after the court had decreed any cruel execution, either to gratify the monarch's resentment, or the malice of a favourite, the emperor always made a speech to his whole council, expressing his great lenity and tenderness, as qualities known and confessed by all the world. This speech was immediately published through the kingdom; nor did any thing terrify the people so much as those encomiums on his majesty's mercy; because it was observed, that, the more these praises were enlarged and insisted on, the more inhuman was the punishment, and the sufferer more innocent. Yet as to myself, I must confess, having never been designed for a courtier, either by my birth or education, I was so ill a judge of things, that I could not discover the lenity and favour of this sentence, but conceived it (perhaps erroneously) rather to be rigorous than gentle. I sometimes thought of standing my trial; for, although I could not deny the facts

alleged in the several articles, yet I hoped they would admit of some extenuation. But having in my life perused many state-trials, which I ever observed to terminate as the judges thought fit to direct, I durst not rely on so dangerous a decision, in so critical a juncture, and against such powerful enemies. Once I was strongly bent upon resistance, for, while I had liberty, the whole strength of that empire could hardly subdue me, and I might easily with stones pelt the metropolis to pieces; but I soon rejected that project with horror, by remembering the oath I had made to the emperor, the favours I had received from him, and the high title of *nardac* he conferred upon me. Neither had I soon learned the gratitude of courtiers, to persuade myself, that his majesty's present severities acquitted me of all past obligations.

At last I fixed upon a resolution, for which it is probable I may incur some censure, and not unjustly; for I confess I owe the preserving mine eyes, and consequently my liberty, to my own great rashness, and want of experience; because, if I had then known the nature of princes and ministers, which I have since observed in many other courts, and their methods of treating criminals less obnoxious than myself, I should with great alacrity and readiness have submitted to so easy a punishment. But hurried on by the precipitancy of youth, and having his imperial majesty's licence to pay my attendance upon the emperor of Blefuscu, I took this opportunity, before the three days were elapsed, to send a letter to my friend the secretary, signifying my resolution of setting out that morning for Blefuscu, pursuant to the leave I had got; and, without waiting for an answer, I went to that side of the island where our fleet lay. I seized a large man of war, tied a cable to the prow, and, lifting up the anchors, I stripped myself, put my cloaths (together with my coverlet, which I carried under my arm) into the vessel, and drawing it after me, between wading and swimming arrived at the royal port of Blefuscu, where the people had long expected me; they lent me two guides to direct me to the capital city, which is of the same name. I held them in my hands, till I came within two hundred yards of the gate, and desired them to signify my arrival to one of the secretaries, and let him know, I there waited his majesty's command. I had an answer in about an hour, that his majesty, attended

by the royal family and great officers of the court, was coming out to receive me. I advanced a hundred yards. The emperor and his train alighted from their horses, the empress and ladies from their coaches, and I did not perceive they were in any fright or concern. I lay on the ground to kiss his majesty's and the empress's hand. I told his majesty that I was come according to my promise, and with the licence of the emperor my master to have the honour of seeing so mighty a monarch, and to offer him any service in my power consistent with my duty to my own prince; not mentioning a word of my disgrace, because I had hitherto no regular information of it, and might suppose myself wholly ignorant of any such design; neither could I reasonably conceive that the emperor would discover the secret, while I was out of his power; wherein however it soon appeared I was deceived.

I shall not trouble the reader with the particular account of my reception at this court, which was suitable to the generosity of so great a prince; nor of the difficulties I was in for want of a house and bed, being forced to lie on the ground, wrapt up in my coverlet.

C H A P. VIII.

The author, by a lucky accident, finds means to leave Blefuscu; and, after some difficulties, returns safe to his native country.

Three days after my arrival, walking out of curiosity to the north-east coast of the island, I observed about half a league off, in the sea, somewhat that looked like a boat overturned. I pulled off my shoes and stockings, and, wading two or three hundred yards, I found the object to approach nearer by force of the tide: and then plainly saw it to be a real boat, which I supposed might by some tempest have been driven from a ship: whereupon I returned immediately towards the city, and desired his imperial majesty to lend me twenty of the tallest vessels he had left after the loss of his fleet, and three thousand seamen, under the command of his vice-admiral. This fleet sailed round, while I went back the shortest way to the coast, where I first discovered the boat; I found the tide had driven it still nearer. The seamen were all provided with cordage, which I had beforehand twisted to a suffi-

cient strength. When the ships came up, I stript myself, and waded till I came within a hundred yards of the boat, after which I was forced to swim till I got up to it. The seamen threw me the end of the cord, which I fastened to a hole in the fore-part of the boat, and the other end to a man of war; but I found all my labour to little purpose; for, being out of my depth, I was not able to work. In this necessity, I was forced to swim behind, and push the boat forwards as often as I could, with one of my hands; and the tide favouring me, I advanced so far, that I could just hold up my chin and feel the ground. I rested two or three minutes, and then gave the boat another shove, and so on till the sea was no higher than my arm-pits; and now, the most laborious part being over, I took out my other cables, which were stowed in one of the ships, and fastened them first to the boat, and then to nine of the vessels which attended me; the wind being favourable, the seamen towed, and I shoved, till we arrived within forty yards of the shore, and, waiting till the tide was out, I got dry to the boat, and by the assistance of two thousand men, with ropes and engines, I made a shift to turn it on its bottom, and found it was but little damaged.

I shall not trouble the reader with the difficulties I was under by the help of certain paddles, which cost me ten days making, to get my boat to the royal port of Blefuscu, where a mighty concourse of people appeared upon my arrival, full of wonder at the sight of so prodigious a vessel. I told the emperor, that my good fortune had thrown this boat in my way to carry me to some place, from whence I might return into my native country, and begged his majesty's orders for getting materials to fit it up, together with his licence to depart, which, after some kind expostulations, he was pleased to grant.

I did very much wonder, in all this time, not to have heard of any express relating to me from our emperor to the court of Blefuscu. But I was afterwards given privately to understand, that his imperial majesty, never imagining I had the least notice of his designs, believed I was gone to Blefuscu in performance of my promise, according to the licence he had given me, which was well known at our court, and would return in a few days, when the ceremony was ended. But he was at last in pain at my long absence; and, after consulting with the treasurer and the rest of
that

that cabal, a person of quality was dispatched with the copy of the articles against me. This envoy had instructions to represent to the monarch of Blefuscu the great lenity of his master, who was content to punish me no farther than with the loss of mine eyes; that I had fled from justice, and, if I did not return in two hours, I should be deprived of my title of *nardac*, and declared a traitor. The envoy further added, that, in order to maintain the peace and amity between both empires, his master expected, that his brother of Blefuscu would give orders to have me sent back to Lilliput, bound hand and foot, to be punished as a traitor.

The emperor of Blefuscu, having taken three days to consult, returned an answer consisting of many civilities and excuses. He said, that, as for sending me bound, his brother knew it was impossible; that although I had deprived him of his fleet, yet he owed great obligations to me for many good offices I had done him in making the peace. That however both their majesties would soon be made easy; for I had found a prodigious vessel on the shore, able to carry me on the sea, which he had given order to fit up with my own assistance and direction; and he hoped in a few weeks both empires would be freed from so insupportable an incumbrance.

With this answer the envoy returned to Lilliput, and the monarch of Blefuscu related to me all that had passed; offering me at the same time (but under the strictest confidence) his gracious protection, if I would continue in his service; wherein although I believed him sincere, yet I resolved never more to put any confidence in princes or ministers, where I could possibly avoid it; and therefore, with all due acknowledgments for his favourable intentions, I humbly begged to be excused. I told him, that since fortune, whether good or evil, had thrown a vessel in my way, I was resolved to venture myself in the ocean, rather than be an occasion of difference between two such mighty monarchs. Neither did I find the emperor at all displeased; and I discovered by a certain accident, that he was very glad of my resolution, and so were most of his ministers.

These considerations moved me to hasten my departure somewhat sooner than I intended; to which the court, impatient to have me gone, very readily contributed. Five hundred workmen were employed to

make two sails to my boat, according to my directions, by quilting thirteen fold of their strongest linen together. I was at the pains of making ropes and cables, by twisting ten, twenty, or thirty of the thickest and strongest of theirs. A great stone that I happened to find, after a long search, by the sea-shore, served me for an anchor. I had the tallow of three hundred cows for greasing my boat, and other uses. I was at incredible pains in cutting down some of the largest timber-trees for oars and masts, wherein I was however much assisted by his majesty's ship-carpenters, who helped me in smoothing them after I had done the rough work.

In about a month, when all was prepared, I sent to receive his majesty's commands, and to take my leave. The emperor and royal family came out of the palace; I lay down on my face to kiss his hand, which he very graciously gave me; so did the empress, and young princes of the blood. His majesty presented me with fifty purses of two hundred *sprugs* a-piece, together with his picture at full length, which I put immediately into one of my gloves to keep it from being hurt. The ceremonies at my departure were too many to trouble the reader with at this time.

I stored the boat with the carcases of an hundred oxen, and three hundred sheep, with bread and drink proportionable, and as much meat ready dressed as four hundred cooks could provide. I took with me six cows and two bulls alive, with as many ewes and rams, intending to carry them into my own country, and propagate the breed. And to feed them on board I had a good bundle of hay and a bag of corn. I would gladly have taken a dozen of the natives, but this was a thing the emperor would by no means permit; and, besides a diligent search into my pockets, his majesty engaged my honour not to carry away any of his subjects, although with their own consent and desire.

Having thus prepared all things as well as I was able, I set sail on the 24th day of September 1701 at six in the morning: and when I had gone about four leagues to the northward, the wind being at south-east, at six in the evening I descried a small island about half a league to the north-west. I advanced forward, and cast anchor on the lee-side of the island, which seemed to be uninhabited. I then took some refreshment, and went to my rest.

I slept

I slept well, and as I conjecture at least six hours, for I found the day broke in two hours after I awaked. It was a clear night. I eat my breakfast before the sun was up; and heaving anchor, the wind being favourable, I steered the same course that I had done the day before, wherein I was directed by my pocket-compass. My intention was to reach, if possible, one of those islands which I had reason to believe lay to the north-east of Van Diemen's land. I discovered nothing all that day; but upon the next, about three in the afternoon, when I had by my computation made twenty-four leagues from Blefuscu, I descried a sail steering to the south-east; my course was due east, I hailed her, but could get no answer; yet I found I gained upon her, for the wind slackened. I made all the sail I could, and in half an hour she spied me, then hung out her ancient, and discharged a gun. It is not easy to express the joy I was in upon the unexpected hope of once more seeing my beloved country, and the dear pledges I left in it. The ship slackened her sails, and I came up with her between five and six in the evening, September 26; but my heart leapt within me to see her English colours. I put my cows and sheep into my coat-pockets, and got on board with all my little cargo of provisions. The vessel was an English merchant-man returning from Japan by the north and south-seas; the captain Mr. John Biddle, of Deptford, a very civil man, and an excellent sailor. We were now in the latitude of 30 degrees south, there were about fifty men in the ship; and here I met an old comrade of mine, one Peter Williams, who gave me a good character to the captain. This gentleman treated me with kindness, and desired I would let him know what place I came from last, and whither I was bound; which I did in few words, but he thought I was raving, and that the dangers I had underwent had disturbed my head; whereupon I took my black cattle and sheep out of my pocket, which, after great astonishment, clearly convinced him of my veracity. I then shewed him the gold given me by the emperor of Blefuscu, together with his majesty's picture at full length, and some other rarities of that country. I gave him two purses of two hundred *sprugs* each, and promised, when we arrived in England, to make him a present of a cow and a sheep big with young.

I shall not trouble the reader with a

particular account of this voyage, which was very prosperous for the most part. We arrived in the Downs on the 13th of April 1702. I had only one misfortune, that the rats on board carried away one of my sheep; I found her bones in a hole, picked clean from the flesh. The rest of my cattle I got safe ashore, and set them a-grazing in a bowling-green at Greenwich, where the fineness of the grass made them feed very heartily, though I had always feared the contrary: neither could I possibly have preserved them in so long a voyage, if the captain had not allowed me some of his best biscuit, which rubbed to powder, and mingled with water, was then constant food. The short time I continued in England, I made a considerable profit by shewing my cattle to many persons of quality, and others: and before I began my second voyage, I sold them for six hundred pounds. Since my last return I find the breed is considerably increased, especially the sheep, which I hope will prove much to the advantage of the woollen manufacture by the fineness of the fleeces.

I stayed but two months with my wife and family; for my insatiable desire of seeming foreign countries would suffer me to continue no longer. I left fifteen hundred pounds with my wife, and fixed her in a good house at Redriff. My remaining flock I carried with me, part in money and part in goods, in hopes to improve my fortunes. My eldest uncle John had left me an estate in land, near Epping, of about thirty pounds a-year; and I had a long lease of the Black-Bull in Fetter-Lane, which yielded me as much more; so that I was not in any danger of leaving my family upon the parish. My son Johnny, named so after his uncle, was at the grammar-school, and a towardly child. My daughter Betty (who is now well married, and has children) was then at her needle-work. I took leave of my wife, and boy and girl, with tears on both sides, and went on board the *Adventure*, a merchant-ship of three hundred tons, bound for Surat, captain John Nicholas of Liverpool commander. But my account of this voyage must be deferred to the second part of my travels.

Swift.

§ 149. *A Voyage to Brobdingnag.*

C H A P. I.

A great storm described, the long-boat sent to fetch water, the auction goes with it to discover

discover the country. He is left on shore, is seized by one of the natives, and carried to a farmer's house. His reception, with several accidents that happened there. A description of the inhabitants.

Having been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in two months after my return I again left my native country, and took shipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June 1702, in the Adventure, captain John Nicholas, a Cornish man, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water, but discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods, and wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straights of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together, during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca islands, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the second of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following: for a southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was like to overblow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand the fore-sail; but, making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea, than trying or hulling. We reefed the fore-sail and set him, and hawled at the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore-down-haul; but the sail was split, and we hawled down the yard, and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We

hawled off upon the lanniard of the whip-staff, and helped the man at the helm. We would not get down our top-mast, but let all stand, because the scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that, the top-mast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea room. When the storm was over, we set fore-sail and main-sail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizen, main-top-sail, and the fore-top-sail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts; we set in the lee-braces, and hawled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hawled them tight, and belayed them, and hawled over the mizen-tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried by my computation about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailer on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was staunch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west parts of Great Tartary, and into the frozen sea.

On the 16th day of June 1703, a boy on the top-mast discovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great island or continent (for we knew not whether) on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them, that I might see the country, and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land, we saw no river or spring, nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men therefore wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek; and the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat, and rowing for life to the ship.

I was

I was going to halloo after them, although it had been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea, as fast as he could: he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides: but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure; but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill, which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a foot-path through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps, and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone above twenty. I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him at the top of the stile looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air, that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or labourers they seemed to be: for, upon

some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However I made a shift to go forward, till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step; for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep thorough, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed, that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above an hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow, and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world: where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand, and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire; while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation, as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes: for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians, that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us, that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to have let the Lilliputians find some nation, where the people were as diminutive with respect to them, as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally over-matched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections,

tions, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered me awhile; with the caution of one who endeavours to lay hold on a small dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me up behind by the middle between his fore-finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes towards the sun, and place my hands together, in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in. For I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little hateful animal, which we have a mind to destroy*. But my good star would have it, that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time I was not able to forbear groaning and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides; letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for, lifting up the lap-pet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his

mater, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I suppose by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking-stick, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which it seems he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them (as I afterwards learned) whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me: he then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backwards and forwards to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could. I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve) but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it, poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another, but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer by this time was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me, but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me, but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, he doubled and spread it on his left

* Our inattention to the felicity of sensitive beings, merely because they are small, is here forcibly reprov'd: many have wantonly crushed an insect, who would thunder at cutting the throat of a dog; but it should always be remembered, that the least of these

"In mortal sufferance feels a pang as great
"As when a giant dies."

left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upwards, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey, and for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for farther security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and shewed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had a while seen my behaviour, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of an husbandman) in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother: when they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor, I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat, then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup, which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily, that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cyder, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher-side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprize all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a cruet, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners) and, waving it over my head, made three huzzas to shew I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forwards toward my master (as I shall

henceforth call him) his youngest son, who sat next him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me up by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear, as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied, and the lad took his seat again; whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner, my mistress's favourite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work; and, turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head, and one of her paws, while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me, though I stood at the further end of the table, above fifty feet off, and although my mistress held her fast, for fear she might give a spring, and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger; for the cat took not the least notice of me, when my master placed me within three yards of her. And as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved in this dangerous juncture to shew no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her; whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers houses; one of which was a mastiff equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound somewhat taller than the mastiff, but not so large.

When dinner was almost done, the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms.

arms, who immediately spied me, and began a squall that you might have heard from London bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a play-thing. The mother out of pure indulgence took me up, and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle, and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frightened, and let me drop; and I should infallibly have broke my neck, if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist: but all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last remedy, by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with, so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and colour. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue both of that and the dug so varied with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us, only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying-glass, where we find by experiment, that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough and coarse, and ill-coloured.

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of those diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground, than it did upon a nearer view, when I took him up in my hand and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colours altogether disagreeable. although I must beg leave to say for myself, that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sun-burnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me

one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose, nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough; which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed; for I must do them justice to say, they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done, my master went out to his labourers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gesture, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired, and disposed to sleep; which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the main-tail of a man of war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows, when I awoke, and found myself alone in a vault room, between two and three hundred feet wide, and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs, and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down: I durst not presume to call, and, if I had, it would have been in vain with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his fore-foot at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly, before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet, and the other seeing the fate of his comrade made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit I walked gently to and fro on the bed to recover my breath, and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce, so that, if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep, I must infallibly have been torn to pieces and devoured.

voured. I measured the tail of the dead rat, and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcase off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but, with a strong slash cross the neck, I thoroughly dispatched it.

Soon after my mistress came into the room, who seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling, and making other signs to shew I was not hurt, whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs, and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I shewed her my hanger all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing, which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavoured to make my mistress understand that I desired to be set down on the floor; which after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself farther, than by pointing to the door and bowing several times. The good woman, with much difficulty, at last perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand, walked into the garden, where she set me down. I went on one side about two hundred yards, and beckoning to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of forrel, and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world; wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that in committing it to paper I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.

CHAP. II.

A description of the farmer's daughter. The author carried to a market-town, and then to the metropolis. The particulars of his journey.

My mistress had a daughter of nine years old, a child of towardsly parts for her age, very dexterous at her needle, and skilful in dressing her baby. Her mother and she contrived to fit up the baby's cradle for me against night; the cradle was put into a small drawer of a cabinet, and the drawer placed upon a hanging shelf, for fear of the rats. This was my bed all the time I stayed with those people, though made more convenient by degrees, as I began to learn their language, and make my wants known. This young girl was so handy, that, after I had once or twice pulled off my cloaths before her, she was able to dress and undress me, though I never gave her that trouble when she would let me do either myself. She made me seven shirts, and some other linen, of as fine cloth as could be got, which indeed was coarser than sack-cloth; and these she constantly washed for me with her own hands. She was likewise my school-mistress to teach me the language: when I pointed to any thing, she told me the name of it in her own tongue, so that in a few days I was able to call for whatever I had a mind to. She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age. She gave me the name of Grildrig, which the family took up, and afterwards the whole kingdom. The word imports what the Latins call *nanunculus*, the Italians *homunculeto*, and the English *mannikin*. To her I chiefly owe my preservation in that country: we never parted while I was there: I called her my *Glumdalclitch*, or little nurse; and should be guilty of great ingratitude, if I omitted this honourable mention of her care and affection towards me, which I heartily wish it lay in my power to requite as she deserves, instead of being the innocent, but unhappy instrument of her disgrace, as I have too much reason to fear.

It now began to be known and talked of in the neighbourhood, that my master had found a strange animal in the field, about the bigness of a *splachnuck*, but exactly shaped in every part like a human creature; which it likewise imitated in all its actions; seemed to speak in a little language of its own, had already learned several words of theirs,

theirs, went erect upon two legs, was tame and gentle, would come when it was called, do whatever it was bid, had the finest limbs in the world, and a complexion fairer than a nobleman's daughter of three years old. Another farmer who lived hard by, and was a particular friend of my master, came on a visit on purpose to enquire into the truth of this story. I was immediately produced, and placed upon a table, where I walked as I was commanded, drew my hanger, put it up again, made my reverence to my master's guest, asked him in his own language how he did, and told him he was welcome, just as my little nurse had instructed me. This man, who was old and dim-sighted, put on his spectacles to behold me better, at which I could not forbear laughing very heartily, for his eyes appeared like the full moon shining into a chamber at two windows. Our people, who discovered the cause of my mirth, bore me company in laughing, at which the old fellow was fool enough to be angry and out of countenance. He had the character of a great miser, and, to my misfortune, he well deserved it, by the cursed advice he gave my master, to shew me as a sight upon a market-day in the next town, which was half an hour's riding, about two-and-twenty miles from our house. I guessed there was some mischief contriving, when I observed my master and his friend whispering long together, sometimes pointing at me; and my tears made me fancy that I overheard and understood some of their words. But the next morning Glumdalclitch, my little nurse, told me the whole matter, which she had cunningly picked out from her mother. The poor girl laid me on her bosom, and full a weeping with shame and grief. She apprehended some mischief would happen to me from rude vulgar folks, who might squeeze me to death, or break one of my limbs by taking me in their hands. She had also observed how modest I was in my nature, how nicely I regarded my honour, and what an indignity I should conceive it to be exposed for money as a public spectacle to the meanest of the people. She said, her papa and mamma had promised that Gildrig should be hers, but now she found they meant to serve her as they did last year, when they pretended to give her a lamb, and yet, as soon as it was fat, sold it to a butcher. For my own part, I may truly affirm, that I was less concerned than my nurse. I had a strong hope, which never left me, that I should one day recover

my liberty; and as to the ignominy of being carried about for a monster, I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country, and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach, if ever I should return to England, since the king of Great Britain himself, in my condition, must have undergone the same distress.

My master, pursuant to the advice of his friend, carried me in a box the next day to the neighbouring town, and took along with him his little daughter, my nurse, upon a pillion behind him. The box was close on every side, with a little door for me to go in and out, and a few gimlet-holes to let in air. The girl had been so careful as to put the quilt of her baby's bed into it for me to lie down on. However I was terribly shaken and discomposed in this journey, though it were but of half an hour. For the horse went about forty feet at every step, and trotted so high, that the agitation was equal to the rising and falling of a ship in a great storm, but much more frequent. Our journey was somewhat farther than from London to St. Alban's. My master alighted at an inn which he used to frequent; and after consulting a while with the inn-keeper, and making some necessary preparations, he hired the *gualtrad* or crier to give notice through the town, of a strange creature to be seen at the sign of the Green Eagle, not so big as a *splacknah* (an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long) and in every part of the body resembling an human creature, could speak several words, and perform an hundred diverting tricks.

I was placed upon a table in the largest room of the inn, which might be near three hundred feet square. My little nurse stood on a low stool close to the table to take care of me, and direct what I should do. My master, to avoid a crowd, would suffer only thirty people at a time to see me. I walked about on the table as the girl commanded: she asked me questions, as far as she knew my understanding of the language reached, and I answered them as loud as I could. I turned about several times to the company, paid my humble respects, said they were welcome, and used some other speeches I had been taught. I took up a thimble filled with liquor, which Glumdalclitch had given me for a cup, and drank their health. I drew out my hanger, and flourished with it after the manner of fencers in England. My nurse gave me part of a straw, which I exercised as a pike, having learned the

art in my youth. I was that day shewn to twelve sets of company, and as often forced to act over again the same soppe-ries, till I was half dead with weariness and vexation. For those who had seen me made such wonderful reports, that the people were ready to break down the doors to come in. My master, for his own interest, would not suffer any one to touch me except my nurse; and to prevent danger, benches were set round the table at such a distance as to put me out of every body's reach. However, an unlucky school-boy aimed a hazel-nut directly at my head, which very narrowly missed me; otherwise, it came with so much violence, that it would have infallibly knocked out my brains, for it was almost as large as a small pumpkin: but I had the satisfaction to see the young rogue well beaten, and turned out of the room.

My master gave public notice, that he would shew me again the next market-day, and in the mean time he prepared a more convenient vehicle for me, which he had reason enough to do; for I was so tired with my first journey, and with entertaining company for eight hours together, that I could hardly stand upon my legs, or speak a word. It was at least three days before I recovered my strength; and that I might have no rest at home, all the neighbouring gentlemen from an hundred miles round, hearing of my fame, came to see me at my master's own house. There could not be fewer than thirty persons with their wives and children (for the country is very populous;) and my master demanded the rate of a full room whenever he shewed me at home, although it were only to a single family: so that for some time I had but little ease every day of the week (except Wednesday, which is their sabbath) although I were not carried to the town.

My master, finding how profitable I was like to be, resolved to carry me to the most considerable cities of the kingdom. Having therefore provided himself with all things necessary for a long journey, and settled his affairs at home, he took leave of his wife, and upon the 17th of August 1703, about two months after my arrival, we set out for the metropolis, situated near the middle of that empire, and about three thousand miles distance from our house: my master made his daughter Glumdalclitch ride behind him. She carried me on her lap in a box tied about her waist.

The girl had lined it on all sides with the softest cloth she could get, well quilted underneath, furnished it with her baby's bed, provided me with linen and other necessaries, and made every thing as convenient as she could. We had no other company but a boy of the house, who rode after us with the luggage.

My master's design was to shew me in all the towns by the way, and to stop out of the road for fifty or an hundred miles, to any village, or person of quality's house, where he might expect custom. We made easy journeys of not above seven or eight score miles a day: for Glumdalclitch, on purpose to spare me, complained she was tired with the trotting of the horse. She often took me out of my box at my own desire to give me air, and shew me the country, but always held me fast by a leading-string. We passed over five or six rivers many degrees broader and deeper than the Nile or the Ganges; and there was hardly a rivulet so small as the Thames at London-bridge. We were ten weeks in our journey, and I was shewn in eighteen large towns, besides many villages and private families.

On the 26th day of October, we arrived at the metropolis, called in their language *Lorbrulgrud*, or *Pride of the Universe*. My master took a lodging in the principal street of the city, not far from the royal palace, and put up bills in the usual form, containing an exact description of my person and parts. He hired a large room between three and four hundred feet wide. He provided a table sixty feet in diameter, upon which I was to act my part, and palisaded it round three feet from the edge, and as many high, to prevent my falling over. I was shewn ten times a day, to the wonder and satisfaction of all people. I could now speak the language tolerably well, and perfectly understood every word that was spoken to me. Besides, I had learned their alphabet, and could make a shift to explain a sentence here and there; for Glumdalclitch had been my instructor while we were at home, and at leisure hours during our journey. She carried a little book in her pocket, not much larger than a Sanfon's Atlas; it was a common treatise for the use of young girls, giving a short account of their religion; out of this she taught me my letters, and interpreted the words.

CHAP. III.

The author sent for to court. The queen buys him of his master the farmer, and presents him to the king. He disputes with his majesty's great scholars. An apartment at court provided for the author. He is in high favour with the queen. He stands up for the honour of his own country. His quarrels with the queen's dwarf.

The frequent labours I underwent every day, made in a few weeks a very considerable change in my health: the more my master got by me, the more insatiable he grew. I had quite lost my stomach, and was almost reduced to a skeleton. The farmer observed it, and, concluding I must soon die, resolved to make as good a hand of me as he could. While he was thus reasoning and resolving with himself, a *far-dral*, or gentleman-usher, came from court, commanding my master to carry me immediately thither for the diversion of the queen and her ladies. Some of the latter had already been to see me, and reported strange things of my beauty, behaviour, and good sense. Her majesty, and those who attended her, were beyond measure delighted with my demeanour. I fell on my knees, and begged the honour of kissing her imperial foot; but this gracious princess held out her little finger towards me (after I was set on a table) which I embraced in both my arms, and put the tip of it with the utmost respect to my lip. She made me some general questions about my country, and my travels, which I answered as distinctly, and in as few words as I could. She asked, whether I would be content to live at court. I bowed down to the board of the table, and humbly answered that I was my master's slave; but if I were at my own disposal, I should be proud to devote my life to her majesty's service. She then asked my master, whether he were willing to sell me at a good price. He, who apprehended I could not live a month, was ready enough to part with me, and demanded a thousand pieces of gold, which were ordered him on the spot, each piece being about the bigness of eight hundred moidores; but allowing for the proportion of all things between that country and Europe, and the high price of gold among them, was hardly so great a sum as a thousand guineas would be in England. I then said to the queen, since I was now her majesty's most humble crea-

ture and vassal, I must beg the favour that Glumdalclitch, who had always tended me with so much care and kindness, and understood to do it so well, might be admitted into her service, and continue to be my nurse and instructor. Her majesty agreed to my petition, and easily got the farmer's consent, who was glad enough to have his daughter preferred at court, and the poor girl herself was not able to hide her joy: my late master withdrew, bidding me farewell, and saying he had left me in a good service; to which I replied not a word, only making him a slight bow.

The queen observed my coldness, and, when the farmer was gone out of the apartment, asked me the reason. I made bold to tell her majesty, that I owed no other obligation to my late master, than his not dashing out the brains of a poor harmless creature found by chance in his field; which obligation was amply recompensed by the gain he had made by me in showing me through half the kingdom, and the price he had now sold me for. That the life I had since led, was laborious enough to kill an animal of ten times my strength. That my health was much impaired by the continual drudgery of entertaining the rabble every hour of the day; and that, if my master had not thought my life in danger, her majesty would not have got so cheap a bargain. But as I was out of all fear of being ill-treated under the protection of so great and good an empress, the ornament of nature, the darling of the world, the delight of her subjects, the phoenix of the creation; so I hoped my late master's apprehensions would appear to be groundless, for I already found my spirits to revive by the influence of her most august presence.

This was the sum of my speech, delivered with great improprieties and hesitation; the latter part was altogether framed in the style peculiar to that people, whereof I learned some phrases from Glumdalclitch, while she was carrying me to court.

The queen, giving great allowance for my defectiveness in speaking, was however surprised at so much wit and good sense in so diminutive an animal. She took me in her own hand, and carried me to the king, who was then retired to his cabinet. His majesty, a prince of much gravity and austere countenance, not well observing my shape at first view, asked the queen after a cold manner, how long it was since she

grew fond of a *spacknuck*? for such it seems he took me to be, as I lay upon my breast in her majesty's right hand. But this princess, who hath an infinite deal of wit and humour, set me gently on my feet upon the scrutore, and commanded me to give his majesty an account of myself, which I did in a very few words; and Glumdalclitch, who attended at the cabinet door, and could not endure I should be out of her sight, being admitted, confirmed all that had passed from my arrival at her father's house.

The king, although he be as learned a person as any in his dominions, had been educated in the study of philosophy, and particularly mathematics; yet when he observed my shape exactly, and saw me walk erect, before I began to speak, conceived I might be a piece of clock-work (which is in that country arrived to a very great perfection) contrived by some ingenious artist. But when he heard my voice, and found what I delivered to be regular and rational, he could not conceal his astonishment. He was, by no means satisfied with the relation I gave him of the manner I came into his kingdom, but thought it a story concerted between Glumdalclitch and her father, who had taught me a set of words to make me sell at a better price. Upon this imagination he put several other questions to me, and still received rational answers, no otherwise defective than by a foreign accent, and an imperfect knowledge in the language, with some rustic phrases which I had learned at the farmer's house, and did not suit the polite style of a court.

His majesty sent for three great scholars, who were then in their weekly waiting according to the custom in that country. These gentlemen, after they had a while examined my shape with much nicety, were of different opinions concerning me. They all agreed, that I could not be produced according to the regular laws of nature, because I was not framed with a capacity of preserving my life either by swiftness, or climbing of trees, or digging holes in the earth. They observed by my teeth, which they viewed with great exactness, that I was a carnivorous animal; yet most quadrupeds being an over-match for me, and field-mice with some others too nimble, they could not imagine how I should be able to support myself, unless I fed upon snails and other insects, which they advised, by many learned arguments, to

evince that I could not possibly do*. One of these virtuosi seemed to think that I might be an embryo, or abortive birth. But this opinion was rejected by the other two, who observed my limbs to be perfect and finished, and that I had lived several years, as it was manifest from my beard, the stumps whereof they plainly discovered through a magnifying glass. They would not allow me to be a dwarf, because my littleness was beyond all degrees of comparison; for the queen's favourite dwarf, the smallest ever known in that kingdom, was near thirty feet high. After much debate they concluded unanimously, that I was only *relphum scalath*, which is interpreted literally *lusus nature*; a determination exactly agreeable to the modern philosophy of Europe, whose professors, disdaining the old evasion of occult causes, whereby the followers of Aristotle endeavoured in vain to disguise their ignorance, have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unpeepable advancement of human knowledge.

After this decisive conclusion, I intreated to be heard a word or two. I applied myself to the king, and assured his majesty that I came from a country which abounded with several millions of both sexes, and of my own stature; where the animals, trees, and houses were all in proportion, and where by consequence I might be as able to defend myself, and to find sustenance, as any of his majesty's subjects could do here; which I took for a full answer to those gentlemen's arguments. To this they only replied with a smile of contempt, saying, that the farmer had instructed me very well in my lesson†. The king, who had a much better understanding, dismissing his learned men, sent for the farmer, who by good fortune was not yet gone out of town: having therefore first examined him privately, and then confronted him with me and the young girl, his majesty began to think that what we told him might possibly be true. He desired

* By this reasoning the author probably intended to ridicule the pride of those philosophers, who have thought fit to arraign the wisdom of Providence in the creation and government of the world: whose cavils are specious, like those of the Bloddingnagian sages, only in proportion to the ignorance of those to whom they are proposed.

† This satire is levelled against all, who reject those facts for which they cannot perfectly account, notwithstanding the absurdity of rejecting the testimony by which they are supported.

the queen to order that particular care should be taken of me, and was of opinion that Glumdalclitch should still continue in her office of tending me, because he observed we had a great affection for each other. A convenient apartment was provided for her at court; she had a sort of governess appointed to take care of her education, a maid to dress her, and two other servants for menial offices; but the care of me was wholly appropriated to herself. The queen commanded her own cabinet-maker to contrive a box that might serve me for a bed-chamber, after the model that Glumdalclitch and I should agree upon. This man was a most ingenious artist, and, according to my directions, in three weeks finished for me a wooden chamber of sixteen feet square, and twelve high, with sash-windows, a door, and two closets, like a London bed-chamber. The board that made the ceiling was to be lifted up and down by two hinges, to put in a bed ready furnished by her majesty's upholsterer, which Glumdalclitch took out every day to air, made it with her own hands, and letting it down at night, locked up the roof over me. A nice workman, who was famous for little curiosities, undertook to make me two chairs, with backs and frames, of a substance not unlike ivory, and two tables, with a cabinet to put my things in. The room was quilted on all sides, as well as the floor and the ceiling, to prevent any accident from the carelessness of those who carried me, and to break the force of a jolt when I went in a coach. I desired a lock for my door, to prevent rats and mice from coming in: the smith, after several attempts, made the smallest that ever was seen among them, for I have known a larger at the gate of a gentleman's house in England. I made a shift to keep the key in a pocket of my own, fearing Glumdalclitch might lose it. The queen likewise ordered the thinnest silks that could be gotten to make me clothes, not much thicker than an English blanket, very cumbersome till I was accustomed to them. They were after the fashion of the kingdom, partly resembling the Persian, and partly the Chinese, and are a very grave and decent habit. *

The queen became so fond of my company, that she could not dine without me. I had a table placed upon the same at which her majesty eat, just at her left elbow, and a chair to sit on. Glumdalclitch stood on a stool on the floor near my table,

to assist and take care of me. I had an entire set of silver dishes and plates, and other necessaries, which, in proportion to those of the queen, were not much bigger than what I have seen in a London toy-shop, for the furniture of a baby-house: these my little nurse kept in her pocket in a silver box, and gave me at meals as I wanted them, always cleaning them herself. No person dined with the queen but the two princesses royal, the elder sixteen years old, and the younger at that time thirteen and a month. Her majesty used to put a bit of meat upon one of my dishes, out of which I carved for myself; and her diversion was to see me eat in miniature. For the queen (who had indeed but a weak stomach) took up at one mouthful as much as a dozen English farmers could eat at a meal, which to me was for some time a very nauseous sight*. She would crunch the wing of a lark, bones and all, between her teeth, although it were nine times as large as that of a full grown turkey; and put a bit of bread in her mouth, as big as two twelve-penny loaves. She drank out of a golden cup, above a hoghead at a draught. Her knives were twice as long as a scythe, set straight upon the handle. The spoons, forks, and other instruments, were all in the same proportion. I remember, when Glumdalclitch carried me out of curiosity to see some of the tables at court, where ten or dozen of these enormous knives and forks were lifted up together, I thought I had never till then beheld so terrible a sight.

It is the custom, that every Wednesday (which, as I have before observed, is their sabbath) the king and queen, and the royal issue of both sexes, dine together in the apartment of his majesty, to whom I was now become a great favourite; and at these times my little chair and table were

* Among other dreadful and disgusting images which custom has rendered familiar, are those which arise from eating animal food: he who has ever turned with abhorrence from the skeleton of a beast which has been picked whole by birds or vermin, must confess that habit only could have enabled him to endure the sight of the mangled bones and flesh of a dead carcass which every day cover his table; and he who reflects on the number of lives that have been sacrificed to sustain his own, should enquire by what the account has been balanced, and whether his life is become proportionably of more value by the exercise of virtue and piety, by the superior happiness which he has communicated to reasonable beings, and by the glory which his intellect has ascribed to God.

placed at his left hand before one of the salt-cellar. This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, enquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state; the prejudices of his education prevailed so far, that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asked me, whether I was a whig or tory? Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the main-mast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I: and yet, says he, I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray. And thus he continued on, while my colour came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honour, and truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

But as I was not in a condition to resent injuries, so upon mature thoughts I began to doubt whether I was injured or no. For, after having been accustomed several months to the sight and converse of this people, and observed every object upon which I cast mine eyes to be of proportionable magnitude, the horror I had at first conceived from the bulk and aspect was so far worn off, that if I had then beheld a company of English lords and ladies in their finery and birth-day clothes, acting their several parts in the most courtly manner of strutting, and bowing, and prating, to say the truth, I should have been strongly tempted to laugh as much at them, as the king and his grantees did at me. Neither indeed could I forbear smiling at myself, when the queen used to place me upon her hand towards a looking-glass, by which

both our persons appeared before me in full view together; and there could be nothing more ridiculous than the comparison: so that I really began to imagine myself dwindled many degrees below my usual size.

Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high) became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's antichamber, while I was standing on some table talking with the lords or ladies of the court, and he seldom failed of a smart word or two upon my littleness; against which I could only revenge myself by calling him brother, challenging him to wrestle, and such repartees as are usual in the mouths of court pages. One day, at dinner, this malicious little cub was so nettled with something I had said to him, that, raising himself upon the frame of her majesty's chair, he took me up by the middle, as I was sitting down, not thinking any harm, and let me drop into a large silver bowl of cream, and then ran away as fast as he could. I fell over head and ears, and, if I had not been a good swimmer, it might have gone very hard with me: for Glumdalclitch in that instant happened to be at the other end of the room, and the queen was in such a fright, that she wanted presence of mind to assist me. But my little nurse ran to my relief, and took me out, after I had swallowed above a quart of cream. I was put to bed; however I received no other damage than the loss of a suit of clothes, which was utterly spoiled. The dwarf was soundly whipped, and as a farther punishment forced to drink up the bowl of cream into which he had thrown me; neither was he ever restored to favour: for soon after the queen bestowed him on a lady of high quality, so that I saw him no more, to my very great satisfaction; for I could not tell to what extremity such a malicious urchin might have carried his resentment.

He had before served me a scurvy trick, which set the queen a laughing, although at the same time she was heartily vexed, and would have immediately cashiered him, if I had not been so generous as to intercede. Her majesty had taken a marrow-bone upon her plate, and, after knocking out the marrow, placed the bone again

in the dish erect, as it stood before; the dwarf, watching his opportunity, while Glumdalclitch was gone to the side-board, mounted the stool that she stood on to take care of me at meals, took me up in both hands, and squeezing my legs together, wedged them into the marrow-bone, above my waist, where I stuck for some time, and made a very ridiculous figure. I believe it was near a minute before any one knew what was become of me; for I thought it below me to cry out. But, as princes seldom get their meat hot, my legs were not scalded, only my stockings and breeches in a sad condition. The dwarf, at my intreaty, had no other punishment than a sound whipping.

I was frequently rallied by the queen upon account of my fearfulness; and she used to ask me, whether the people of my country were as great cowards as myself? The occasion was this: the kingdom is much pestered with flies in summer; and these odious insects, each of them as big as a Dunstable lark, hardly gave me any rest while I sat at dinner with their continual humming and buzzing about mine ears. They would sometimes alight upon my vitals, and leave their loathsome excrement or spawn behind, which to me was very visible, though not to the natives of that country, whose large optics were not so acute as mine in viewing smaller objects. Sometimes they would fix upon my nose or forehead, where they stung me to the quick, smelling very offensively; and I could easily trace that viscous matter, which, our naturalists tell us, enables those creatures to walk with their feet upwards upon a ceiling. I had much ado to defend myself against these detestable animals, and could not forbear starting when they came on my face. It was the common practice of the dwarf to catch a number of these insects in his hand, as school-boys do amongst us, and let them out suddenly under my nose, on purpose to frighten me, and divert the queen. My remedy was to cut them in pieces with my knife, as they flew in the air, wherein my dexterity was much admired.

I remember, one morning, when Glumdalclitch had set me in my box upon a window, as she usually did in fair days to give me air (for I durst not venture to let the box be hung on a nail out of the window, as we do with cages in England) after I had lifted up one of my sashes, and sat down at my table to eat a piece of sweet

cake for my breakfast, above twenty wasps, allured by the smell, came flying into the room, humming louder than the drones of as many bag-pipes. Some of them seized my cake, and carried it piece-meal away; others flew about my head and face, confounding me with the noise, and putting me in the utmost terror of their stings. However, I had the courage to rise and draw my hanger, and attack them in the air. I dispatched four of them, but the rest got away, and I presently shut my window. These insects were as large as partridges: I took out their stings, and found them an inch and a half long, and as sharp as needles. I carefully preserved them all, and having since shewn them, with some other curiosities, in several parts of Europe, upon my return to England I gave three of them to Gresham College, and kept the fourth for myself.

C H A P. IV.

The country described. A proposal for correcting modern maps. The king's palace, and some account of the metropolis. The author's way of travelling. The chief temple described.

I now intend to give the reader a short description of this country, as far as I travelled in it, which was not above two thousand miles round Lorbrulgrud, the metropolis. For the queen, whom I always attended, never went farther, when she accompanied the king in his progresses, and there staid till his majesty returned from viewing his frontiers. The whole extent of this prince's dominions reacheth about six thousand miles in length, and from three to five in breadth. From whence I cannot but conclude that our geographers of Europe are in a great error, by supposing nothing but sea between Japan and California; for it was ever my opinion, that there must be a balance of earth to counterpoise the great continent of Tartary; and therefore they ought to correct their maps and charts, by joining this vast tract of land to the north-west parts of America, wherein I shall be ready to lend them my assistance.

The kingdom is a peninsula, terminated to the north-east by a ridge of mountains thirty miles high, which are altogether impassable by reason of the volcanoes upon their tops: neither do the most learned know what sort of mortals inhabit beyond those mountains, or whether they be inhabited

bited at all. On the three other sides it is bounded by the ocean. There is not one sea-port in the whole kingdom, and those parts of the coasts into which the rivers issue, are so full of pointed rocks, and the sea generally so rough, that there is no venturing with the smallest of their boats; so that these people are wholly excluded from any commerce with the rest of the world. But the large rivers are full of vessels, and abound with excellent fish, for they seldom get any from the sea, because the sea-fish are of the same size with those in Europe, and consequently not worth catching: whereby it is manifest that nature, in the production of plants and animals of so extraordinary a bulk, is wholly confined to this continent, of which I leave the reasons to be determined by philosophers. However, now and then they take a whale that happens to be dashed against the rock, which the common people feed on heartily. These whales I have known so large that a man could hardly carry one upon his shoulders; and sometimes for curiosity they are brought in hampers to Lorbbrulgrud; I saw one of them in a dish at the king's table, which passed for a rarity, but I did not observe he was fond of it; for I think indeed the bigness disgusted him, although I have seen one somewhat larger in Greenland.

The country is well inhabited, for it contains fifty-one cities, near an hundred walled towns, and a great number of villages. To satisfy my curious readers it may be sufficient to describe Lorbbrulgrud. This city stands upon almost two equal parts on each side the river that passes through. It contains above eighty thousand houses, and above six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is in length three *glomglungs*, (which make about fifty-four English miles) and two and a half in breadth, as I measured it myself in the royal map made by the king's order, which was laid on the ground on purpose for me, and extended an hundred feet; I paced the diameter and circumference several times bare-foot, and computing by the scale, measured it pretty exactly.

The king's palace is no regular edifice, but an heap of building about seven miles round: the chief rooms are generally two hundred and forty feet high, and broad and long in proportion. A coach was allowed to Glumdalclitch and me, wherein her governess frequently took her out to see the town, or go among the shops;

and I was always of the party, carried in my box; although the girl, at my own desire, would often take me out, and hold me in her hand, that I might more conveniently view the houses and the people, as we passed along the streets. I reckoned our coach to be about a square of Westminster-hall, but not altogether so high: however, I cannot be very exact. One day the governess ordered our coachman to stop at several shops, where the beggars, watching their opportunity, crowded to the sides of the coach, and gave me the most horrible spectacles that ever an European eye beheld. There was a woman with a cancer in her breast, swelled to a monstrous size, full of holes, in two or three of which I could have easily crept, and covered my whole body. There was a fellow with a wen in his neck larger than five wool-packs, and another with a couple of wooden legs, each about twenty feet high. But the most hateful sight of all was the lice crawling on their clothes. I could see distinctly the limbs of these vermin with my naked eye, much better than those of an European louse through a microscope, and their snouts with which they routed like swine. They were the first I had ever beheld, and I should have been curious enough to dissect one of them, if I had had proper instruments (which I unluckily left behind me in the ship) although indeed the sight was so nauseous, that it perfectly turned my stomach.

Beside the large box in which I was usually carried, the queen ordered a smaller one to be made for me of about twelve feet square and ten high, for the convenience of travelling, because the other was somewhat too large for Glumdalclitch's lap, and cumbersome in the coach; it was made by the same artist, whom I directed in the whole contrivance. This travelling-closet was an exact square, with a window in the middle of three of the squares, and each window was latticed with iron wire on the outside, to prevent accidents in long journeys. On the fourth side, which had no window, two strong staples were fixed, through which the person that carried me, when I had a mind to be on horseback, put a leathern belt, and buckled it about his waist. This was always the office of some grave trusty servant in whom I could confide, whether I attended the king and queen in their progresses, or were disposed to see the gardens, or pay a visit to some great lady or minister of state in the court, when
Glumdalclitch

Glumdalclitch happened to be out of order: for I soon began to be known and esteemed among the greatest officers, I suppose more upon account of their majesties favour than any merit of my own. In journeys, when I was weary of the coach, a servant on horseback would buckle on my box, and place it upon a cushion before him; and there I had a full prospect of the country on three sides from my three windows. I had in this closet a field-bed and a hammock hung from the ceiling, two chairs, and a table, neatly screwed to the floor, to prevent being tossed about by the agitation of the horse or the coach. And having been long used to sea-voyages, those motions, although sometimes very violent, did not much discompose me.

Whenever I had a mind to see the town, it was always in my travelling-closet, which Glumdalclitch held in her lap in a kind of open sedan, after the fashion of the country, borne by four men, and attended by two others in the queen's livery. The people, who had often heard of me, were very curious to crowd about the sedan; and the girl was complaisant enough to make the bearers stop, and to take me in her hand that I might be more conveniently seen.

I was very desirous to see the chief temple, and particularly the tower belonging to it, which is reckoned the highest in the kingdom. Accordingly one day my nurse carried me thither, but I may truly say I came back disappointed; for the height is not above three thousand feet, reckoning from the ground to the highest pinnacle top; which, allowing for the difference between the size of those people and us in Europe, is no great matter for admiration, nor at all equal in proportion (if I rightly remember) to Salisbury steeple. But, not to detract from a nation to which during my life I shall acknowledge myself extremely obliged, it must be allowed that whatever this famous tower wants in height is amply made up in beauty and strength. For the walls are near an hundred feet thick, built of hewn stone, whereof each is about forty feet square, and adorned on all sides with statues of gods and emperors cut in marble larger than the life, placed in their several niches. I measured a little finger which had fallen down from one of these statues, and lay unperceived among some rubbish, and found it exactly four feet and an inch in length. Glumdalclitch wrapped it up in her handkerchief, and

carried it home in her pocket, to keep among other trinkets, of which the girl was very fond, as children at her age usually are.

The king's kitchen is indeed a noble building, vaulted at top, and about six hundred feet high. The great oven is not so wide by ten paces as the cupola at St. Paul's: for I measured the latter on purpose after my return. But if I should describe the kitchen-grate, the prodigious pots and kettles, the joints of meat turning on the spits, with many other particulars, perhaps I should be hardly believed; at least a severe critic would be apt to think I enlarged a little, as travellers are often suspected to do. To avoid which censure, I fear I have run too much into the other extreme; and that if this treatise should happen to be translated into the language of Brobdingnag (which is the general name of that kingdom) and transmitted thither, the king and his people would have reason to complain, that I had done them an injury by a false and diminutive representation.

His majesty seldom keeps above six hundred horses in his stables: they are generally from fifty-four to sixty feet high. But, when he goes abroad on solemn days, he is attended for state by a militia guard of five hundred horse, which indeed I thought was the most splendid sight that could be ever beheld, till I saw part of his army in battalia, whereof I shall find another occasion to speak.

C H A P. V.

Several adventures that happened to the author. The execution of a criminal. The author shews his skill in navigation.

I should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents: some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple-tree, I must needs shew my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue, watching his

his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plot to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governesses. In the mean time there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it struck to the ground: and when I was down, the hail-stones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made shift to creep on all four, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemon-thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature in that country, observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hail-stone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often intreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governesses, and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay: the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran strait to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright: he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried

me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called; she severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger; and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lye, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes. I likewise broke my right shin against the shell of a snail, which I happened to stumble over, as I was walking alone and thinking on poor England.

I cannot tell, whether I was more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about me within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security, as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnets, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length

length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linner, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan.

The maids of honour often invited Glumdalclitch to their apartments, and desired the would bring me along with her, on purpose to have the pleasure of seeing and touching me. They would often strip me naked from top to toe, and lay me at full length in their bosoms; wherewith I was much disgusted; because, to say the truth, a very offensive smell came from their skins; which I do not mention, or intend, to the disadvantage of those excellent ladies, for whom I have all manner of respect; but I conceive that my sense was more acute in proportion to my littleness, and that those illustrious persons were no more disagreeable to their lovers, or to each other, than people of the same quality are with us in England. And, after all, I found their natural smell was much more supportable, than when they used perfumes, under which I immediately swooned away. I cannot forget, that an intimate friend of mine in Lilliput took the freedom in a warm day, when I had used a good deal of exercise, to complain of a strong smell about me, although I am as little faulty that way as most of my sex: but I suppose his faculty of smelling was as nice with regard to me, as mine was to that of this people. Upon this point I cannot forbear doing justice to the queen my mistress, and Glumdalclitch my nurse, whose persons were as sweet as those of any lady in England.

That which gave me most uneasiness among these maids of honour (when my nurse carried me to visit them) was to see them use me without any manner of ceremony, like a creature who had no sort of consequence; for they would strip themselves to the skin, and put on their smocks in my presence, while I was placed on their toilet, directly before their naked bodies, which I am sure to me was very far from being a tempting sight, or from giving me any other emotions than those of horror and disgust. Their skins appeared so coarse and uneven, so variously coloured, when I saw them near, with a mole here and there as broad as a trencher, and hairs hanging

from it thicker than pack-threads, to say nothing farther concerning the rest of their persons. Neither did they at all scruple, while I was by, to discharge what they had drank, to the quantity of at least two hogfheads, in a vessel that held above three tuns. The handsomest among these maids of honour, a pleasant frolicking girl of sixteen, would sometimes set me astride upon one of her nipples, with many other tricks, wherein the reader will excuse me for not being over particular. But I was so much displeased, that I entreated Glumdalclitch to contrive some excuse for not seeing that young lady any more.

One day a young gentleman, who was nephew to my nurse's governess, came and pressed them both to see an execution. It was of a man, who had murdered one of that gentleman's intimate acquaintance. Glumdalclitch was prevailed on to be of the company, very much against her inclination, for she was naturally tender-hearted: and as for myself, although I abhorred such kind of spectacles, yet my curiosity tempted me to see something, that I thought must be extraordinary. The malefactor was fixed in a chair upon a scaffold erected for that purpose, and his head cut off at one blow with a sword of about forty feet long. The veins and arteries spouted up such a prodigious quantity of blood, and so high in the air, that the great *jet d'eau* at Versailles was not equal for the time it lasted; and the head, when it fell on the scaffold floor, gave such a bounce as made me start, although I were at least half an English mile distant.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered that I understood both very well: for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate *man of war* among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by instruction in ten days finished a pleasure-

a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water with me in it by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans: and, when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I shewed my art by steering starboard or larboard, as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had like to have cost me my life: for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess, who attended Glumdalclitch, very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomach; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then seeing a resting place climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the

length of the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom, was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other: whereat although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey looking in at every side put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which being of that country's silk, was very thick and strong) and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe: and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe, that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody was opening it: whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence

thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs; and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted: that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for, without question, the sight was ridiculous enough to every body but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed; not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eves: but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choaked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak, and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to enquire after my health, and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my

thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know, what I would have done upon such an occasion, in my own country. I told his majesty, that in Europe, we had no monkeys, except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant) if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt, as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound, as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those, who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a footing with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

I was every day furnishing the court with some ridiculous story; and Glumdalclitch, although she loved me to excess, yet was arch enough to inform the queen, whenever I committed any folly that she thought would be diverting to her majesty. The girl, who had been out of order, was carried by her governess to take the air about an hour's distance, or thirty miles from town. They alighted out of the coach near a small foot-path in a field, and Glumdalclitch setting down my travelling box, I went out of it to walk. There was a cow-dung in the path, and I must needs try my activity by attempting to leap over it. I took a run, but unfortunately jumped short, and found myself just in the middle up to my knees. I waded through
with

with some difficulty, and one of the footmen wiped me as clean as he could with his handkerchief, for I was filthily bemired, and my nurse confined me to my box till we returned home; where the queen was soon informed of what had passed, and the footmen spread it about the court; so that all the mirth for some days was at my expence.

CHAP. VI*.

Several contrivances of the author to please the king and queen. He shews his skill in music. The king enquires into the state of England, which the author relates to him. The king's observations thereon.

I used to attend the king's levee once or twice a week, and had often seen him under the barber's hand, which indeed was at first very terrible to behold: for the razor was almost twice as long as an ordinary scythe. His majesty, according to the custom of the country, was only shaved twice a week. I once prevailed on the barber to give me some of the fuds or lather, out of which I picked forty or fifty of the strongest stumps of hair. I then took a piece of fine wood, and cut it like the back of a comb, making several holes in it at equal distance with as small a needle as I could get from Glumdalclitch. I fixed in the stumps so artificially, scraping and sloping them with my knife towards the point, that I made a very tolerable comb; which was a seasonable supply, my own being so much broken in the teeth, that it was almost useless: neither did I know any artist in that country so nice and exact, as would undertake to make me another.

And this puts me in mind of an amusement, wherein I spent many of my leisure hours. I desired the queen's woman to save for me the combings of her majesty's hair, whereof in time I got a good quantity, and consulting with my friend the cabinet-maker, who had received general orders to do little jobs for me, I directed

him to make two chair-frames, no larger than those I had in my box, and then to bore little holes with a fine awl round those parts where I designed the backs and seats; through these holes I wove the strongest hairs I could pick out, just after the manner of cane-chairs in England. When they were finished, I made a present of them to her majesty, who kept them in her cabinet, and used to shew them for curiosities, as indeed they were the wonder of every one that beheld them. The queen would have had me sit upon one of these chairs, but I absolutely refused to obey her, protesting I would rather die a thousand deaths than place a dishonourable part of my body on those precious hairs that once adorned her majesty's head. Of these hairs (as I had always a mechanical genius) I likewise made a neat little purse about five feet long, with her majesty's name decyphered in gold letters, which I gave to Glumdalclitch by the queen's consent. To say the truth, it was more for shew than use, being not of strength to bear the weight of the larger coins, and therefore she kept nothing in it but some little toys that girls are fond of.

The king, who delighted in music, had frequent concerts at court, to which I was sometimes carried, and set in my box on a table to hear them: but the noise was so great, that I could hardly distinguish the tunes. I am confident that all the drums and trumpets of a royal army, beating and sounding together just at your ears, could not equal it. My practice was to have my box removed from the place where the performers sat, as far as I could, then to shut the doors and windows of it, and draw the window-curtains; after which I found their music not disagreeable.

I had learnt in my youth to play a little upon the spinet. Glumdalclitch kept one in her chamber, and a master attended twice a week to teach her: I called it a spinet, because it somewhat resembled that instrument, and was played upon in the same manner. A fancy came into my head, that I would entertain the king and queen with an English tune upon this instrument. But this appeared extremely difficult: for the spinet was near sixty feet long, each key being almost a foot wide, so that with my arms extended I could not reach to above five keys, and to press them down required a good smart stroke with my fist, which would be too great a labour, and to no purpose. The method I contrived

* In this chapter he gives an account of the political state of Europe. ORRERY.

This is a mistake of the noble commentator, for Gulliver has here given a political account of no country but England: it is however a mistake to which any commentator would have been liable, who had read little more than the titles or contents of the chapters into which this work is divided; for the word Europe has in some English, and all the Irish editions, been printed in the title of this chapter, instead of England.

was this: I prepared two round sticks about the bigness of common cudgels; they were thicker at one end than the other, and I covered the thicker ends with a piece of a mouse's skin, that, by rapping on them, I might neither damage the tops of the keys, nor interrupt the sound. Before the spinet a bench was placed about four feet below the keys, and I was put upon the bench. I ran sideling upon it that way and this, as fast as I could, banging the proper keys with my two sticks, and made a shift to play a jig to the great satisfaction of both their majesties: but it was the most violent exercise I ever underwent, and yet I could not strike above sixteen keys, nor consequently play the bass and treble together, as other artists do, which was a great disadvantage to my performance.

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet; he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out of the box, and sit down within three yards distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of: that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body; on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually least provided with it, that, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity, than many of the larger kinds; and that, as inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he had ever before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses) he should be glad to hear of any thing that might deserve imitation.

Imagine with thyself, courteous reader, how often I then wished for the tongue of Demosthenes or Cicero, that might have enabled me to celebrate the praise of my

own dear native country in a style equal to its merits and felicity.

I began my discourse by informing his majesty, that our dominions consisted of two islands, which composed three mighty kingdoms under one sovereign, besides our plantations in America. I dwelt long upon the fertility of our soil, and the temperature of our climate. I then spoke at large upon the constitution of an English parliament, partly made up of an illustrious body called the house of peers, persons of the noblest blood, and of the most ancient and ample patrimonies. I described that extraordinary care always taken of their education in arts and arms, to qualify them for being counsellors both to the king and kingdom; to have a share in the legislature: to be members of the highest court of judicature, from whence there could be no appeal; and to be champions always ready for the defence of their prince and country, by their valour, conduct, and fidelity. That these were the ornament and bulwark of the kingdom, worthy followers of their most renowned ancestors, whose honour had been the reward of their virtue, from which their posterity were never once known to degenerate. To these were joined several holy persons as part of that assembly under the title of bishops, whose peculiar business it is to take care of religion, and of those who instruct the people therein. These were searched and sought out through the whole nation, by the prince and his wisest counsellors, among such of the priesthood as were most deservedly distinguished by the sanctity of their lives, and the depth of their erudition, who were indeed the spiritual fathers of the clergy and the people.

That the other part of the parliament consisted of an assembly called the house of commons, who were all principal gentlemen, *freely* picked and culled out by the people themselves, for their great abilities and love of their country, to represent the wisdom of the whole nation. And that these two bodies made up the most august assembly in Europe, to whom, in conjunction with the prince, the whole legislature is committed.

I then defended to the courts of justice, over which the judges, those venerable sages and interpreters of the law, presided for determining the disputed rights and properties of men, as well as for the punishment of vice, and protection of innocence.

cence. I mentioned the prudent management of our treasury, the valour and achievements of our forces by sea and land. I computed the number of our people, by reckoning how many millions there might be of each religious sect, or political party among us. I did not omit even our sports and pastimes, or any other particular, which I thought might redound to the honour of my country. And I finished all with a brief historical account of affairs and events in England for about an hundred years past.

This conversation was not ended under five audiences, each of several hours; and the king heard the whole with great attention, frequently taking notes of what I spoke, as well as memorandums of what questions he intended to ask me.

When I had put an end to these long discourses, his majesty in a sixth audience, consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections upon every article. He asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives. What course was taken to supply that assembly, when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords: whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort. Whether they were all so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them. Whether these holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank upon account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives; had never been compliers with the times while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued fervently to follow after they were admitted into that assembly.

He then desired to know, what arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners: whether a stranger with a strong purse might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own

landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood. How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expence, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension: because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere: and he desired to know, whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were 'at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince in conjunction with a corrupted ministry. He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this head, proposing numberless enquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat.

Upon what I said in relation to our courts of justice, his majesty desired to be satisfied in several points: and this I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expence. Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive. Whether party in religion or politics were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice. Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs. Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws, which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure. Whether they had ever at different times pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions. Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation. Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions. And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate.

He fell next upon the management of our treasury: and said, he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double; for the notes he had taken

taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate like a private person. He asked me, who were our creditors, and where we found money to pay them. He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars; that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what business we had out of our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet. Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace, and among a free people. He said, if we were governed by our own consent in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight; and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals picked up at a venture in the streets for small wages, who might get an hundred times more by cutting their throats.

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call it) in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics. He said, he knew no reason why those, who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them. And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second: for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials.

He observed, that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry I had mentioned gaming: he desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down; how much of their time it employed; whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes: whether mean vicious people by their dexterity in that art might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force

them by the losses they received to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others.

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only a heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, and ambition could produce.

His majesty in another audience was at the pains to recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken; compared the questions he made with the answers I had given; then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in: "My little friend Gildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator; that laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but these are half created, and the rest wholly blunted and blotted by corruptions. It does not appear from what you have said, how any one perfection is required toward the procurement of any one wisdom among you; much less, that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself, continued the king, who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may have seen many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the others I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your nation to be the most pernicious race of filthy vicious vermin, that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

CHAPTER VII.

The author's love of his country. He makes a proposal of much advantage to the king, which is rejected. The king's preference of ignorance in politics. The manner of that country.

country very imperfect and confined. The laws, and military affairs, and parties in the state.

Nothing but an extreme love of truth could have hindered me from concealing this part of my story. It was in vain to disavow my resentments, which were always turned into ridicule; and I was forced to rest with patience, while my noble and most beloved country was so injuriously treated. I am as heartily sorry as any of my readers can possibly be, that such an occasion was given; but this prince happened to be so curious and inquisitive upon every particular, that it could not consist either with gratitude or good manners to refuse giving him what satisfaction I was able. Yet thus much I may be allowed to say in my own vindication, that I artfully eluded many of his questions, and gave to every point a more favourable turn by many degrees than the strictness of truth would allow. For I have always borne that laudable partiality to my own country, which Dionysius Halicarnassensis with so much justice recommends to an historian: I would hide the frailties and deformities of my political mother, and place her virtues and beauties in the most advantageous light. This was my sincere endeavour in those many discourses I had with that monarch, although it unfortunately failed of success.

But great allowances should be given to a king, who lives wholly secluded from the rest of the world, and must therefore be altogether unacquainted with the manners and customs that most prevail in other nations: the want of which knowledge will ever produce many prejudices, and a certain narrowness of thinking, from which we and the politer countries of Europe are wholly exempted. And it would be hard indeed, if so remote a prince's notions of virtue and vice were to be offered as a standard for all mankind.

To confirm what I have now said, and further to shew the miserable effects of a *confined education*, I shall here insert a passage which will hardly obtain belief. In hopes to ingratiate myself farther into his majesty's favour, I told him of an invention discovered between three and four hundred years ago, to make a certain powder, in a heap, of which the smallest spark of fire falling would kindle the whole in a moment, although it were as big as a mountain, and make it all fly up in the air

together, with a noise and agitation greater than thunder. That a proper quantity of this powder rammed into an hollow tube of brass or iron, according to its bigness, would drive a ball of iron or lead with such violence and speed, as nothing was able to sustain its force. That the largest balls thus discharged would not only destroy whole ranks of an army at once, but batter the strongest walls to the ground, sink down ships, with a thousand men in each, to the bottom of the sea; and, when linked by a chain together, would cut through masts and rigging, divide hundreds of bodies in the middle, and lay all waste before them. That we often put this powder into large hollow balls of iron, and discharged them by an engine into some city we were besieging, which would rip up the pavements, tear the houses to pieces, burst and throw splinters on every side, dashing out the brains of all who came near. That I knew the ingredients very well, which were cheap and common; I understood the manner of compounding them, and could direct his workmen how to make those tubes of a size proportionable to all other things in his majesty's kingdom, and the largest need not be above an hundred feet long; twenty or thirty of which tubes, charged with the proper quantity of powder and balls, would batter down the walls of the strongest town in his dominions in a few hours, or destroy the whole metropolis, if ever it should pretend to dispute his absolute commands. This I humbly offered to his majesty as a small tribute of acknowledgment in return for so many marks that I had received of his royal favour and protection.

The king was struck with horror at the description I had given of those terrible engines, and the proposal I had made. He was amazed, how so impotent and unwelcome an insect as I (these were his expressions) could entertain such inhuman ideas, and in so familiar a manner, as to appear wholly unmoved at all the scenes of blood and desolation, which I had painted as the common effects of those destructive machines; whereof he said some evil genius, enemy to mankind, must have been the first contriver. As for himself, he protested, that although few things delighted him so much as new discoveries in art or in nature, yet he would rather lose half his kingdom, than be privy to such a secret, which he commanded me, as I valued my life, never to mention any more.

A strange effect of *narrow principles* and
jealousy

short views! that a prince, possessed of every quality which procures veneration, love, and esteem; of strong parts, great wisdom, and profound learning, endowed with admirable talents for government, and almost adored by his subjects, should, from a *vice unnecessary scruple*, whereof in Europe we can have no conception, let slip an opportunity put into his hands, that would have made him absolute master of the lives, the liberties, and the fortunes of his people. Neither do I say this with the least intention to detract from the many virtues of that excellent king, whose character I am sensible will on this account be very much lessened in the opinion of an English reader; but I take this defect among them to have risen from their ignorance, by not having hitherto reduced politics into a science, as the more acute wits of Europe have done. For I remember very well in a discourse one day with the king, when I happened to say there were several thousand books among us written upon the art of government, it gave him (directly contrary to my intention) a very mean opinion of our understandings. He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement, and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics which are not worth considering. And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

The learning of this people is very defective, consisting only in morality, history, poetry, and mathematics, wherein they must be allowed to excel. But the last of these is wholly applied to what may be useful in life, to the improvement of agriculture, and all mechanical arts; so that among us it would be little esteemed. And as to ideas, entities, abstractions, and transcendentials, I could never drive the least conception into their heads.

No law of that country must exceed in

words the number of letters in their alphabet, which consists only of two and twenty. But indeed few of them extend even to that length. They are expressed in the most plain and simple terms, wherein these people are not mercurial enough to discover above one interpretation: and to write a comment upon any law is a capital crime. As to the decision of civil causes, or proceedings against criminals, their precedents are so few, that they have little reason to boast of any extraordinary skill in either.

They have had the art of printing, as well as the Chinese, time out of mind; but their libraries are not very large; for that of the king, which is reckoned the largest, doth not amount to above a thousand volumes, placed in a gallery of twelve hundred feet long, from whence I had liberty to borrow what books I pleased. The queen's joiner had contrived in one of Glumdalclitch's rooms a kind of wooden machine five-and twenty feet high, formed like a standing ladder, the steps were each fifty feet long: it was indeed a moveable pair of stairs, the lowest end placed at ten feet distance from the wall of the chamber. The book I had a mind to read was put up leaning against the wall; I first mounted to the upper step of the ladder, and turning my face towards the book, began at the top of the page, and so walking to the right and left about eight or ten paces, according to the length of the lines, till I had gotten a little below the level of mine eye, and then descending gradually till I came to the bottom; after which I mounted again, and began the other page in the same manner, and so turned over the leaf, which I could easily do with both my hands, for it was as thick and stiff as a pasteboard, and in the largest folios not above eighteen or twenty feet long.

Their style is clear, masculine, and smooth, but not florid; for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unnecessary words, or using various expressions. I have perused many of their books, especially those in history and morality. Among the rest, I was very much diverted with a little old treatise, which always lay in Glumdalclitch's bed-chamber, and belonged to her governess, a grave elderly gentlewoman, who dealt in writings of morality and devotion. The book treats of the weakness of human kind, and is in little esteem, except among the women and the vulgar. However, I was curious to see what an author

thors of that country could say upon such a subject. This writer went through all the usual topics of European moralists, shewing how diminutive, contemptible, and helpless an animal was man in his own nature; how unable to defend himself from inclemencies of the air, or the fury of wild beasts; how much he was excelled by one creature in strength, by another in speed, by a third in foresight, by a fourth in industry. He added, that nature was degenerated in these latter declining ages of the world, and could now produce only small abortive births, in comparison of those in ancient times. He said it was very reasonable to think, not only that the species of men were originally much larger, but also that there must have been giants in former ages; which, as it is asserted by history and tradition, so it hath been confirmed by huge bones and skulls casually dug up in several parts of the kingdom, far exceeding the common dwindled race of man in our days. He argued, that the very laws of nature absolutely required we should have been made in the beginning of a size more large and robust, not so liable to destruction from every little accident of a tile falling from an house, or a stone cast from the hand of a boy, or being drowned in a little brook. From this way of reasoning, the author drew several moral applications useful in the conduct of life, but needless here to repeat. For my own part, I could not avoid reflecting how universally this talent was spread, of drawing lectures in morality, or indeed rather matter of discontent and repining, from the quarrels we raise with nature. And, I believe, upon a strict enquiry, those quarrels might be shewn as ill-grounded among us, as they are among that people*.

As to their military affairs, they boast that the king's army consists of an hundred and seventy-six thousand foot, and thirty-two thousand horse: if that may be called an army, which is made up of tradesmen in the several cities, and farmers in the country, whose commanders are only the nobility and gentry without pay or reward. They are indeed perfect enough in their ex-

* The author's zeal to justify Providence has before been remarked; and these quarrels with nature, or in other words with God, could not have been more forcibly reproved than by shewing, that the complaints upon which they are founded would be equally specious among beings of such astonishing superiority of stature and strength.

ercises, and under very good discipline, wherein I saw no great merit; for how should it be otherwise, where every farmer is under the command of his own landlord, and every citizen under that of the principal men in his own city, chosen after the manner of Venice by ballot?

I have often seen the militia of Lorbrulgrud drawn out to exercise in a great field near the city of twenty miles square. They were in all not above twenty-five thousand foot, and six thousand horse; but it was impossible for me to compute their number, considering the space of ground they took up. A cavalier, mounted on a large steed, might be about ninety feet high. I have seen this whole body of horse, upon a word of command, draw their swords at once, and brandish them in the air. Imagination can figure nothing so grand, so surprising, and so astonishing! it looked as if ten thousand flashes of lightening were darting at the same time from every quarter of the sky.

I was curious to know how this prince, to whose dominions there is no access from any other country, came to think of armies, or to teach his people the practice of military discipline. But I was soon informed, both by conversation and reading their histories: for in the course of many ages they have been troubled with the same disease to which the whole race of mankind is subject: the nobility often contending for power, the people for liberty, and the king for absolute dominion. All which, however happily tempered by the laws of that kingdom, have been sometimes violated by each of the three parties, and have more than once occasioned civil wars, the last whereof was happily put an end to by this prince's grandfather in a general composition; and the militia, then settled with common consent, hath been ever since kept in the strictest duty.

C H A P. VIII.

The king and queen make a progress to the frontiers. The author attends them. The manner in which he leaves the country very particularly related. He returns to England.

I had always a strong impulse, that I should sometime recover my liberty, though it was impossible to conjecture by what means, or to form any project with the least hope of succeeding. The ship in which I sailed was the first ever known to be driven within sight of that coast, and the king had

had given strict orders, that, if at any time another appeared, it should be taken ashore, and with all its crew and passengers brought in a tumbrel to Lorbulgrud. He was strongly bent to get me a woman of my own size, by whom I might propagate the breed: but I think I should rather have died, than undergone the disgrace of leaving a posterity to be kept in cages like tame canary-birds, and perhaps in time sold about the kingdom to persons of quality for curiosities. I was indeed treated with much kindness: I was the favourite of a great king and queen, and delight of the whole court; but it was upon such a foot, as ill became the dignity of human kind. I could never forget those domestic pledges I had left behind me. I wanted to be among people with whom I could converse upon even terms, and walk about the streets and fields, without being afraid of being trod to death like a frog, or young puppy. But my deliverance came sooner than I expected, and in a manner not very common: the whole story and circumstances of which I shall faithfully relate.

I had now been two years in this country; and about the beginning of the third Glumdalclitch and I attended the king and queen in a progress to the south coast of the kingdom. I was carried as usual in my travelling box, which, as I have already described, was a very convenient closet of twelve feet wide. And I had ordered a hammock to be fixed by silken ropes from the four corners at the top, to break the jolts, when a servant carried me before him on horseback, as I sometimes desired, and would often sleep in my hammock while we were upon the road. On the roof of my closet, not directly over the middle of the hammock, I ordered the joiner to cut out a hole of a foot square, to give me air in hot weather, as I slept; which hole I shut at pleasure with a board, that drew backwards and forwards through a groove.

When we came to our journey's end, the king thought proper to pass a few days at a palace he hath near Flansflanie, a city within eighteen English miles of the sea-side. Glumdalclitch and I were much fatigued: I had gotten a small cold, but the poor girl was so ill as to be confined to her chamber. I longed to see the ocean, which must be the only scene of my escape, if ever it should happen. I pretended to be worse than I really was, and desired leave to take the fresh air of the sea with a page whom I was

very fond of, and who had sometimes been trusted with me. I shall never forget with what unwillingness Glumdalclitch consented, nor the strict charge she gave the page to be careful of me, bursting at the same time into a flood of tears, as if she had some foreboding of what was to happen. The boy took me out in my box about half an hour's walk from the palace towards the rocks on the sea-shore. I ordered him to let me down, and lifting up one of my fishes, cast many a willful melancholy look towards the sea. I found myself not very well, and told the page that I had a mind to take a nap in my hammock, which I hoped would do me good. I got in, and the boy shut the window close down to keep out the cold. I soon fell asleep, and all I can conjecture is, that while I slept, the page, thinking no danger could happen, went among the rocks to look for birds eggs, having before observed him from my window searching about, and picking up one or two in the clefts. Be that as it will, I found myself suddenly awaked with a violent pull upon the ring, which was fastened at the top of my box for the conveniency of carriage. I felt my box raised very high in the air, and then borne forward with prodigious speed. The first jolt had like to have shaken me out of my hammock, but afterwards the motion was easy enough. I called out several times as loud as I could raise my voice, but all to no purpose. I looked towards my windows, and could see nothing but the clouds and sky. I heard a noise just over my head like the clapping of wings, and then began to perceive the woful condition I was in, that some eagle had got the ring of my box in his beak with an intent to let it fall on a rock like a tortoise in a shell, and then pick out my body, and devour it: for the sagacity and smell of this bird enabled him to discover his quarry at a great distance, though better concealed than I could be within a two-inch board.

In a little time I observed the noise and flutter of wings to increase very fast, and my box was tossed up and down like a sign in a windy day. I heard several bangs or buffets, as I thought, given to the eagle (for such I am certain it must have been that held the ring of my box in his beak) and then all on a sudden felt myself falling perpendicularly down for above a minute, but with such incredible swiftness that I almost lost my breath. My fall was stopped by a terrible squash, that sounded louder

to

to my ears than the cataract of Niagara * ; after which I was quite in the dark for another minute, and then my box began to rise so high that I could see light from the tops of the windows. I now perceived that I was fallen into the sea. My box, by the weight of my body, the goods that were in, and the broad plates of iron fixed for strength at the four corners of the top and bottom, floated about five feet deep in water. I did then, and do now suppose, that the eagle which flew away with my box was pursued by two or three others, and forced to let me drop while he defended himself against the rest, who hoped to share in the prey. The plates of iron fastened at the bottom of the box (for those were the strongest) preserved the balance while it fell, and hindered it from being broken on the surface of the water. Every joint of it was well grooved; and the door did not move on hinges, but up and down like a latch, which kept my closet so tight that very little water came in. I got with much difficulty out of my hammock, having first ventured to draw back the slip-board on the roof already mentioned, contrived on purpose to let in air, for want of which I found myself almost stifled.

How often did I then wish myself with my dear Glumdalclitch, from whom one single hour had so far divided me! And I may say with truth, that in the midst of my own misfortunes I could not forbear lamenting my poor nurse, the grief she would suffer for my loss, the displeasure of the queen, and the ruin of her fortune. Perhaps many travellers have not been under greater difficulties and distress than I was at this juncture, expecting every moment to see my box dashed to pieces, or at least overruled by the first violent blast or rising wave. A breach in one single pane of glass would have been immediate death: nor could any thing have preserved the windows but the strong lattice-wires placed on the outside against accidents in travelling. I saw the water ooze in at several crannies, although the leaks were not considerable, and I endeavoured to stop them as well as I could. I was not able to lift up the roof of my closet, which otherwise I cer-

tainly should have done, and sat on the top of it, where I might at least preserve myself some hours longer than by being shut up (as I may call it) in the hold. Or if I escaped these dangers for a day or two, what could I expect but a miserable death of cold and hunger? I was four hours under these circumstances, expecting, and indeed wishing, every moment to be my last.

I have already told the reader that there were two strong staples fixed upon that side of my box which had no window, and into which the servant who used to carry me on horseback would put a leathern belt, and buckle it about his waist. Being in this disconsolate state, I heard, or at least thought I heard, some kind of grating noise on that side of my box where the staples were fixed, and soon after I began to fancy, that the box was pulled or towed along in the sea; for I now and then felt a sort of tugging, which made the waves rise near the tops of my windows, leaving me almost in the dark. This gave me some faint hopes of relief; although I was not able to imagine how it could be brought about. I ventured to unscrew one of my chairs, which were always fastened to the floor; and having made a hard shift to screw it down again directly under the slipping-board that I had lately opened, I mounted on the chair, and, putting my mouth as near as I could to the hole, I called for help in a loud voice, and in all the languages I understood. I then fastened my handkerchief to a stick I usually carried, and thrusting it up the hole, waved it several times in the air, that if any boat or ship were near, the seamen might conjecture some unhappy mortal to be shut up in the box.

I found no effect from all I could do, but plainly perceived my closet to be moved along; and in the space of an hour, or better, that side of the box where the staples were, and had no window, struck against something that was hard. I apprehended it to be a rock, and found myself tossed more than ever. I plainly heard a noise upon the cover of my closet like that of a cable, and the grating of it as it passed through the ring. I then found myself hoisted up by degrees at least three feet higher than I was before. Whereupon I again thrust up my stick and handkerchief, calling for help till I was almost hoarse. In return to which, I heard a great shout repeated three times, giving me such trans-

* Niagara is a settlement of the French in North America, and the cataract is produced by the fall of a conflux of water (formed of the four vast lakes of Canada) from a rocky precipice, the perpendicular height of which is one hundred and thirty-seven feet; and it is said to have been heard fifteen leagues.

ports of joy as are not to be conceived but by those who feel them. I now heard a tapping over my head, and somebody calling through the hole with a loud voice in the English tongue, If there be any body below, let them speak. I answered, I was an Englishman, drawn by ill fortune into the greatest calamity that ever any creature underwent, and begged by all that was moving to be delivered out of the dungeon I was in. The voice replied, I was safe, for my box was fastened to their ship; and the carpenter should immediately come and saw a hole in the cover large enough to pull me out. I answered, that was needless, and would take up too much time, for there was no more to be done, but let one of the crew put his finger into the ring, and take the box out of the sea into the ship, and so into the captain's cabin*. Some of them upon hearing me talk so wildly thought I was mad; others laughed; for indeed it never came into my head that I was now got among people of my own stature and strength. The carpenter came, and in a few minutes sawed a passage about four feet square, then let down a small ladder, upon which I mounted, and from thence was taken into the ship in a very weak condition.

The sailors were all in amazement, and asked me a thousand questions, which I had no inclination to answer. I was equally confounded at the sight of so many pigmies, for such I took them to be, after having so long accustomed mine eyes to the monstrous objects I had left. But the captain, Mr. Thomas Wilcocks, an honest worthy Shropshireman, observing I was ready to faint, took me into his cabin, gave me a cordial to comfort me, and made me turn in upon his own bed, advising me to take a little rest, of which I had great need. Before I went to sleep, I gave him to understand that I had some valuable furniture in my box too good to be lost; a fine hammock, an handsome field-bed, two chairs, a table, and a cabinet. That my closet was hung on all sides, or rather quilted, with silk and cotton; that if he would let

one of the crew bring my closet into his cabin, I would open it there before him and shew him my goods. The captain hearing me utter these absurdities concluded I was raving; however (I suppose to pacify me) he promised to give order as I desired, and going upon deck, sent some of his men down into my closet, from whence (as I afterwards found) they drew up all my goods, and stripped off the quilting; but the chairs, cabinet, and bedstead, being screwed to the floor, were much damaged by the ignorance of the seamen, who tore them up by force. Then they knocked off some of the boards for the use of the ship, and when they had got all they had a mind for, let the hull drop into the sea, which by reason of many breaches made in the bottom and sides sunk to rights. And indeed I was glad not to have been a spectator of the havoc they made; because I am confident it would have sensibly touched me, by bringing former passages into my mind, which I had rather forget.

I slept some hours, but perpetually disturbed with dreams of the place I had left and the dangers I had escaped. However, upon waking I found myself much recovered. It was now about eight o'clock at night, and the captain ordered supper immediately, thinking I had already fasted too long. He entertained me with great kindness, observing me not to look wildly, or talk incoherently; and, when we were left alone, desired I would give him a relation of my travels, and by what accident I came to be set adrift in that monstrous wooden chest. He said, that about twelve o'clock at noon, as he was looking through his glass, he spied it at a distance, and thought it was a sail, which he had a mind to make, being not much out of his course, in hopes of buying some biscuits, his own beginning to fail short. That upon coming nearer, and finding his error, he sent out his long-boat to discover what I was; that his men came back in a fright, swearing they had seen a swimming-house. That he laughed at their folly, and went himself in the boat, ordering his men to take a strong cable along with them. That the weather being calm he rowed round me several times, observed my windows, and the wire ladders that defended them. That he discovered two doors upon one side, which was all of boards without any passage for light. He then commanded his men to row up to that side, and taken

* There are several little incidents which shew the author to have had a deep knowledge of human nature; and I think this is one. Although the principal advantages enumerated by Gulliver in the beginning of this chapter, of mingling again among his countrymen, depended on their being of the same size with himself, yet this is forgotten in his ardour to be delivered; and he is afterwards betrayed into the same absurdity, by his zeal to preserve his furniture.

ing a cable to one of the staples, ordered them to tow my chest (as they called it) towards the ship. When it was there, he gave directions to fasten another cable to the ring fixed in the cover, and to raise up my chest with pulleys, which all the sailors were not able to do above two or three feet. He said, they saw my stick and handkerchief thrust out of the hole, and concluded that some unhappy man must be shut up in the cavity. I asked, whether he or the crew had seen any prodigious birds in the air about the time he first discovered me? to which he answered, that, discoursing this matter with the sailors while I was asleep, one of them said, he had observed three eagles flying towards the north, but remarked nothing of their being larger than the usual size, which I suppose must be imputed to the great height they were at; and he could not guess the reason of my question. I then asked the captain, how far he reckoned we might be from land? he said, by the best computation he could make, we were at least an hundred leagues. I assured him that he must be mistaken by almost half, for I had not left the country from whence I came above two hours before I dropt into the sea. Whereupon he began again to think that my brain was disturbed, of which he gave me a hint, and advised me to go to bed in a cabin he had provided. I assured him I was well refreshed with his good entertainment and company, and as much in my senses as ever I was in my life. He then grew serious, and desired to ask me freely, whether I were not troubled in mind by the consciousness of some enormous crime, for which I was punished at the command of some prince by exposing me in that chest, as great criminals in other countries have been forced to sea in a leaky vessel without provisions: for although he should be sorry to have taken so ill a man into his ship, yet he would engage his word to set me safe ashore in the first port where we arrived. He added, that his suspicions were much increased by some very absurd speeches I had delivered at first to the sailors, and afterwards to himself, in relation to my closet or chest, as well as by my odd looks and behaviour while I was at supper.

I begged his patience to hear me tell my story, which I faithfully did from the last time I left England to the moment he first discovered me. And as truth always forceth its way into rational minds, so this

honest worthy gentleman, who had some tincture of learning, and very good sense, was immediately convinced of my candour and veracity. But, farther to confirm all I had said, I intreated him to give order that my cabinet should be brought, of which I had the key in my pocket, (for he had already informed me how the seamen disposed of my closet.) I opened it in his own presence, and shewed him the small collection of rarities I made in the country from whence I had been so strangely delivered. There was the comb I had contrived out of the stumps of the king's beard, and another of the same materials, but fixed into a paring of her majesty's thumbnail, which served for the back. There was a collection of needles and pins from a foot to half a yard long; four wasp-stings, like joiners tacks; some combings of the queen's hair; a gold ring which one day she made me a present of in a most obliging manner, taking it from her little finger, and throwing it over my head like a collar. I desired the captain would please to accept this ring in return of his civilities; which he absolutely refused. I shewed him a corn that I had cut off with my own hand from a maid of honour's toe; it was about the bigness of a Kentish pippin, and grown so hard, that, when I returned to England, I got it hollowed into a cup, and set in silver. Lastly, I desired him to see the breeches I had then on, which were made of a mouse's skin.

I could force nothing on him but a footman's tooth, which I observed him to examine with great curiosity, and found he had a fancy for it. He received it with abundance of thanks, more than such a trifle could deserve. It was drawn by an unskilful surgeon in a mistake from one of Glendaloch's men, who was afflicted with the tooth-ach, but it was as sound as any in his head. I got it cleaned, and put it into my cabinet. It was about a foot long, and four inches in diameter.

The captain was very well satisfied with this plain relation I had given him, and said, he hoped, when we returned to England, I would oblige the world by putting it on paper, and making it public. My answer was, that I thought we were already overstocked with books of travels; that nothing could now pass which was not extraordinary; wherein I doubted some authors less consulted truth, than their own vanity, or interest, or the diversion of ignorant readers: that my story could contain little
besides

besides common events, without those ornamental descriptions of strange plants, trees, birds, and other animals; or of the barbarous customs and idolatry of savage people, with which most writers abound. However, I thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to take the matter into my thoughts.

He said, he wondered at one thing very much, which was, to hear me speak so loud, asking me whether the king or queen of that country were thick of hearing. I told him, it was what I had been used to for above two years past; and that I admired as much at the voices of him and his men, who seemed to me only to whisper, and yet I could hear them well enough. But, when I spoke in that country, it was like a man talking in the street to another looking out from the top of a steeple, unless when I was placed on a table, or held in any person's hand. I told him, I had likewise observed another thing, that when I first got into the ship, and the sailors stood all about me, I thought they were the most little contemptible creatures I had ever beheld. For, indeed, while I was in that prince's country, I could never endure to look in a glass after mine eyes had been accustomed to such prodigious objects, because the comparison gave me so despicable a conceit of myself. The captain said, that while we were at supper he observed me to look at every thing with a sort of wonder, and that I often seemed hardly able to contain my laughter, which he knew not well how to take, but imputed it to some disorder in my brain. I answered it was very true; and I wondered how I could forbear, when I saw his dishes of the size of a silver three-pence, a leg of pork hardly a mouthful, a cup not so big as a nut-shell; and so I went on, describing the rest of his household-stuff and provisions after the same manner. For although the queen had ordered a little equipage of all things necessary for me, while I was in her service, yet my ideas were wholly taken up with what I saw on every side of me, and I winked at my own littleness, as people do at their own faults. The captain underflood my raillery very well, and merrily replied with the old English proverb, that he doubted my eyes were bigger than my belly, for he did not observe my stomach so good, although I had fasted all day; and, continuing in his mirth, protested he would have gladly given an hundred pounds to have seen my closet in the eagle's bill, and

afterwards in its fall from so great a height into the sea; which would certainly have been a most astonishing object, worthy to have the description of it transmitted to future ages: and the comparison of Phaeton was so obvious, that he could not forbear applying it, although I did not much admire the conceit.

The captain, having been at Tonquin, was in his return to England driven north-eastward to the latitude of 44 degrees, and of longitude 143. But meeting a trade-wind two days after I came on board him, we sailed southward a long time, and coasting New-Holland, kept our course west-south-west, and then south-south-west, till we doubled the Cape of Good-Hope. Our voyage was very prosperous, but I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of it. The captain called in at one or two ports, and sent in his long-boat for provisions and fresh water, but I never went out of the ship till we came into the Downs, which was on the third day of June, 1706, about nine months after my escape. I offered to leave my goods in security for payment of my freight; but the captain protested he would not receive one farthing. We took a kind leave of each other, and I made him promise he would come to see me at my house in Rotherhithe. I hired a horse and guide for five shillings, which I borrowed of the captain.

As I was on the road, observing the littleness of the houses, the trees, the cattle, and the people, I began to think myself in Lilliput. I was afraid of trampling on every traveller I met, and often called aloud to have them stand out of the way, so that I had like to have gotten one or two broken heads for my impertinence.

When I came to my own house, for which I was forced to enquire, one of the servants opening the door, I bent down to go in (like a goose under a gate) for fear of striking my head. My wife ran out to embrace me, but I stooped lower than her knees, thinking she could otherwise never be able to reach my mouth. My daughter kneeled to ask my blessing, but I could not see her till she arose, having been so long used to stand with my head and eyes erect to above sixty feet; and then I went to take her up with one hand by the waist. I looked down upon the servants, and one or two friends who were in the house, as if they had been pignies, and I a giant. I told my wife she had been too thrifty, for I found she had starved herself and her daughter

daughter to nothing. In short, I behaved myself so unaccountably, that they were all of the captain's opinion when he first saw me, and concluded I had lost my wits. This I mention as an instance of the great power of habit and prejudice.

In a little time, I and my family and friends came to a right understanding: but my wife protested I should never go to sea any more; although my evil destiny so ordered, that she had not power to hinder me, as the reader may know hereafter. In the mean time, I here conclude the second part of my unfortunate voyages *.

Swift.

§ 150. *Detached Sentences.*

To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to improve, than to be angry secretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

A wife man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

* From the whole of these two voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag arises one general remark, which, however obvious, has been overlooked by those who consider them as little more than the sport of a wanton imagination. When human actions are ascribed to pigmies and giants, there are few that do not excite either contempt, disgust, or horror; to ascribe them therefore to such beings was perhaps the most probable method of engaging the mind to examine them with attention, and judge of them with impartiality, by suspending the fascination of habit, and exhibiting familiar objects in a new light. The use of the fable then is not less apparent than important and extensive; and that this use was intended by the author, can be doubted only by those who are disposed to affirm, that order and regularity are the effects of chance.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy prefaces and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

Philosophy is then only valuable, when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.

Without a friend, the world is but a wilderness.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavour to be always such. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Excess of ceremony shews want of breeding. That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we must do violence to nature, to shake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it.

By others faults wife men correct their own.

No man hath a thorough taste of prosperity, to whom adversity never happened.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wisdom to hide ignorance, as to discover knowledge.

Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent; and habit will render it the most delightful.

Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

As, to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.

No

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of fortune, unless he had before suffered himself to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breast of a wife man, but rests only in the bosom of fools.

None more impatiently suffer injuries, than those that are most forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miser robs himself.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom, to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

To mourn without measure, is folly; not to mourn at all, insensibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and instruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wise but by his own wisdom.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

The character of the person who commends you, is to be considered before you set a value on his esteem. The wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the world, him who is most wealthy.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all his

life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

A good man will love himself too well to lose, and all his neighbours too well to win, an estate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the best principles in the world.

An angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of little minds, to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every think that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

It happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn: they shoot up, and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deserving man shall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues praise: such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

It is harder to avoid censure, than to gain applause; for this may be done by one great or wise action in an age; but to escape censure, a man must pass his whole life without saying or doing one ill or foolish thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered, The earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings.—Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, Were I Alexander I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

Nobility is to be considered only as an imaginary distinction, unless accompanied with the practice of those generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles

of honour conferred upon such as have no personal merit, are at best but the royal stamp set upon base metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to posterity, yet the ennobling qualities which are the soul of greatness are a sort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and settle his sense and learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his lands, a noble descent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.

Truth is always consistent with itself. It is always needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lye is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls: without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unpotted life is old age.

Wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forsaketh evil things; for fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

A wise man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth small things, shall fall by little and little.

A rich man beginning to fall, is held up of his friends; but a poor man being down, is thrust away by his friends: when a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him: the poor man slipt, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and, look, what he saith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speaks, they say, What fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended

from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

My son, blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words, when thou givest any thing. Shall not the dew assuage the heat? so is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

Forfake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Admonish thy friend: it may be he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it; or if he have, that he speak it not again. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whose discovereth secrets loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother; how canst thou recompense them the things that they have done for thee?

There is nothing so much worth as a mind well instructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling such things as pertain not unto them; but the words of such as have understanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wise is in their heart.

To labour, and to be content with that a man hath, is a sweet life.

Be at peace with many; nevertheless, have but one counsellor of a thousand.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Let reason go before every enterprize, and counsel before every action.

The

The latter part of a wise man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and false opinions he had contracted in the former.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but are providing to live another time.

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

There is nothing wanting, to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

Men are grateful, in the same degree that they are resentful.

Young men are subtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all their faults, as that of passion all their follies.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Next to the satisfaction I receive in the prosperity of an honest man, I am best pleased with the confusion of a rascal.

What is often termed thynois, is nothing more than refined sense, and an indifference to common observations.

The higher character a person supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

Every person insensibly fixes upon some degree of refinement in his discourse, some measure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wise to fix this pretty high, although it occasions one to talk the less.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philosophy, is to spend so much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often shrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the sensitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be

proud themselves if they were in their places.

People frequently use this expression, I am inclined to think so and so, not considering that they are then speaking the most literal of all truths.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meanings in discourse, as we would puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day; he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones; the mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovered at the same time a bad disposition and a bad taste.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine sense, and exalted sense, are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, most mischievous.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanderers: as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest articles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the same kind as that which they shew for a foot-ball; whenever it is contested for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the dispute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but sleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbish, which no one thinks it worth his pains to take into, much less to remove.

Honour is but a fictitious kind of honesty; a mean but a necessary substitute for it, in societies who have none; it is a sort of paper-credit, with which men are obliged to trade who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth—There are abundance of cases which occasion suspense, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phrase simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

The sense of death is most in apprehension; and the poor beetle that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

§ 151. PROVERBS.

As PROVERBS are allowed to contain a great deal of Wisdom forcibly expressed, it has been judged proper to add a Collection of English, Italian, and Spanish Proverbs. They will tend to exercise the powers of Judgment and Reflection. They may also furnish Subjects for Themes, Letters, &c. at Schools. They are so easily retained in the memory that they may often occur in an emergency, and serve a young man more effectually than more formal and elegant sentences.

Old English Proverbs.

In every work begin and end with God.
The grace of God is worth a fair.
He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.

So much of passion, so much of nothing to the purpose.

'Tis wit to pick a lock, and steal a horse; but 'tis wisdom to let him alone.

Sorrow is good for nothing but for sin.
Love thy neighbour; yet pull not down thy hedge.

Half an acre is good land.

Chear up, man, God is still where he was.

Of little meddling comes great ease.

Do well, and have well.

He who perishes in a needless danger is the devil's martyr.

Better spare at the brim, than at the bottom.

He who serves God is the true wise man.
The hasty man never wants woe.

There

There is God in the almonry.
 He who will thrive must rise at five.
 He who hath thriven may sleep till seven.
 Prayer brings down the first blessing,
 and praise the second.
 He plays best who wins.
 He is a proper man who hath proper conditions.
 Better half a loaf than no bread.
 Beware of *Had-I-wist*.
 Frost and fraud have always foul ends.
 Good words cost nought.
 A good word is as soon said as a bad one.
 Little said soon amended.
 Fair words butter no parsnips.
 That penny is well spent that saves a groat to its master.
 Penny in pocket is a good companion.
 For all your kindred make much of your friends.
 He who hath money in his purse, cannot want an head for his shoulders.
 G eat cry and little wool, quoth the devil when he shear'd his hogs.
 'Tis ill gaping before an oven.
 Where the hedge is lowest all men go over.
 When sorrow is asleep wake it not.
 Up starts a churl that gathered good,
 From whence did spring his noble blood.
 Provide for the worst, the best will save itself.
 A covetous man, like a dog in a wheel, roasts meat for others to eat.
 Speak me fair, and think what you will.
 Serve God in thy calling; 'tis better than always praying.
 A child may have too much of his mother's blessing.
 He who gives alms makes the very best use of his money.
 A wife man will neither speak, nor do,
 Whatever anger would provoke him to.
 Heaven once named, all other things are trifles.
 The patient man is always at home.
 Peace with heaven is the best friendship.
 The worst of crosses is never to have had any.
 Crosses are ladders that do lead up to heaven.
 Honour buys no beef in the market.
 Care-not would have.
 When it rains pottage you must hold up your dish.

He that would thrive must ask leave of his wife.
 A wonder lasts but nine days.
 The second meal makes the glutton; and
 The second blow, or second ill word,
 makes the quarrel.
 A young serving man an old beggar.
 A pennyworth of ease is worth a penny at all times.
 As proud comes behind as goes before.
 Bachelor's wives and maid's children are well taught.
 Beware of the geese when the fox preaches.
 Rich men seem happy, great, and wise,
 All which the good man only is.
 Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
 Love me little, and love me long.
 He that buys an house ready wrought,
 Hath many a pin and nail for nought.
 Fools build houses, and wise men buy them, or live in them.
 Opportunity makes the thief.
 Out of debt, out of deadly sin.
 Pride goes before, and shame follows after.
 That groat is ill saved that shames its master.
 Quick believers need broad shoulders.
 Three may keep counsel, if two be away.
 He who weddeth ere he be wife, shall die ere he thrives.
 He who most studies his content, wants it most.
 God hath often a great share in a little house, and but a little share in a great one.
 When prayers are done my lady is ready.
 He that is warm thinks all are so.
 If every man will mend one, we shall all be mended.
 Marry your son when you will, your daughter when you can.
 None is a fool always, every one sometimes.
 Think of ease, but work on.
 He that lies long in bed his estate feels it.
 The child saith nothing but what it heard by the fire-side.
 A gentleman, a grey-hound, and a salt-box, look for at the fire-side.
 The son full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.
 He who riseth betimes hath something in his head.

Fine

Fine dressing is a foul house swept before the doors.

Discontent is a man's worst evil.

He who lives well sees afar off.

Love is not to be found in the market.

My house, my house, though thou art small,

Thou art to me the Escorial.

He who seeks trouble never misseth it.

Never was strumpet fair in a wife-man's eye.

He that hath little is the less dirty.

Good counsel breaks no man's head.

Fly the pleasure that will bite to-morrow.

Woe be to the house where there is no chiding.

The greatest step is that out of doors.

Poverty is the mother of health.

Wealth, like rheum, falls on the weakest parts.

If all fools wore white caps, we should look like a flock of geese.

Living well is the best revenge we can take on our enemies.

Fair words make me look to my purse.

The shortest answer is doing the thing.

He who would have what he hath not, should do what he doth not.

He who hath horns in his bosom, needs not put them upon his head.

Good and quickly seldom meet.

God is at the end when we think he is farthest off.

He who contemplates hath a day without night.

Time is the rider that breaks youth.

Better suffer a great evil than do a little one.

Talk much, and err much.

The persuasion of the fortunate sways the doubtful.

True praise takes root, and spreads.

Happy is the body which is blest with a mind not needing.

Foolish tongues talk by the dozen.

Shew a good man his error, and he turns it into a virtue; a bad man doubles his fault.

When either side grows warm in arguing, the wisest man gives over first.

Wise men with pity do behold

Fools worship mules that carry gold.

In the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.

A wife man cares not much for what he cannot have.

Pardon others but not thyself.

If a good man thrives, all thrive with him.

Old praise dies, unless you feed it.

That which two will takes effect.

He only is bright who shines by himself.

Prosperity lets go the bridle.

Take care to be what thou wouldst seem.

Great businesses turn on a little pin.

He that will not have peace, God gives him war.

None is so wise but the fool overtakes him.

That is the best gown that goes most up and down the house.

Silks and sattins put out the fire in the kitchen.

The first dish pleaseth all.

God's mill grinds slow, but sure.

Neither praise nor dispraise thyself, thy actions serve the turn.

He who fears death lives not.

He who preaches gives alms.

He who pitieth another thinks on himself.

Night is the mother of counsels.

He who once hits will be ever shooting.

He that cockers his child provides for his enemy.

The faulty stands always on his guard.

He that is thrown would ever wrestle.

Good swimmers are drowned at last.

Courtesy on one side only lasts not long.

Wine counsels seldom prosper.

Set good against evil.

He goes not out of his way who goes to a good inn.

It is an ill air where we gain nothing.

Every one hath a fool in his sleeve.

Too much taking heed is sometimes loss.

'Tis easier to build two chimneys than to maintain one.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

The wife is the key of the house.

The life of man is a winter way.

The least foolish is accounted wise.

Life is half spent before we know what it is to live.

Wine is a turn-coat; first a friend, then an enemy.

Wine ever pays for his lodging.

Time undermines us all.

Conversation makes a man what he is.

The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.

The great put the little on the hook.

Lawyers

Lawyers houses are built on the heads
of fools.

Among good men two suffice.

The best bred have the best portion.

To live peaceably with all breeds good
blood.

He who hath the charge of souls trans-
ports them not in bundles.

Pains to get, care to keep, fear to lose.

When a lackey comes to hell, the devil
locks the gates.

He that tells his wife news is but newly
married.

He who will make a door of gold, must
knock in a nail every day.

If the brain sows not corn, it plants
thistles.

A woman conceals what she knows not.

Some evils are cured by contempt.

God deals his wrath by weight, but
without weight his mercy.

Follow not truth too near at the heels,
lest it dash out your teeth.

Say to pleasure, gentle Eve, I will have
none of your apple.

Marry your daughters betimes, lest they
marry themselves.

Every man's censure is usually first
moulded in his own nature.

Suspicion is the virtue of a coward.

Stay a while, that we may make an end
the sooner.

Let us ride fair and softly that we may
get home the sooner.

Debtors are lyars.

Knowledge (or cunning) is no burthen.

Deaths foreseen come not.

A penny spared is twice got.

Pension never enriched young men.

If things were to be done twice, all
would be wise.

If the mother had never been in the
oven, she would not have looked for her
daughter there.

The body is sooner well dressed than the
soul.

Every one is a master, and a servant.

No profit to honour, no honour to vir-
tue or religion.

Every sin brings its punishment along
with it.

The devil divides the world between
atheism and superstition.

Good husbandry is good divinity.

Be reasonable and you will be happy.

It is better to please a fool than to anger
him.

A fool, if he saith he will have a crab,
he will not have an apple.

Take heed you find not what you do
not seek.

The highway is never about.

He lives long enough who hath lived well.

Metal is dangerous in a blind horse.

Winter never rots in the sky.

God help the rich, the poor can beg.

He that speaks me fair, and loves me not,

I will speak him fair, and trust him not.

He who preaches war is the devil's chap-
lain.

The truest wealth is contentment with a
little.

A man's best fortune, or his worst, is a
wife.

Marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Sir John Barley-Corn is the strongest
knight.

Like blood, like good, and like age,

Make the happiest marriage.

Every ass thinks himself worthy to stand
with the king's horses.

A good beginning makes a good ending.

One ounce of discretion, or of wisdom,
is worth two pounds of wit.

The devil is good, or kind, when he is
pleased.

A fair face is half a portion.

To forget a wrong is the best revenge.

Manners make the man.

Man doth what he can, God doth what
he pleases.

Gold goes in at any gate except that of
heaven.

Knaves and fools divide the world.

No great loss but may bring some little
profit.

When poverty comes in at the door, love
leaps out at the window.

That suit is best that best fits me.

If I had revenged every wrong,

I had not worn my skirts so long.

Self-love is a mote in every man's eye.

That which is well done is twice done.

Use soft words and hard arguments.

There is no coward to an ill conscience.

He who makes other men afraid of his
wit, had need be afraid of their memories.

Riches are but the baggage of virtue.

He who defers his charities till his death,

is rather liberal of another man's than of
his own.

A wife man hath more ballast than sail.

Great mens' promises, courtiers' oaths,

and dead mens' shoes, a man may look

for, but not trust to.

Be wise on this side heaven.

The devil tempts others, an idle man

tempts the devil.

3 U

Good

Good looks buy nothing in the market.
He who will be his own master often
hath a fool for his scholar.

That man is well bought who costs you
but a compliment.

The greatest king must at last go to bed
with a shovel or spade.

He only truly lives who lives in peace.

If wife men never erred, it would go
hard with the fool.

Great virtue seldom descends.

One wife (in marriage) and two
happy.

Almsgiving never made any man poor,
nor robbery rich, nor prosperity wife.

A fool and his money are soon parted.

Fear of hell is the true valour of a
christian.

For ill do well, then fear not hell.

The best thing in this world is to live
above it.

Happy is he who knows his follies in his
youth.

A thousand pounds and a bottle of hay,
Will be all one at Doomsday.

One pair of heels is sometimes worth
two pair of hands.

'Tis good sleeping in a whole skin.

Enough is as good as a feast.

A fool's bolt is soon shot.

All is well that ends well.

Ever drink, ever dry.

He who hath an ill name is half-hanged.

Harm watch, harm catch.

A friend's frown is better than a fool's
smile.

'The easiest work and way is, To beware.

If the best man's faults were written in
his forehead, it would make him pull his
hat over his eyes.

A man may be great by chance; but
never wife, or good, without taking pains
for it.

Success makes a fool seem wife.

All worldly joys go less

To that one joy of doing kindnesses.

What fools say doth not much trouble
wife men.

Money is a good servant, but an ill
master.

Pleasure gives law to fools, God to the
wife.

He lives indeed who lives not to himself
alone.

Good to begin well, better to end well.

There would be no ill language if it
were not ill taken.

Industry is fortune's right-hand, and
frugality is her left.

We shall lie all alike in our graves.

When flatterers meet, the devil goes to
dinner.

'Tis a small family that hath neither
a thief nor an harlot in it.

To give and to keep there is need of
wit.

A man never surfeits of too much ho-
nesty.

Honour and ease are seldom bedfellows.

Those husbands are in heaven whose
wives do not chide.

He can want nothing who hath God for
his friend.

Young mens' knocks old men feel.

He who is poor when he is married,
shall be rich when he is buried.

Of all tame beasts, I hate fluts.

Giving much to the poor doth increase
a man's store.

That is my good that doth me good.

An idle brain is the devil's shop.

God send us somewhat of our own when
rich men go to dinner.

Let your purse still be your master.

Young men think old men fools; but
old men know that young men are fools.

Wit once bought is worth twice taught.

A wise head makes a close mouth.

All foolish fancies are bought much too
dear.

Womens' and childrens' wishes are the
aim and happiness of the more weak men.

Ignorance is better than pride with great-
er knowledge.

The charitable man gives out at the
door, and God puts in at the window.

Every man is a fool where he hath not
considered or thought.

He who angers others is not himself at
ease.

He dies like a beast who hath done no
good while he lived.

Heaven is not to be had by mens' bare-
ly wishing for it.

Patch and long fit, build and soon fit.
One hour's sleep before midnight is

worth two hours sleep after it.

Wranglers never want words.

War is death's feast.

Idle lazy folks have most labour.

Knavery may serve a turn, but honesty
is best at the long-run.

A quick landlord makes a careful tenant.

Look ever to the main chance.

Will is the cause of woe.

Welcome is the best cheer.

I will keep no more cats than what will
catch mice.

Reprove others, but correct thyself.

Once a knave and ever a knave.

Planting

Planting of trees is England's old thrift.
It is more painful to do nothing than something.

Any thing for a quiet life.

'Tis great folly to want when we have it, and when we have it not too.

Fly pleasure, and it will follow thee.

God's Providence is the surest and best inheritance.

That is not good language which all understand not.

Much better lose a jest than a friend.

Ill-will never said well.

He that hath some land must have some labour.

Shew me a liar, and I will shew you a thief.

We must wink at small faults.

Use legs and have legs.

Keep your shop and your shop will keep you.

Every one should sweep before his own door.

Much coin usually much care.

Good take heed doth always speed.

He who gets doth much, but he who keeps doth more.

A pound of gold is better than an ounce of honour.

We think lawyers to be wise men, and they know us to be fools.

Eaten bread is soon forgotten.

When you see your friend, trust to yourself.

Let my friend tell my tale.

Mention not a rope in the house of one whose father was hanged.

Speak the truth and shame the devil.

God help the fool, quoth Pedly. (*An Idiot.*)

Lend, and lose my money; so play fools.

Early to go to bed, and then early to rise, makes men more holy, more healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Anger dies soon with a wife and good man.

He who will not be counselled, cannot be helped.

God hath provided no remedy for wilful obstinacy.

All vice insatuates and corrupts the judgment.

He who converses with nobody, knows nothing.

There is no fool to the old fool.

A good wife makes a good husband.

'Tis much better to be thought a fool than to be a knave.

One fool makes many.

Penny, whence camest thou? Penny,

whither goest thou? and, Penny, when wilt thou come again?

'Tis worse to be an ill man than to be thought to be one.

A fool comes always short of his reckoning.

A young saint an old saint; and a young devil an old devil.

Wit is folly unless a wise man hath the keeping of it.

Knowledge of God and of ourselves is the mother of true devotion, and the perfection of wisdom.

Afflictions are sent us from God for our good.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Every man can tame a shrew but he who hath her.

'Tis better to die poor than to live poor.

Craft brings nothing home at the last.

Diseases are the interest of pleasures.

All covet, all lose.

Plain dealing is a jewel; but he who useth it will die a beggar.

Honour bought is temporal simony.

Live, and let live, &c. be a kind landlord.

Children are certain cares, but very uncertain comforts.

Giving begets love, lending usually lessens it.

He is the wife, who is the honest man.

Take part with reason against thy own will or humour.

Wit is a fine thing in a wise man's hand.

Speak not of my debts except you mean to pay them.

Words instruct, but examples persuade effectually.

He who lives in hopes dies a fool.

He who gives wisely sells to advantage.

Years know more than books.

Live so as you do mean to die.

Go not to hell for company.

All earthly joys are empty bubbles, and do make men boys.

Better unborn than untaught.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains: if well, the pains do fade, the joy remains.

Always refuse the advice which passion gives.

Nor say nor do that thing which anger prompts you to.

Bear and forbear is short and good philosophy.

Set out wisely at first; custom will make every virtue more easy and pleasant to you than any vice can be.

The best and noblest conquest is that of a man's

a man's own reason over his passions and follies.

Religion hath true lasting joys ; weigh all, and so

If any thing have more, or such, let heaven go.

Whatever good thou dost, give God the praise ;

Who both the power and will first gave to thee.

§ 152. *Old Italian Proverbs.*

He who serves God hath the best master in the world, Where God is there nothing is wanting. No man is greater in truth than he is in God's esteem. He hath a good judgment who doth not rely on his own. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it. He who converses with nobody, is either a brute or an angel. Go not over the water where you cannot see the bottom. He who lives disorderly one year, doth not enjoy himself for five years after. Friendships are cheap, when they are to be bought with pulling off your hat. Speak well of your friend, of your enemy neither well nor ill. The friendship of a great man is a lion at the next door. The money you refuse will never do you good. A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom. I once had, is a poor man. There are a great many asses without long ears. An iron anvil should have a hammer of feathers. He keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company. You are in debt, and run in farther; if you are not a liar yet, you will be one. The best throw upon the dice is to throw them away. 'Tis horribly dangerous to sleep near the gates of hell. He who thinks to cheat another, cheats himself most. Giving is going a fishing. Too much prosperity makes most men fools. Dead men open the eyes of the living. No man's head aches while he comforts another. Bold, and shameless men are masters of half the world. Every one hath enough to do to govern himself well. He who is an ass, and takes himself to be a stag, when he comes to leap the ditch finds his mistake. Praise doth a wife man good, but a fool harm. No sooner is a law made, but an evasion of it is found out. He who gives fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon. Three things cost dear ; the caresses of a dog, the love of a miss, and the invitation of an host. Hunger never fails of a good cook. A man is valued as he makes himself valuable. Three little

make a man rich on a sudden ; little wit, little shame, and little honesty. He who hath good health is a rich man, and doth not know it. Give a wife man a hint, and he will do the business well enough. A bad agreement is better than a good law-suit. The best watering is that which comes from heaven. When your neighbour's house is on fire carry water to your own. Spare diet and no trouble keep a man in good health. He that will have no trouble in this world must not be born in it. The maid is such as she is bred, and tow as it is spun. He that would believe he hath a great many friends, must try but few of them. Love bemires young men, and drowns the old. Once in every ten years every man needs his neighbour. Aristotle saith, When you can have any good thing take it : and Plato saith, if you do not take it, you are a great coxcomb. From an ass you can get nothing but kicks and stench. Either say nothing of the absent, or speak like a friend. One man forewarned (or apprised of a thing) is worth two. He is truly happy who can make others happy too. A fair woman without virtue is like palled wine. Tell a woman she is wondrous fair, and she will soon turn fool. Paint and patches give offence to the husband, hopes to her gallant. He that would be well spoken of himself, must not speak ill of others. He that doth the kindness hath the noblest pleasure of the two. He who doth a kindness to a good man, doth a greater to himself. A man's hat in his hand never did him harm. One cap or hat more or less, and one quire of paper in a year, cost but little, and will make you many friends. He who blames grandees endangers his head, and he who praises them must tell many a lie. A wife man goes not on board without due provision. Keep your mouth shut, and your eyes open. He who will stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal. Wise men have their mouth in their hearts, fools their heart in their mouth. Shew not to all the bottom either of your purse or of your mind. I heard one say so, is half a lie. Lyes have very short legs. One lye draws ten more after it. Keep company with good men, and you'll increase their number. He is a good man who is good for himself, but he is good indeed who is so for others too. When you meet with a virtuous man, draw his picture. He who keeps good men company may very well bear their charges. He begins to grow bad

bad who takes himself to be a good man. He is far from a good man who strives not to grow better. Keep good men company, and fall not out with the bad. He who throws away his estate with his hands, goes afterwards to pick it up on his feet. 'Tis a bad house that hath not an old man in it. To crow well and scrape ill is the devil's trade. Be ready with your har, but slow with your purse. A burthen which one chuses is not felt. The dearer such a thing is, the better pennyworth for me. Suppers kill more than the greatest doctor ever cured. All the wit in the world is not in one head. Let us do what we can and ought, and let God do his pleasure. 'Tis better to be condemned by the college of physicians than by one judge. Skill and assurance are an invincible couple. The fool kneels to the distaff. Knowing is worth nothing, unless we do the good we know. A man is half known when you see him, when you hear him speak you know him all out. Write down the advice of him who loves you, tho' you like it not at present. Be slow to give advice, ready to do any service. Both anger and haste hinder good counsel. Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it. The fool never thinks higher than the top of his house. A courtier is a slave in a golden chain. A little kitchen makes a large house. Have money, and you will find kindred enough. He that lends his money hath a double loss. Of money, wit, and virtue, believe one-fourth part of what you hear men say. Money is his servant who knows how to use it as he should, his master who doth not. 'Tis better to give one shilling than to lend twenty. Wife distrust is the parent of security. Mercy or goodness alone makes us like to God. So much only is mine, as I either use myself or give for God's sake. He who is about to speak evil of another, let him first well consider himself. Speak not of me unless you know me well; think of yourself ere aught of me you tell. One day of a wise man is worth the whole life of a fool. What you give shines still, what you eat smells ill next day. Asking costs no great matter. A woman that loves to be at the window is like a bunch of grapes in the highway. A woman and a glass are never out of danger. A woman and a cherry are painted for their own harm. The best furniture in the house is a virtuous woman. The first wife is matrimony, the second company, the third hereby. A doctor and a clown

know more than a doctor alone. Hard upon hard never makes a good wall. The example of good men is visible philosophy. One ill example spoils many good laws. Every thing may be, except a ditch without a bank. He who throws a stone against God, it falls upon his own head. He who plays me one trick shall not play me a second. Do what you ought, and let what will come on it. By making a fault you may learn to do better. The first faults are theirs who commit them, all the following are his who doth not punish them. He who would be ill served, let him keep good store of servants. To do good still make no delay; for life and time slide fast away. A little time will serve to do ill. He who would have trouble in this life, let him get either a ship or a wife. He who will take no pains, will never build a house three stories high. The best of the game is, to do one's business and talk little of it. The Italian is wise before he undertakes a thing, the German while he is doing it, and the Frenchman when it is over. In prosperity we need moderation, in adversity patience. Prosperous men sacrifice not, i. e. they forget God. Great prosperity and modesty seldom go together. Women, wine, and horses, are ware men are often deceived in. Give your friend a fig, and your enemy a peach. He who hath no children doth not know what love means. He who spins hath one shirt, he who spins not hath two. He who considers the end, restrains all evil inclinations. He who hath the longest sword is always thought to be in the right. There lies no appeal from the decision of fortune. Lucky men need no counsel. Three things only are well done in haste; flying from the plague, escaping quarrels, and catching fleas. 'Tis better it should be said, Here he ran away, than Here he was slain. The sword from Heaven above falls not down in haste. The best thing in gaming is, that it be but little used. Play, women, and wine, make a man laugh till he dies of it. Play or gaming hath the devil at the bottom. The devil goes shares in gaming. He who doth not rise early never does a good day's work. He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing. If young men had wit, and old men strength, enough, every thing might be well done. He who will have no judge but himself, condemns himself. Learning is folly unless a good judgment hath the management of it. Every man loves

loves justice at another man's house; nobody cares for it at his own. He who keeps company with great men is the last at the table, and the first at any toil or danger. Every one hath his cricket in his head, and makes it sing as he pleases. In the conclusion, even sorrows with bread are good. When war begins, hell gates are set open. He that hath nothing knows nothing, and he that hath nothing is nobody. He who hath more, hath more care, still desires more, and enjoys less. At a dangerous passage give the precedence. The sickness of the body may prove the health of the soul. Working in your calling is half praying. An ill book is the worst of thieves. The wise hand doth not all which the foolish tongue saith. Let not your tongue say what your head may pay for. The best armour is to keep out of gunshot. The good woman doth not say, Will you have this? but gives it you. That is a good misfortune which comes alone. He who doth no ill hath nothing to fear. No ill befalls us but what may be for our good. He that would be master of his own must not be bound for another. Eat after your own fashion, clothe yourself as others do. A fat physician, but a lean monk. Make yourself all honey, and the flies will eat you up. Marry a wife, and buy a horse from your neighbour. He is master of the world who despises it; its slave who values it. This world is a cage of fools. He who hath most patience best enjoys the world. If veal (or mutton) could fly, no wild fowl could come near it. He is unhappy who wishes to die; but more so he who fears it. The more you think of dying, the better you will live. He who oft thinks on death provides for the next life. Nature, time, and patience, are the three great physicians. When the ship is sunk every man knows how she might have been saved. Poverty is the worst guard for chastity. Affairs, like salt-fish, ought to lie a good while a soaking. He who knows nothing is confident in every thing. He who lives as he should, has all that he needs. By doing nothing, men learn to do ill. The best revenge is to prevent the injury. Keep yourself from the occasion, and God will keep you from the sins it leads to. One eye of the master sees more than four eyes of his servant. He who doth the injury never forgives the injured man. Extravagant offers are a kind of denial. Vice is set off with the shadow or resemblance of virtue. The shadow of a lord is an hat or cap for a

fool. Large trees give more shade than fruit. True love and honour go always together. He who would please every body in all he doth, troubles himself, and contents nobody. Happy is the man who doth all the good he talks of. That is best or finest which is most fit or seasonable. He is a good orator who prevails with himself. One pair of ears will drain dry an hundred tongues. A great deal of pride obscures, or blemishes, a thousand good qualities. He who hath gold hath fear, who hath none, hath sorrow. An Arcadian is, who is laden with gold, and eats but straw. The hare caught the lion in a net of gold. Obstinacy is the worst, the most incurable of all sins. Lawyers gowns are lined with the wilfulness of their clients. Idleness is the mother of vice, the step mother to all virtues. He who is employed is tempted by one devil; he who is idle, by an hundred. An idle man is a bolster for the devil. Idleness buries a man alive. He that makes a good war hath a good peace. He who troubles not himself with other men's business, gets peace and ease thereby. Where peace is, there God is or dwells. The world without peace is the soldier's pay. Arms carry peace along with them. A little in peace and quiet is my heart's wish. He bears with others, and saith nothing who would live in peace. One father is sufficient to govern an hundred children, and an hundred children are not sufficient to govern one father. The master is the eye of the house. The first service a bad child doth his father, is to make him a fool; the next is, to make him mad. A rich country and a bad road. A good lawyer is a bad neighbour. He who pays well is master of every body's purse. Another man's bread costs very dear. Have you bread and wine? sing and be merry. If there is but little bread, keep it in your hand; if but a little wine, drink often; if but a little bed, go to bed early, and clap yourself down in the middle. 'Tis good keeping his cloaths who goes to swim. A man's own opinion is never in the wrong. He who speaks little, needs but half so much brains as another man. He who knows most, commonly speaks least. Few men take his advice who talks a great deal. He that is going to speak ill of another, let him consider himself well, and he will hold his peace. Eating little, and speaking little, can never do a man hurt. A civil answer to a rude speech costs not much, and is worth a great deal.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim. He doth not lose his labour who counts every word he speaks. One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water. Yes, good words to put off your rotten apples. Give every man good words, but keep your purse-strings close. Fine words will not keep a cat from starving. He that hath no patience, hath nothing at all. No patience, no true wisdom. Make one bargain with other men, but make four with yourself. There is no fool to a learned fool. The first degree of folly is to think one's self wise; the next to tell others so; the third to despise all counsel. If wise men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance. One fool in one house is enough in all conscience. He is not a thorough wise man who cannot play the fool on a just occasion. A wise man doth that at the first which a fool must do at the last. Mens' years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own. Mens' sins and their debts are more than they take them to be. Punishment though lame, overtakes the sinner at the last. He considers ill, that considers not on both sides. Think much and often, speak little, and write less. Consider well, Who you are, What you do, Whence you came, and Whither you are to go. Keep your thoughts to yourself, let your mien be free and open. Drink wine with pears, and water after figs. When the pear is ripe, it must fall of course. He that parts with what he ought, loses nothing by the shift. Forgive every man's faults except your own. 'To forgive injuries is a noble and God-like revenge. 'Tis a mark of great proficiency, to bear easily the failings of other men. Fond love of a man's self shews that he doth not know himself. That which a man likes well is half done. He who is used to do kindnesses, always finds them when he stands in need. A wise lawyer never goes to law himself. A sluggard takes an hundred steps because he would not take one in due time. When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the curate, I will make it rain. I will do what I can, and a little less, that I may hold out the better. Trust some few, but beware of all men. He who knows but little presently outs with it. He that doth not mind small things will never get a great deal. John Dottle was the son of Good-wife Spin-little. To know how to be content with a little, is

not a morsel for a fool's mouth. That is never to be called little, which a man thinks to be enough. Of two cowards, he hath the better who first finds the other out. The worst pig often gets the best pear. The devil turns his back when he finds the door shut against him. The wiser man yields to him who is more than his match. He who thinks he can do most, is most mistaken. The wise discourses of a poor man go for nothing. Poor folks have neither any kindred nor any friends. Good preachers give their hearers fruit, not flowers. Woe to those preachers who listen not to themselves. He who quakes for cold, either wants money to buy him cloaths, or wit to put them on. Poverty is a good hated by all men. He that would have a thing done quickly and well, must do it himself. He who knows most is the least presuming or confident. 'Tis more noble to make yourself great, than to be born so. The beginning of an amour (or gallantry) is fear, the middle sin, and the end sorrow or repentance. The beginning only of a thing is hard, and costs dear. A fair promise catches the fool. He who is bound for another goes in at the wide end of the horn, and must come out at the narrow if he can. Promising is not with design to give, but to please fools. Give no great credit to a great promiser. Prosperity is the worst enemy men usually have. Proverbs bear age, and he who would do well may view himself in them as in a looking-glass. A proverb is the child of experience. He that makes no reckoning of a farthing, will not be worth an halfpenny. Avoid carefully the first ill or mischief, for that will breed an hundred more. Reason governs the wise man, and a cudgel the fool. Suffering is the mother of fools, reason of wise men. If you would be as happy as any king, consider not the few that are before, but the many that come behind you. Our religion and our language we suck in with our milk. Love, knavery, and necessity, make men good orators. There is no fence against what comes from Heaven. Good husbandry is the first step towards riches. A stock once gotten, wealth grows up of its own accord. Wealth hides many a great fault. Good ware was never dear, nor a misf ever worth the money she costs. The fool's estate is the first spent. Wealth is his that enjoys it, and the world is his who scrambles for it. A father with very great wealth, and a son with no virtue at all.

all. Little wealth, and little care and trouble. The Roman conquers by sitting still at home. Between robbing and restoring, men commonly get thirty in the hundred. He is learned enough who knows how to live well. The more a man knows, the less credulous he is. There is no harm in desiring to be thought wise by others, but a great deal in a man's thinking himself to be so. Bare wages never made a servant rich. Losing much breeds bad blood. Health without any money is half sickness. When a man is tumbling down, every saint lends a hand. He that unseasonably plays the wife man is a fool. He that pretends too much to wisdom is counted a fool. A wife man never sets his heart upon what he cannot have. A lewd batchelor makes a jealous husband. That crown well spent which saves you ten. Love can do much, but scorn or disdain can do more. If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it. Whatever you are going to do or say, think well first what may be the consequence of it. They are always selling wit to others who have least of it for themselves. He that gains time gains a great point. Every ditch is full of after-wit. A little wit will serve a fortunate man. The favour of the court is like fair weather in winter. Neither take for a servant him who you must entreat, nor a kinsman, nor a friend, if you would have a good one. A man never loses by doing good offices to others. He that would be well served, must know when to change his servants. Ignorance and prosperity make them bold and confident. He who employs one servant in any businesses, hath him all there; who employs two, hath half a servant; who three, hath never a one. Either a civil grant, or a civil denial. When you have any business with a man give him title enough. The covetous man is the bailiff, not the master, of his own estate. Trouble not your head about the weather, or the government. Like with like looks well, and lasts long. All worldly joy is but a short-lived dream. That is a cursed pleasure that makes a man a fool. The soldier is well paid for doing mischief. A soldier, fire, and water, soon make room for themselves. A considering, careful man is half a conjurer. A man would not be alone even in paradise. One nap finds out, or draws on another. Have good

luck, and you may lie in bed. He that will maintain every thing must have his sword always ready drawn. That house is in an ill case where the distaff commands the sword. One sword keeps another in the scabbard. He that speaks ill of other men, burns his own tongue. He that is most liberal where he should be so, is the best husband. He is gainer enough who gives over a vain hope. A mighty hope is a mighty cheat. Hope is a pleasant kind of deceit. A man cannot leave his experience or wisdom to his heirs. Fools learn to live at their own cost, the wise at other men's. He is master of the whole world who hath no value for it. He who saith Woman, saith Wo to man. One enemy is too much for a man in a great post, and an hundred friends are too few. Let us enjoy the present, we shall have trouble enough hereafter. Men toil and take pains in order to live easily at last. He that takes no care of himself, must not expect it from others. Industry makes a gallant man, and breaks ill fortune. Study, like a staff of cotton, beats without noise. Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law are a tempest and hail-storm. If pride were a deadly disease, how many would be now in their graves! He who cannot hold his peace will never lie at ease. A fool will be always talking, right or wrong. In silence there is many a good morsel. Pray hold your peace, or you will make me fall asleep. The table, a secret thief, sends its master to the hospital. Begin your web, and God will supply you with thread. Too much fear is an enemy to good deliberation. As soon as ever God hath a church built for him, the devil gets a tabernacle set up for himself. Time is a file that wears, and makes no noise. Nothing is so hard to bear well as prosperity. Patience, time, and money, set every thing to rights. The true art of making gold is to have a good estate, and to spend but little of it. Abate two-thirds of all the reports you hear. A fair face, or a fine head, and very little brains in it. He who lives wickedly lives always in fear. A beautiful face is a pleasing traitor. If three know it, all the world will know it too. Many have too much, but nobody hath enough. An honest man hath half as much more brains as he needs, a knave hath not half enough. A wife man changes his mind when there is reason for it. From hearing, comes wisdom; and from speaking, repentance. Old age

is an evil desired by all men, and youth an advantage which no young man understands. He that would have a good revenge, let him leave it to God. Would you be revenged on your enemy? live as you ought, and you have done it to purpose. He that will revenge every affront, either falls from a good post, or never gets up to it. Truth is an inhabitant of heaven. That which seems probable is the greatest enemy to the truth. A thousand probabilities cannot make one truth. 'Tis no great pains to speak the truth. That is most true which we least care to hear. Truth hath the plague in his house (*i. e.* is carefully avoided). A wise man will not tell such a truth as every one will take for a lie. Long voyages occasion great lies. The world makes men drunk as much as wine doth. Wine and youth are fire upon fire. Enrich your younger age with virtue's lore. 'Tis virtue's picture which we find in books. Virtue must be our trade and study, not our chance. We shall have a house without a fault in the next world. Tell me what life you lead, and I will tell you how you shall die. He is in a low form who never thinks beyond this short life. Vices are learned without a teacher. Wicked men are dead whilst they live. He is rich who desires nothing more. To recover a bad man is a double kindness or virtue. Who are you for? I am for him whom I get most by. He who eats but of one dish never wants a physician. He hath lived to ill purpose who cannot hope to live after his death. Live as they did of old; speak as men do now. The mob is a terrible monster. Hell is very full of good meanings and intentions. He only is well kept whom God keeps. Break the legs of an evil custom. Tyrant custom makes a slave of reason. Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom. He who doeth every thing he has a mind to do, doth not what he should do. He who says all that he has a mind to say, hears what he hath no mind to hear. That city thrives best where virtue is most esteemed and rewarded. He cannot go wrong whom virtue guides. The sword kills many, but wine many more. 'Tis truth which makes the man angry. He who tells all the truth he knows, must lie in the streets. Oil and truth will get uppermost at the last. A probable story is the best weapon of calumny. He counts very unskilfully who leaves God out of his reckoning. No-

thing is of any great value but God only. All is good that God sends us. He that hath children, all his morsels are not his own. Thought is a nimble footman. Many know every thing else, but nothing at all of themselves. We ought not to give the fine flour to the devil, and the bran to God. Six foot of earth make all men of one size. He that is born of a hen must scrape for his living. Afflictions draw men up towards heaven. That which does us good is never too late. Since my house must be burnt, I will warm myself at it. Tell every body your business, and the devil will do it for you. A man was hanged for saying what was true. Do not all that you can do; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know. A man should learn to fail with all winds. He is the man indeed who can govern himself as he ought. He that would live long, must sometimes change his course of life. When children are little they make their parents heads ach; and when they are grown up, they make their hearts ach. To preach well, you must first practise what you teach others. Use or practice of a thing is the best master. A man that hath learning is worth two who have it not. A fool knows his own business better than a wise man doth another's. He who understands most is other men's master. Have a care of—Hud I known this before.——Command your servant, and do it yourself, and you will have less trouble. You may know the master by his man. He who serves the public hath but a scurvy master. He that would have good offices done to him, must do them to others. 'Tis the only true liberty to serve our good God. The common soldier's blood makes the general a great man. An huge great house is an huge great trouble. Never advise a man to go to the wars, nor to marry. Go to the war with as many as you can, and with as few to counsel. 'Tis better keeping out of a quarrel, than to make it up afterward. Great birth is a very poor dish on the table. Neither buy any thing of, nor sell to, your friend. Sicknes or diseases are visits from God. Sicknes is a personal citation before our Judge. Beauty and folly do not often part company. Beauty beats a call upon a drum. Teeth placed before the tongue give good advice. A great many pair of shoes are worn out before men do all they say. A
great

great many words will not fill a purse. Make a slow answer to an hasty question. Self-praise is the ground of hatred. Speaking evil of one another is the fifth element men are made up of. When a man speaks you fair, look to your purse. Play not with a man till you hurt him, nor jest till you shame him. Eating more than you should at once, makes you eat less afterward. He makes his grief light who thinks it so. He thinks but ill who doth not think twice of a thing. He who goes about a thing himself, hath a mind to have it done; who sends another, cares not whether it be done or no. There is no discretion in love, nor counsel in anger. Wishes never can fill a sack. The first step a man makes towards being good, is to know he is not so already. He who is bad to his relations is worst to himself. 'Tis good to know our friends' failings, but not to publish them. A man may see his own faults in those which others do. 'Tis the virtue of saints to be always going on from one kind and degree of virtue to another. A man may talk like a wise man, and yet act like a fool. Every one thinks he hath more than his share of brains. The first chapter (or point) of fools is to think they are wise men. Discretion, or a true judgment of things, is the parent of all virtue. Chastity is the chief and most charming beauty. Little conscience and great diligence make a rich man. Never count four except you have them in your bag. Open your door to a fair day, but make yourself ready for a foul one. A little too late is too late still. A good man is ever at home wherever he chance to be. Building is a word that men pay dear for. If you would be healthful, clothe yourself warm, and eat sparingly. Rich men are slaves condemned to the mines. Many mens' estates come in at the door, and go out at the chimney. Wealth is more dear to men than their blood or life is. Foul dirty water makes the river great. That great saint interest rules the world alone. Their power and their will are the measures princes take of right and wrong. In governing others you must do what you can do, not all you would do. A wife man will stay for a convenient season, and will bend a little, rather than be torn up by the roots. Ever buy your wit at other mens' charges. You must let your phlegm subdue your choler, if you would not spoil your business. Take not physic when you are well, lest you die to be better. Do not

do evil to get good by it, which never yet happened to any. That pleasure's much too dear which is bought with any pain. To live poor that a man may die rich, is to be the king of fools, or a fool in grain. Good wine makes a bad head, and a long story. Be as easy as you can in this world, provided you take good care to be happy in the next. Live well, and be cheerful. A man knows no more to any purpose than he practises. He that doth most at once, doth least. He is a wretch whose hopes are all below. Thank you, good puffs, starved my cat. No great good comes without looking after it. Gather the rose, and leave the thorn behind. He who would be rich in one year is hanged at six months end. He who hath a mouth will certainly eat. Go early to the market, and as late as ever you can to a battle. The barber learns to shave at the beards of fools. He who is lucky (or rich) passes for a wise man too. He commands enough who is ruled by a wife man. He who reveals his secret makes himself a slave. Gaming shews what metal a man is made of. How can the cat help it if the maid be a fool? Fools grow up apace without any watering. God supplies him with more who lays out his estate well. The printing-press is the mother of errors. Let me see your man dead, and I will tell you how rich he is. Men live one half of the year with art and deceit, and the other half with deceit and art. Do yourself a kindness, Sir. [The beggar's phrase for Give alms.] I was well, would be better; took physic, and died. [On a monument.] All row galley-wise; every man draws towards himself. He who hath money and capers is provided for Lent. A proud man hath vexation or fretting enough. He who buys by the penny keeps his own house and other mens' too. Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you do. At a good pennyworth pause a while. He who doth his own business doth not foul his fingers. 'Tis good feasting at other mens' houses. A wife man makes a virtue of what he cannot help. Talk but little, and live as you should do.

§ 153. *Old Spanish Proverbs.*

He is a rich man who hath God for his friend. He is the best scholar who hath learned to live well. A handful of mother-wit is worth a bushel of learning. When all men say you are an ass, 'tis time to bray.

bray. Change of weather finds discourse for fools. A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt. The sorrow men have for others hangs upon one hair. A wife man changes his mind, a fool never will. That day on which you marry you either mar or make yourself. God comes to see, or look upon us, without a bell. You had better leave your enemy something when you die, than live to beg of your friend. That's a wise delay which makes the road safe. Cure your sore eyes only with your elbow. Let us thank God, and be content with what we have. The foot of the owner is the best manure for his land. He is my friend who grinds at my mill. Enjoy that little you have while the fool is hunting for more. Saying and doing do not dine together. Money cures all diseases. A life ill-spent makes a sad old age. 'Tis money that makes men lords. We talk, but God doth what he pleases. May you have good luck, my son, and a little wit will serve your turn. Gifts break through stone walls. Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your pitcher for every thirst. There is no better looking-glass than an old true friend. A wall between both best preserves friendship. The sum of all is, to serve God well, and to do no ill thing. The creditor always hath a better memory than the debtor. Setting down in writing is a lasting memory. Repentance always costs very dear. Good-breeding and money make our sons gentlemen. As you use your father, so your children will use you. There is no evil, but some good use may be made of it. No price is great enough for good counsel. Examine not the pedigree nor patrimony of a good man. There is no ill thing in Spain but that which can speak. Praise the man whose bread you eat. God keep me from him whom I trust, from him whom I trust not I shall keep myself. Keep out of an hasty man's way for a while, out of a sullen man's all the days of your life. If you love me, John, your deeds will tell me so. I defy all fetters, though they were made of gold. Few die of hunger, an hundred thousand of surfeits. Govern yourself by reason, though some like it, others do not. If you would know the worth of a ducat, go and borrow one. No companion like money. A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband. The fool fell in love with the lady's laced apron. The friar who asks for

God's sake, asks for himself too. God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself. Nothing is valuable in this world, except as it tends to the next. Smoke, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors. There is no to-morrow for an asking friend. God keep me from still-water, from that which is rough I will keep myself. Take your wife's first advice, not her second. Tell not what you know, judge not what you see, and you will live in quiet. Hear reason, or she will make herself be heard. Gifts enter every where without a wimple. A great fortune with a wife is a bed full of brambles. One pin for your purse, and two for your mouth. There was never but one man who never did a fault. He who promises runs into debt. He who holds his peace gathers stones. Leave your son a good reputation and an employment. Receive your money before you give a receipt for it, and take a receipt before you pay it. God doth the cure, and the physician takes the money for it. Thinking is very far from knowing the truth. Fools make great feasts, and wise men eat of them. June, July, August, and Carthagena, are the four best ports of Spain. A gentle calf sucks her own mother, and four cows more (between two own brothers, two witnesses, and a notary). The devil brings a modest man to the court. He who will have a mule without any fault, must keep none. The wolves eat the poor as that hath many owners. Visit your aunt, but not every day in the year. In an hundred years time princes are peasants, and in an hundred and ten peasants grow princes. The poor cat is whipped because our dame will not spin. Leave your jest whilst you are most pleased with it. Whither goest thou, grief? Where I am used to go. Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street. Never trust a man whom you have injured. The laws go on the king's errands. Parents love indeed, others only talk of it. Three helping one another will do as much as six men single. She spins well who breeds her children well. You cannot do better for your daughter than to breed her virtuously, nor for your son than to fit him for an employment. Lock your door, that so you may keep your neighbour honest. Civil obliging language costs but little, and doth a great deal of good. One "Take it" is better than two "Thou shalt have it." Prayers and provender

provender never hindered any man's journey. There is a fig at Rome for him who gives another advice before he asks it. He who is not more, or better than another, deserves not more than another. He who hath no wisdom hath no worth. 'Tis better to be a wife than a rich man. Because I would live quietly in the world, I hear, and see, and say nothing. Meddle not between two brothers. The dead and the absent have no friends left them. Who is the true gentleman, or nobleman? He whose actions make him so. Do well to whom you will; do any man harm, and look to yourself. Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces. Great poverty is no fault or baseness, but some inconvenience. The hard-hearted man gives more than he who has nothing at all. Let us not fall out, to give the devil a dinner. Truths too fine spun are subtle fooleries. If you would always have money, keep it when you have it. I suspect that ill in others which I know by myself. Sly knavery is too hard for honest wisdom. He who resolves to amend hath God on his side. Hell is crowded up with ungrateful wretches. Think of yourself, and let me alone. He can never enjoy himself one day who fears he may die at night. He who hath done ill once, will do it again. No evil happens to us but what may do us good. If I have broke my leg, who knows but 'tis best for me. The more honour we have, the more we thirst after it. If you would be pope, you must think of nothing else. Make the night night, and the day day, and you will be merry and wise. He who eats most eats least. If you would live in health be old betimes. I will go warm, and let fools laugh on. Chuse your wife on a Saturday, not on a Sunday. Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. No pottage is good without bacon, no sermon without St. Augustin. Have many acquaintance, and but a few friends. A wondrous fair woman is not all her husband's own. He who marries a widow, will have a dead man's head often thrown in his dish. Away goes the devil when he finds the door shut against him. 'Tis great courage to suffer, and great wisdom to hear patiently. Doing what I ought secures me against all censures. I wept when I was born, and every day shews why. Experience and wisdom are the two best fortune-tellers. The best soldier comes

from the plough. Wine wears no breeches. The hole in the wall invites the thief. A wife man doth not hang his wisdom on a peg. A man's love and his belief are seen by what he does. A covetous man makes a half-penny of a farthing, and a liberal man makes six-pence of it. In December keep yourself warm and sleep. He who will revenge every affront, means not to live long. Keep your money, niggard, live miserably that your heir may squander it away. In war, hunting, and love, you have a thousand sorrows for every joy or pleasure. Honour and profit will not keep both in one sack. The anger of brothers is the anger of devils. A mule and a woman do best by fair means. A very great beauty is either a fool or proud. Look upon a picture and a battle at a good distance. A great deal is ill wasted, and a little would do as well. An estate well got is spent, and that which is ill got destroys its master too. That which is bought cheap is the dearest. 'Tis more trouble to do ill than to do well. The husband must not see, and the wife must be blind. While the tall maid is stooping the little one hath swept the house. Neither so fair as to kill, nor so ugly as to fright a man. May no greater ill befall you than to have many children, and but a little bread for them. Let nothing affright you but sin. I am no river, but can go back when there is reason for it. Do not make me kiss, and you will not make me sin. Vain-glory is a flower which never comes to fruit. The absent are always in the fault. A great good was never got with a little pains. Sloth is the key to let in beggary. I left him I knew, for him who was highly praised, and I found reason to repent it. Do not say I will never drink of this water, however dirty it is. He who trifles away his time, perceives not death which stands upon his shoulders. He who spits against heaven, it falls upon his face. He who stumbles, and falls not, mends his pace. He who is sick of folly recovers late or never. He who hath a mouth of his own should not bid another man blow. He who hath no ill fortune is tired out with good. He who depends wholly upon another's providing for him, hath but an ill breakfast, and a worse supper. A cheerful look, and forgiveness, is the best revenge of an affront. The request of a grandee is a kind of force upon a man. I am always for the strongest side. If folly

were

were pain, we should have great crying out in every house. Serve a great man, and you will know what sorrow is. Make no absolute promises, for nobody will help you to perform them. Every man is a fool in another man's opinion. Wisdom comes after a long course of years. Good fortune comes to him who takes care to get her. They have a fig at Rome for him who refuses any thing that is given him. One love drives out another. Kings go as far as they are able, not so far as they desire to go. So play fools—I must love you, and you love somebody else. He who thinks what he is to do, must think what he should say too. A mischief may happen which will do me (or make me) good. Threatened men eat bread still, *i. e.* live on. Get but a good name and you may lie in bed. Truth is the child of God. He who hath an ill cause, let him sell it cheap. A wise man never says, I did not think of that. Respect a good man that he may respect you, and be civil to an ill man that he may not affront you. A wise man only knows when to change his mind. The wife's counsel is not worth much, but he who takes it not is a fool. When two friends have a common purse, one sings and the other weeps. I lost my reputation by speaking ill of others, and being worse spoken of. He who loves you will make you weep, and he who hates you may make you laugh. Good deeds live and flourish when all other things are at an end. At the end of life *La Gloria* is sung. By yielding you make all your friends; but if you will tell all the truth you know, you will have your head broke. Since you know every thing, and I know nothing, pray tell me what I dreamed this morning. Your look-glasses will tell you what none of your friends will. The clown was angry, and he paid dear for it. If you are vexed or angry you will have two troubles instead of one. The last year was ever better than the present. That wound that was never given is best cured of any other. Afflictions teach much, but they are a hard cruel master. Improve rather by other men's errors, than find fault with them. Since you can bear with your own, bear with other men's failings too. Men lay out all their understanding in studying to know one another, and so no man knows himself. The applause of the mob or multitude is but a poor comfort. Truths and roses have thorns about them. He loves you better

who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you. You know not what may happen, is the hope of fools. Sleep makes every man as great and rich as the greatest. Follow, but do not run after good fortune. Anger is the weakness of the understanding. Great posts and offices are like ivy on the wall, which makes it look fine, but ruins it. Make no great haste to be angry; for if there be occasion, you will have time enough for it. Riches, which all applaud, the owner feels the weight or care of. A competency leaves you wholly at your disposal. Riches make men worse in their latter days. He is the only rich man who understands the use of wealth. He is a great fool who squanders rather than doth good with his estate. To heap fresh kindnesses upon ungrateful men, is the wisest, but withal the most cruel revenge. The fool's pleasures cost him very dear. Contempt of a man is the sharpest reproof. Wit without discretion is a sword in the hand of a fool. Other virtues without prudence are a blind beauty. Neither enquire after, nor hear of, nor take notice of the faults of others when you see them. Years pass not over men's heads for nothing. An halter will sooner come without taking any care about it than a canonry. If all aforesaid were pack-saddles, what a good trade would the pack-saddlers have. The usual forms of civility oblige no man. There is no more faithful nor pleasant friend than a good book. He who loves to employ himself well can never want something to do. A thousand things are well forgot for peace and quietness sake. A wise man avoids all occasions of being angry. A wise man aims at nothing which is out of his reach. Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason. A good man hath ever good luck. No pleasure is a better pennyworth than that which virtue yields. No old age is agreeable but that of a wise man. A man's wisdom is no where more seen than in his marrying himself. Folly and anger are but two names for the same thing. Fortune knocks once at least at every one's door. The father's virtue is the best inheritance a child can have. No sensual pleasure ever lasted so much as for a whole hour. Riches and virtue do not often keep one another company. Ruling one's anger well, is not so good as preventing it. The most useful learning in the world is that which teaches us how to die well. The best men come worse out of company

company than they went into it. The most mixed or allayed joy is that men take in their children. Find money and marriage to rid yourself of an ill daughter. There is no better advice than to look always at the issue of things. Compare your griefs with other mens', and they will seem less. Owe money to be paid at Easter, and Lent will seem short to you. He who only returns home, doth not run away. He can do nothing well who is at enmity with his God. Many avoid others because they see not and know not themselves. God is always opening his hand to us. Let us be friends, and put out the devil's eye. 'Tis true there are many very good wives, but they are under ground. Talking very much, and lying, are cousin-germans. With all your learning be sure to know yourself. One error breeds twenty more. I will never jest with my eye nor with my religion. Do what you have to do just now, and leave it not for to-morrow. Ill tongues should have a pair of scissors. Huge long hair, and very little brains. Speak little, hear much, and you will seldom be much out. Give me a virtuous woman, and I will make her a fine woman. He who trusts nobody is never deceived. Drink water like an ox, wine like a king of Spain. I am not sorry that my son loses his money, but that he will have his revenge, and play on still. My mother bid me be confident, but lay no wagers. A good fire is one half of a man's life. Covetousness breaks the sack; *i. e.* loses a great deal. That meat relishes best which costs a man nothing. The ass bears his load, but not an over-load. He who eats his cock alone, must catch his horse so too. He who makes more of you than he used to do, either would cheat you or needs you. He that would avoid the sin, must avoid the occasion of it. Keep yourself from the anger of a great man, from a tumult of the mob, from fools in a narrow way, from a man that is marked, from a widow that hath been thrice married, from wind that comes in at a hole, and from a reconciled enemy. One ounce of mirth is worth more than ten thousand weight of melancholy. A contented mind is a great gift of God. He that would cheat the devil must rise early in the morning. Every fool is in love with his own bauble. Every ill man will have an ill time. Keep your sword between you and the strength of a clown. Be ye last to go over a deep

river. He who hath a handsome wife, or a castle on the frontier, or a vineyard near the highway, never wants a quarrel. Never deceive your physician, your confessor, nor your lawyer. Make a bridge of silver for a flying enemy. Never trust him whom you have wronged. Seek for good, and be ready for evil. What you can do alone by yourself, expect not from another. Idleness in youth makes way for a painful and miserable old age. He who pretends to be every body's particular friend is nobody's. Consider well before you tie that knot you never can undo. Neither praise nor dispraise any before you know them. A prodigal son succeeds a covetous father. He is fool enough himself who will bray against another ass. Though old and wife, yet still advise. Happy is he that minds of himself, without the help of others. A wise man knows his own ignorance, a fool thinks he knows every thing. What you eat yourself never gains you a friend. Great house-keeping makes but a poor will. Fair words and foul deeds deceive wise men as well as fools. Eating too well at first makes men eat ill afterwards. Let him speak who received, let the giver hold his peace. An house built by his grandfather. A dapple-grey horse will die sooner than tire. No woman is ugly when she is dressed. The best remedy against an evil man is to keep at a good distance from him. A man's folly is seen by his singing, his playing, and riding full speed. Buying a thing too dear is no bounty. Buy at a fair, and sell at home. Keep aloof from all quarrels, be neither a witness nor party. God doth us more and more good every hour of our lives. An ill blow, or an ill word, is all you will get from a fool. He who lies long in bed his estate pays for it. Consider well of a business, and dispatch it quickly. He who hath children hath neither kindred nor friends. May I have a dispute with a wise man, if with any. He who hath lost shame is lost to all virtue. Being in love brings no reputation to any man, but vexation to all. Giving to the poor lessens no man's store. He who is idle is always wanting somewhat. Evil comes to us by ells, and goes away by inches. He whose house is piled with gla'ss must not throw stones at his neighbours. The man is fire, the woman tow, and the devil comes to blow the coals. He who doth not look forward,

forward, finds himself behind other men. The love of God prevails for ever, all other things come to nothing. He who is to give an account of himself and others, must know both himself and them. A man's love and his faith appear by his works or deeds. In all contention put a bridle upon your tongue. In a great frost a nail is worth a horse. I went a fool to the court, and came back an ass. Keep money when you are young, that you may have it when you are old. Speak but little, and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody. If you do evil, expect to suffer evil. Sell cheap, and you will sell as much as four others. An ill child is better sick than well. He who rises early in the morning hath somewhat in his head. The gallows will have its own at last. A lye hath no legs. Women, wind, and fortune, are ever changing. Fools and wilful men make the lawyers great. Never sign a writing till you have read it, nor drink water till you have seen it. Neither is any barber dumb, nor any songster very wise. Neither give to all, nor contend with fools. Do no ill, and fear no harm. He doth something who sets his house on fire; he scares away the rats, and warms himself. I sell nothing on trust till to-morrow. [Written over the shop doors.] The common people pardon no fault in any man. The fidler of the same town never plays well at their feast. Either rich, or hanged in the attempt. The feast is over, but here is the fool still. To divide as brothers use to do: that which is mine is all my own, that which is yours I go halves in. There will be no money got by losing your time. He will soon be a lost man himself who keeps such men company. By courtesies done to the meanest men, you get much more than you can lose. Trouble not yourself about news, it will soon grow stale and you will have it. That which is well said, is said soon enough. When the devil goes to his prayers he means to cheat you. When you meet with a fool, pretend business to get rid of him. Sell him for an ass at a fair, who talks much and knows little. He who buys and sells doth not feel what he spends. He who ploughs his land, and breeds cattle, spins gold. He who will venture nothing must never get on horseback. He who goes far from home for a wife, either means to cheat, or will be cheated. He who sows his land, trusts in God. He who leaves the great road

for a by-path, thinks to save ground, and he loses it. He who serves the public obliges nobody. He who keeps his first innocency escapes a thousand sins. He who abandons his poor kindred, God forsakes him. He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, nor wise. He who resolves on the sudden, repents at leisure. He who rises late loses his prayers, and provides not well for his house. He who peeps through a hole may see what will vex him. He who amends his faults puts himself under God's protection. He who loves well sees things at a distance. He who hath servants hath enemies which he cannot well be without. He who pays his debts begins to make a stock. He who gives all before he dies will need a great deal of patience. He who said nothing had the better of it, and had what he desired. He who sleeps much gets but little learning. He who sins like a fool, like a fool goes to hell. If you would have your business well done, do it yourself. 'Tis the wife man only who is content with what he hath. Delay is odious, but it makes things more sure. He is always safe who knows himself well. A good wife by obeying commands in her turn. Not to have a mind to do well, and to put it off at the present, are much the same. Italy to be born in, France to live in, and Spain to die in. He loses the good of his afflictions who is not the better for them. 'Tis the most dangerous vice which looks like virtue. 'Tis great wisdom to forget all the injuries we may receive. Prosperity is the thing in the world we ought to trust the least. Experience without learning does more good than learning without experience. Virtue is the best patrimony for children to inherit. 'Tis much more painful to live ill than to live well. An hearty good-will never wants time to shew itself. To have done well obliges us to do so still. He hath a great opinion of himself who makes no comparison with others. He only is rich enough who hath all that he desires. The best way of instruction is to practise that which we teach others. 'Tis but a little narrow soul which earthly things can please. The reason why parents love the younger children best, is because they have so little hopes that the elder will do well. The dearest child of all is that which is dead. He who is about to marry should consider
how

how it is with his neighbours. There is a much shorter cut from virtue to vice, than from vice to virtue. He is the happy man, not whom other men think, but who thinks himself to be so. Of sinful pleasures repentance only remains. He who hath much wants still more, and then more. The less a man sleeps the more he lives. He can never speak well who knows not when to hold his peace. The truest content is that which no man can deprive you of. The remembrance of wife and good men instructs as well as their presence. 'Tis wisdom, in a doubtful case, rather to take another man's judgment than our own. Wealth betrays the best resolved mind into one vice or other. We are usually the best men when we are worst in health. Learning is wealth to the poor, an honour to the rich, and a support and comfort to old age. Learning procures respect to good fortune, and helps out the bad. The master makes the house to be respected, not the house the master. The short and sure way to reputation, is to take care to be in truth what we would have others think us to be. A good reputation is a second, or half an estate. He is the better man who comes nearest to the best. A wrong judgment of things is the most mischievous thing in the world. The neglect or contempt of riches makes a man more truly great than the possession of them. That only is true honour which he gives who deserves it himself. Beauty and chastity have always a mortal quarrel between them. Look always upon life, and use it as a thing that is lent you. Civil offers are for all men, and good offices for our friends. Nothing in the world is stronger than a man but his own passions. When a man comes into troubles, money is one of his best friends. He only is the great learned man who knows enough to make him live well. An empty purse and a new house finished make a man wise, but 'tis somewhat too late.

§ 154. *The Way to Wealth, as clearly shewn in the Preface of an old Pennsylvanian Almanack, entitled, "Poor Richard improved." Written by Dr. Benjamin Franklin.*

Courteous Reader,

I have heard, that nothing gives an author so great pleasure, as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gra-

tified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, 'Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not those heavy taxes quite ruin the country? how shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?'—Father Abraham stood up, and replied, 'If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; "for a word to the wife is enough," as poor Richard says.' They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows *:

'Friends,' says he, 'the taxes are, indeed, very heavy; and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them: but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; "God helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says.

I. 'It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service: but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says.—"But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says.—How much more than is necessary do we

* Dr. Franklin, wishing to collect into one piece all the sayings upon the following subjects, which he had dropped in the course of publishing the Almanacks called Poor Richard, introduces father Abraham for this purpose. Hence it is, that Poor Richard is so often quoted, and that, in the present title, he is said to be improved.—Notwithstanding the stroke of humour in the concluding paragraph of this address, Poor Richard (Saunders) and father Abraham have proved, in America, that they are no common preachers.—And shall we, brother Englishmen, refuse good sense and saving knowledge, because it comes from the other side of the water?

spend

spend in sleep! forgetting that "The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says.

"If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality;" since, as he elsewhere tells us, "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough." Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose: so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night: while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," as Poor Richard says.

'So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands," or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. "He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour," as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes.—If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, "at the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for "industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them." What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard says; and farther, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day."—If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mit-

tens: remember, that "The cat in gloves catches no mice," as Poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for "Constant dropping wears away stones: and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks."

'Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says; "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful: this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, "A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;" whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow."

II. 'But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That thrived so well as those that settled be."

'And again, "Three removes is as bad as a fire;" and again, "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee;" and again, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again,

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

'And again, "The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands:" and again, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;" and again, "Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open." Trusting too much to others care is the ruin of many; for, "In the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;" but a man's own care is profitable; for, "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like,—serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the

the rider was lost," being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

III. "So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" and,

"Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and
Knitting;
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting."

"If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting. The Indians have not made Spain rich, because her out-goes are greater than her in-comes."

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small, and the want great."

And farther, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, cloaths a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, "Many a little makes a mickle." Beware of little expenses; "A small leak will sink a great ship," as Poor Richard says; and again, "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;" and moreover; "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, "Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities." And again, "At a great pennyworth pause a while;" he means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again, "It is foolish to lay out money in

a purchase of repentance;" and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families; "Silks and fattins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire," as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them?—By these, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think "It is day, and will never be night;" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard says; and then, "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a forrowing," as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such a people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says,

"Fond pride of drefs is sure a very curse,
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, "Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more faucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a-piece; but Poor Dick says, "It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore."

It is however a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt;—Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered?

suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

‘But what madness it must be to run in debt for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, “The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,” as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, “Lying rides upon Debt’s back:” whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. “It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.”—What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress? Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, “Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.” The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. “Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter.” At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can

bear a little extravagance without injury; but

“For age and want save while you may,
No morning-sun lasts a whole day.”

‘Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expence is constant and certain; and “It is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel,” as Poor Richard says. So, “Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.

Get what you can, and what you get hold,
‘Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.”

And when you have got the philosopher’s stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. ‘This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blessed without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

‘And now to conclude, “Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,” as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for it is true, “We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.” However, remember this, “They that will not be counselled cannot be helped;” and farther, that “If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,” as Poor Richard says.’

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.—I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropt on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though

I had

I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

§ 155. *In Praise of Virtue.*

Virtue is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable: not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind; not a mode of sensation but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness, in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our beings. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends.—But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence. To say no more, 'tis the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we

practise it!—There is no argument or motive, which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and condemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing; lose this, and all is lost.

Price.

§ 156. *On Cruelty to inferior Animals.*

Man is that link of the chain of universal existence, by which spiritual and corporeal beings are united: as the numbers and variety of the latter his inferiors are almost infinite, so probably are those of the former his superiors; and as we see that the lives and happiness of those below us are dependant on our wills, we may reasonably conclude, that our lives and happiness are equally dependant on the wills of those above us; accountable, like ourselves, for the use of this power, to the Supreme Creator and Governor of all things. Should this analogy be well founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that just and impartial Judge! How will man, that sanguinary tyrant, be able to excuse himself from the charge of those innumerable cruelties inflicted on his unoffending subjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common Father? whose mercy is over all his works, and who expects that his authority should be exercised not only with tenderness and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of justice and gratitude.

But to what horrid deviations from these benevolent intentions are we daily witness! no small part of mankind derive their chief amusements from the deaths and sufferings of inferior animals; a much greater, consider them only as engines of wood, or iron, useful in their several occupations. The carman drives his horse, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect or care whether either of them have any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox, with no more compassion than the blacksmith hammers a horseshoe; and plunges his knife into the

the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the taylor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are some few, who, formed in a softer mould, view with pity the sufferings of these defenceless creatures, there is scarce one who entertains the least idea, that justice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their services. The social and friendly dog is hanged without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master's person and property, he happens unknowingly to disturb his rest: the generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities, contracted in his service, is by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of spirit, the more he is whipped to save his stupid driver the trouble of whipping some other less obedient to the lash. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and useless feats in a riding-house, he is at last turned out, and consigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing those tricks, which he has learned under so long and severe a discipline. The sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet: and the majestic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to assail his diabolical tormentors. These, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without censure, and even without observation; but we may be assured, that they cannot finally pass away unnoticed and unretaliated.

The laws of self-defence undoubtedly justify us in destroying those animals who would destroy us, who injure our properties, or annoy our persons; but not even these, whenever their situation incapacitates them from hurting us. I know of no right which we have to shoot a bear on an inaccessible island of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top; whose lives cannot injure us, nor deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meanest insect, without sufficient reason; they all receive it from the same benevolent hand as ourselves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it.

God has been pleased to create number-

less animals intended for our sustenance; and that they are so intended, the agreeable flavour of their flesh to our palate, and the wholesome nutriment which it administers to our stomachs, are sufficient proofs: these, as they are formed for our use, propagated by our culture, and fed by our care, we have certainly a right to deprive of life, because it is given and preserved to them on that condition; but this should always be performed with all the tenderness and compassion which to disagreeable an office will permit; and no circumstances ought to be omitted, which can render their executions as quick and easy as possible. For this, Providence has wisely and benevolently provided, by forming them in such a manner, that their flesh becomes rancid and unpalatable by a painful and lingering death; and has thus compelled us to be merciful without compassion, and cautious of their suffering, for the sake of ourselves: but, if there are any whose tastes are so vitiated, and whose hearts are so hardened, as to delight in such inhuman sacrifices, and to partake of them without remorse, they should be looked upon as demons in human shapes, and expect a retaliation of those tortures which they have inflicted on the innocent, for the gratification of their own depraved and unnatural appetites.

So violent are the passions of anger and revenge in the human breast, that it is not wonderful that men should persecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there should exist in nature a being who can receive pleasure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable disposition is in some manner inherent in the nature of man; for, as he cannot be taught by example, nor led to it by temptation, or prompted to it by interest, it must be derived from his native constitution; and is a remarkable confirmation of what revelation so frequently inculcates:—that he brings into the world with him an original depravity, the effects of a fallen and degenerate state; in proof of which we need only observe, that the nearer he approaches to a state of nature, the more predominant this disposition appears, and the more violently it operates. We see children laughing at the miseries which they inflict on every unfortunate animal which comes within their power; all savages are ingenious in contriving, and happy in execut-

ing, the most exquisite tortures; and the common people of all countries are delighted with nothing so much as bull-baitings, prize-fightings, executions, and all spectacles of cruelty and horror. Though civilization may in some degree abate this native ferocity, it can never quite extirpate it: the most polished are not ashamed to be pleased with scenes of little less barbarity, and, to the disgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of sports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and, with shouts of applause and triumph, see them plunge them into each other's hearts: they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceless hare, flying for hours in the utmost agonies of terror and despair, and at last, sinking under fatigue, devoured by their merciless pursuers: they see with joy the beautiful pheasant and harmless partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps perishing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of some friendly thicket to which they have in vain retreated for safety: they triumph over the unsuspecting fish, whom they have decoyed by an insidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails: and, to add to all this, they spare neither labour nor expence to preserve and propagate these innocent animals, for no other end but to multiply the objects of their perfection.

What name would we bestow on a superior being, whose whole endeavours were employed, and whose whole pleasure consisted, in terrifying, ensnaring, tormenting, and destroying mankind? whose superior faculties were exerted in fomenting animosities amongst them, in contriving engines of destruction, and inciting them to use them in maiming and murdering each other? whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent? who, without provocation or advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, thus to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with his utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species, in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? yet, if we impartially consider the case,

and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, just such a being is a sportsman.

Jenyns.

§. 157. *On the Duties of School Boys, from the pious and judicious ROLLIN.*

Quintilian says, that he has included almost all the duty of scholars in this one piece of advice which he gives them, to love those who teach them, as they love the sciences which they learn of them; and to look upon them as fathers, from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. Indeed this sentiment of affection and respect, suffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their studies, and full of gratitude all the rest of their lives. It seems to me to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.

Docility, which consists in submitting to directions, in readily receiving the instructions of their masters, and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other; and as it is not sufficient for a labourer to sow the seed, unless the earth, after having opened its bosom to receive it, in a manner hatches, warms, and moistens it; so likewise the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between the masters and the scholars.

Gratitude for those who have laboured in our education, is the character of an honest man, and the mark of a good heart. Who is there among us, says Cicero, that has been instructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the sight, or even the bare remembrance of his preceptors, masters, and the place where he was taught and brought up? Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honour and probity. Their exactness and severity displease sometimes at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe to them; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgment, we then discern that what made us dislike them, I mean admonitions, reprimands, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, is expressly the very thing which should make us esteem and love them.

Thus

Thus we see that Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked the gods for two things especially—for his having had excellent tutors himself, and that he had found the like for his children.

Quintilian, after having noted the different characters of the mind in children, draws, in a few words, the image of what he judged to be a perfect scholar; and certainly it is a very amiable one: "For my part," says he, "I like a child who is encouraged by commendation, is animated by a sense of glory, and weeps when he is outdone. A noble emulation will always keep him in exercise, a reprimand will touch him to the quick, and honour will serve instead of a spur. We need not fear that such a scholar will ever give himself up to fullness." *Mihi ille detur puer, quem laus excitet, quem gloria juvet, qui virtus fleat. Hic erit alendus ambitu: hunc mordebit objurgatio: hunc honor excitabit: in hoc desidia nunquam verbor.*

How great a value soever Quintilian sets upon the talents of the mind, he esteems those of the heart far beyond them, and looks upon the others as of no value without them. In the same chapter from whence I took the preceding words, he declares, he should never have a good opinion of a child, who placed his study in occasioning laughter, by mimicking the behaviour, mien, and faults of others: and he presently gives an admirable reason for it: "A child," says he, "cannot be truly ingenious, in my opinion, unless he be good and virtuous; otherwise, I should rather choose to have him dull and heavy than of a bad disposition." *Non dabit spem bonæ indolis, qui hoc imitandi studio petit, ut rideatur. Nam probus quoque imprimis erit ille vere ingeniosus: alioqui non pejus duxerim tardi esse ingenii, quam mali.*

He displays to us all these talents in the eldest of his two children, whose character he draws, and whose death he laments in so eloquent and pathetic a strain, in the beautiful preface to his sixth book. I shall beg leave to insert here a small extract of it, which will not be useless to the boys, as they will find it a model which suits well with their age and condition.

After having mentioned his younger son, who died at five years old, and described the graces and beauties of his countenance, the prettiness of his expressions, the vivacity of his understanding, which began to

shine through the veil of childhood; "I had still left me," says he, my son Quintilian, in whom I placed all my pleasure and all my hopes, and comfort enough I might have found in him: for, having now entered into his tenth year, he did not produce only blossoms like his younger brother, but fruits already formed, and beyond the power of disappointment.—I have much experience; but I never saw in any child, I do not say only so many excellent dispositions for the sciences, nor so much taste, as his masters know, but so much probity, sweetness, good nature, gentleness, and inclination to please and oblige, as I discerned in him.

"Besides this, he had all the advantages of nature, a charming voice, a pleasing countenance, and a surprising facility in pronouncing well the two languages, as if he had been equally born for both of them.

"But all this was no more than hopes. I set a greater value upon his admirable virtues, his equality of temper, his resolution, the courage with which he bore up against fear and pain; for, how were his physicians astonished at his patience under a distemper of eight months continuance, when at the point of death he comforted me himself, and bade me not to weep for him! and delicious as he sometimes was at his last moments, his tongue ran of nothing else but learning and the sciences: O vain and deceitful hopes!" &c.

Are there many boys amongst us, of whom we can truly say so much to their advantage, as Quintilian says here of his son? What a shame would it be for them, if, born and brought up in a Christian country, they had not even the virtues of Pagan children! I make no scruple to repeat them here again—docility, obedience, respect for their masters, or rather a degree of affection, and the source of an eternal gratitude; zeal for study, and a wonderful thirst after the sciences, joined to an abhorrence of vice, and irregularity; an admirable fund of probity, goodness, gentleness, civility, and liberality; as also patience, courage, and greatness of soul in the course of a long sickness. What then was wanting to all these virtues?—That which alone could render them truly worthy the name, and must be in a manner the soul of them, and constitute their whole value, the precious gift of faith and piety; the saving knowledge of a Mediator; a sincere desire of pleasing God, and referring all our actions to him.

A P P E N D I X,

To accustom young People to the innocent and agreeable Employment of observing Nature, it was judged proper to insert the following, as affording them an useful MODEL, and much valuable Information,

MARKS EXPLAINED.

b	signifies	- -	buds swelled.
B	- - - -	- -	buds beginning to open.
f	- - - -	- -	flowers beginning to open.
F	- - - -	- -	flowers full blown.
l	- - - -	- -	leaves beginning to open.
L	- - - -	- -	leaves quite out.
r. p.	- - - -	- -	fruit nearly ripe.
R. P.	- - - -	- -	fruit quite ripe.
E	- - - -	- -	emerging out of the ground.
D	- - - -	- -	flowers decayed.

I. M O N T H.

January

5. **R**OSEMARY, 515. *H. Rosmarinus officinal*, f.
11. **B** Honeyfuckle, 458. *Lonicera periclymenum*, l.
23. Archangel, red, 240.2. *Lamium purpureum*, F.
- Hazel-nut tree, 439. *Corylus avellana*, f.
- Honeyfuckle, 458. *Lonicera periclymenum*, L.
- Laurustinus, 1690. *H. Viburnum tinus*, F.
- Holly, 466. *Ilex. aquifolium*, f.
26. Snow drops, 1144. *H. Galanthus nivalis*, F.
- Chickweed, 347.6. *Alfina media*, F.
- Spurry, 351.7. *Spergula arvensis*, F.
- Daily, 184. *Bellis perennis*, F.

II. M O N T H.

February

4. **W**OOD LARK, 69.2. *Alauda arborea*, sings.
- Elder tree, 461. *Sambucus nigra*, f.
12. **R**OOKS, 39.3. *Corvus frugilegus*, begin to pair.
- G**ESE, 136.1. *Anas, anser*, begin to lay.
- * **W**AGTAIL WHITE, 75.1. *Motacilla alba*, appears.

* The wagtail is said by Willughby to remain with us all the year in the severest weather. It seems to me to shift its quarters at least, if it does not go out of England. However, it is certainly a bird of passage in some countries, if we can believe Aldrovandus, the author of the Swedish Calendar, and the author of the treatise De Migrationibus Avium. Linnaeus observes, S. N. Art. Motacilla, that most birds which live upon insects, and not grains, migrate.

16. **T**HRUSH,

APPENDIX.—THE CALENDAR OF FLORA.

1049

February

16. THRUSH, 64.2. *Turdus musicus*, *sings*.
• CHAFFINCH, 89. *Fringilla caled.*, *sings*.
20. Thermometer, 11. *Highest this month*.
Thermometer, - 2. *Lowest this month*.
22. PARTRIDGES, 57. *Tetrao perdix*, *begin to pair*.
Hazel tree, 439. *Corylus avellana*, F.
25. Gooseberry bush, 1484. *H. Ribes grossularia*, l. } both young plants.
Current, red, 456.1. *Ribes rubrum*, l.
Thermometer from the 19th to the 25th, between 0 and - 1 with snow.
Wind during the latter half of the month between E. and N.

III. MONTH.

March

2. ROOKS, 39.3. *Corvus frugilegus*, *begin to build*.
Thermometer, 10.
4. THRUSH, 64.2. *Turdus musicus*, *sings*.
Thermometer, 11.
5. DOVE, RING, 62.9. *Columba palumbus*, *cooes*.
7. Thermometer, 0. *Lowest this Month*.
11. Sallow, Salix, F.
Laurustinus, 1690. *H. Viburnum tinus*, l.
† BEES, *Apis mellifera*, *out of the hive*.
Laurel, 1549. *H. Prunus laurocerasus*, l.
Bay, 1688. *H. Laurus nobilis*, l.
20. Vernal equinox.
21. Grass, scurvy, 302.1. *Cochlearia officinalis*, F.
Asp, 446.3. *Populus tremula*, F.
26. Speedwell, germander, 279.4. *Veronica agrestis*, F.
Alder, 422. *Alnus betula*, F.
28. Violet, sweet, 364.2. *Viola odorata*, F.
Parfnepe, cow, 205. *Heracleum sphondylium*, E.
Pilewort, 296. *Ranunculus ficaria*, F.
Thermometer, 25.50. *Highest this month*.
29. Cherry tree, 463. *Prunus cerasus*, B.
Current bush, 456.1. *Ribes rubrum*, B.
Primrose, 284.1. *Primula veris*, F.
Yew tree, 445. *Taxus baccata*, F.
Elder, water, 460. *Viburnum opulus*, B.
Thorn, haw, 453.3. *Crataegus oxyacantha*, B.
Larch tree, 1405. *H. Pinus larix*, B.
Hornbeam, 451. *Carpinus ofrya*, B.
Tansy, 188. *Tanacetum vulgare*, E.

IV. MONTH.

April

1. Chestnut, horse, 1683. *Aesculus hippocastanum*, B.
BIRCH, 443. *Betula alba*, L.
Willow, weeping Salix *Babylonica*, L.
ELM-TREE, 468. *Ulmus campestris*, F.
Quicken tree, 452.2. *Sorbus aucuparia*, f.

* Linnæus says, that the female chaffinch goes to Italy alone, through Holland; and that the male in the spring, changing its note, foretels the summer: and Gesner, ornithol. p. 388. says, that the female chaffinch disappears in Switzerland in the winter, but not the male.

† Pliny, nat. hist. lib. 11. §. 5. says, that bees do not come out of their hives before May 11. and seems to blame Aristotle for saying that they come out in the beginning of spring, i. e. March 12.

1. Apricot,

April

1. Apricot, 1533. *H. Prunus Armeniaca*, F.
Narcissus, *pale*, 371.2. *Narcissus pseudonax*.
3. Holly, 466.1. *Ilex aquifolium*, f.
Bramble, 467.1. *Rubus fruticosus*, L.
Raspberry bush, 467.4. *Rubus idæus*, L.
Currants, *red*, 456. *Ribes rubrum*, F.
Dandelion, 170.1. *Leontodon taraxicum*, E.
Cleavers, 225. *Galium aparine*, E.
4. Laurustinus, 1690. *H. Viburnum tinus*, F.
APPLE TREE, 451.1,2. *Pyrus malus*, B.
Orpine, 269.1. *Sedum telephium*, B.
Briar, 454.1. *Rosa canina*, L.
6. Gooseberry, 1489. *H. Ribes grossularia*, f.
Maple, 470.2. *Acer campestre*, B.
Peach, 1515. *H. Amygdalus Persica*, L. et F.
Apricot, 1533. *H. Malus Armeniaca*, L.
Plum tree, 462. *Prunus præcox*, L.
Pear tree, 452. *Pyrus communis*, B.
* SWALLOW, 71.2. *Hirundo urbana*, *returns*.
7. Filberd, 439. *Corylus avellana*, L.
Sallow, *Salix*, L.
Alder, 442.1. *Betula alnus*, l.
Lilac, 1763. *Syringa vulgaris*, l.
Oak, 440.1. *Quercus robur*, f.
Willow, *weeping*, *Salix Babylonica*, b.
8. Juniper, 444. *Juniperus communis*, b.
9. Lilac, 1763. *Syringa vulgaris*, b.
Sycamore, 470. *Acer pseudoplatanus*, L.
Wormwood, 181.1. *Artemisia absinthium*, E.
† NIGHTINGALE, 78. *Motacilla lusciniæ*, *sings*.
Auricula, 1082. *H. Primula auricula*, b.
10. Bay, 1688. *H. Laurus nobilis*, L.
Hornbeam, 451. *Carpinus betulus*, b.
Willow, *white*, 447.1. *Salix alba*, b.
BEES *about the male fallows*.
Feverfew, 187.1. *Matricaria Parthenium*, E.
Dandelion, 170.1. *Leontodon taraxicum*, E.
Hound's tongue, 226.1. *Cynoglossum officinale*, E.
Elm, 468. *Ulmus campestris*, l.
ANEMONE, *wood*, 259. *Anemone nemorosa*, F.
Jack in the hedge, 291. *Erysimum alliaris*, E.
Quince tree, 1452. *H. Pyrus cydonia*, L.
11. Elder, *water*, 460. *Viburnum opulus*, L.

* According to Ptolemy, swallows return to Ægypt about the latter end of January.

† From morn 'till eve, 'tis music all around;
Nor dost thou, Philomel, disdain to join,
Even in the mid-day glare, and aid the quire.
But thy sweet song calls for an hour apart,
When solemn Night beneath his canopy,
Enrich'd with stais, by Silence and by Sleep
Attended, sits and nods in awful state;
Or when the Moon in her refulgent car,
Triumphant rides amidst the silver clouds,
Tinging them as she passes, and with rays
Of mildest lustre gilds the scene below;
While zephyrs bland breathe thro' the thickening shade,
With breath so gentle, and so soft, that e'en
The poplar's trembling leaf forgets to move,
And music with its found the vernal shower;
Then let me sit, and listen to thy strains, &c.

April

11. Alder, *berry bearing*, 465. *Rhamnus frangula*, l.
12. Acacia, 1719. *H. Robinia acacia*, l.
 Mulberry tree, 1429. *H. Morus nigra*, l.
 Lime tree, 473.1,2,3. *Tilia Europæa*, l.
 Mercury, *dogs*, 138.1. *Mercurialis perennis*, F.
 * Elm, *wych*, 469.4. L.
 Ragweed, 177. *Senecio jacobæa*, E.
13. Laburnum, 1721. *Cytisus laburnum*, f.
 Strawberry, 254. *Fragaria vesca*, F.
 Quicken tree, 452.2. *Sorbus aucuparia*, L.
 Sycamore, 470. *Acer pseudoplat.* L.
 Laurel, 1549. *H. Prunus laurocerasus*, L.
 Gooseberry bush, 1484. *H. Ribes grossularia*, F.
 Currant bush, 456.1. *Ribes rubrum*, F.
 Mallow, 251.1. *Malva sylvestris*, E.
 Hornbeam, 451. *Carpinus betulus*, L.
14. Flixweed, 298.3. *Sisymbrium sophia*, E.
 Apple tree, 451. *Pyrus malus*, L.
 Hops, 137.1. *Humulus lupulus*, E.
 Plane tree, 1706. *H. Platanus orientalis*, b.
 Walnut tree, 438. *Juglans regia*, f.
 BITTERN, 100.11. *Ardea stellaris*, makes a noise.
15. Vine, 1613. *Vitis vinifera*, B.
 Turneps, 204.1. *Brassica rapa*, F.
16. Abele, 446.2. *Populus alba*, B.
 Chesnut, 138.2. *H. Fagus castanea*, B.
 Ivy, *ground*, 243. *Glechoma hederacea*, F.
 Fig tree, 143.1. *Ficus carica*, b.
Apricots and peaches out of bloom.
 RED START, 78.5. *Motacilla Phænicurus*, returns.
 Tulip tree, 1690. *H. Liriodendron tulipifera*, B.
 Plum tree, 462. *Prunus domestica*, F.
 Serrel, *wood*, * 281.1,2. *Oxalis acetosilla*, F.
 Marygold, *marsh*, 272. *Caltha palustris*, F.
 Laurel, *spurge*, 465. *Daphne laureola*, F.
17. Jack in the hedge, 291.2. *Erysimum alliaria*, F.
 Willow, *white*, 447.1. *Salix alba*, L. et F.
 Cedar, 1404. *H. Pinus cedrus*, l.
 Elder, *water*, 460.1. *Viburnum opulus*, f.
 Abele, 446.2. *Populus alba*, L.
 † CUCKOW, 23. *Cuculus canorus*, sings.
18. Oak, 440.1. *Quercus, robur*, l. F.
 Thorn, *black*, 462.1. *Prunus spinosus*, B.
 Pear tree, 452. *Pyrus communis*, f.
 Mulberry tree, 1429. *H. Morus nigra*, B.
 Violet, *dog*, 364.3. *Viola canina*, F.
 Lime tree, 413.1,2,3. *Tilia Europæa*, L.
 Nightshade, 265. *Atropa belladonna*, E.
 Cherry tree, 463.1. *Prunus cerasus*, F.
 Ash tree, 469. *Fraxinus excelsior*, f.
 Maple, 470. *Acer campestre*, L.
 Broom, 474. *Spartium scoparium*, b.
 Chesnut, 138.2. *Fagus castanea*, L.
 Fir, *Scotch*, 442. *Pinus sylvestris*, b.

* Linnæus does not seem to know this species of elm.

† Aristophanes says, that when the cuckow sung the Phœnicians reaped wheat and barley.

Vid. Aves.

April

18. Cuckow flower, 299. *Cardamine pratensis*.
20. Thermometer 42. the highest this month.
21. Walnut tree, 438. *Juglans regia*, L.
 Plane tree, 1706. *H. Platanus orientalis*, L.
 Fir, Weymouth, 8. dend. *Pinus tæda*, B.
 Acacia, 1719. *H. Robinia pseudo-acacia*, L.
 Fig tree, 1431. *H. Ficus carica*, L.
 Wall flower, 291. *Cheiranthus cheiri*, F.
 Poplar, black, 446.1. *Populus nigra*, L.
 Beech tree, 439.1. *Fagus sylvatica*, L.
22. Fir, balm of Gilead. *Pinus balsamea*, l. et f.
 Young Apricots.
 Fir, Scotch, 442. *Pinus sylvestris*, f.
 Ash, 469. *Fraxinus excelsior*, F. et L.
 Broom, 474. *Spartium scoparium*, L.
 Poplar, Carolina. L.
 Meadow sweet, 259. *Spiræa ulmaria*, E.
 Fig tree, 1431. *H. Ficus carica*, fruit formed.
 Tormentil, 257.1. *Tormentilla erecta*, E.
 Phyllerea, 1585. *H. Phyllerea latifolia*, F.
 Thorn, evergreen, 1459. *H. Mespilus pyracantha*, F.
 Rosemary, 515. *H. Rosmarinus officinalis*, F.
 Campion, white, 339.8. *Lychnis dioica*, F.
 Buckbean, 285.1. *Menyanthes trifol.* F.
 Furze, needle, 476.1. *Genista Anglica*, F.
 Stitchwort, 346.1. *Stellaria holostea*, F.
23. Crab tree, 451.2. *Pyrus malus sylv.* F.
 Apple tree, 451.1. *Pyrus malus*, f.
 Robert, herb, 358. *Geranium Robertian*, F.
 Fieldfare, 64.3. *Turdus pilaris*, still here.
24. Broom, 474. *Spartium scoparium*, F.
 Mercury, 156.15. *Chenopodium bonus henr.* F.
 Yew tree, 445. *Taxus baccifera*, L.
 Holly, 466.1. *Ilex aquifolium*, B.
 Furze, 475. *Eulex Europæus*, l.
 Agrimony, 202. *Agrimonia eupator*, E.
25. Sycamore, 470. *Acer pseudoplat.* F.
 Hornbeam, 451. *Carpinus betulus*, F.
 Asp, 446. *Populus tremula*, l.
 Spurge, sun, 313.8. *Euphorbia peplus*, F.
 Elder tree, 461.1. *Sambucus nigra*, f.
 Nettle, 139. *Urtica dioica*, F.
 Bindweed, small, 275.2. *Convolvulus arvens.* E.
 Fir, balm of Gilead. *Pinus balsamea*, L.
 Cicely, wild, 207.1. *Chærophylum sylvestre*, F.
 Young currants and gooseberries.
26. Plantain ribwort, 314.5. *Plantago lanceol.* F.
 Germander, wild, 281.11. *Veronica chamæd.* F.
 Cuckow pint, 266. *Arum maculatum*, spathe out.
 Holly, 466. *Ilex aquifolium*, F.
 Harebells, 373.3. *Hyacinthus nonscript.* F.
27. LILAC, 1763. *H. Syringa vulgaris*, F.
 Crane's bill, field, 357.2. *Geranium cicutæ.* F.
 St. John's wort, 342.1. *Hypericum perforat.* E.
 Betony water, 283.1. *Scrophularia aquat.* E.
 Bryony, white, 261. *Bryonia alba*, E.
 Birch tree, 443.1. *Betula alba*, F.
28. Jessamine, 1599.1. *H. Jasminum officinale*, l.
 Thorn, white, 453.3. *Cratægus oxyacantha*, f.

April

28. * BLACK CAP, 79.12. *Motacilla atricapilla*, fings.
 † WHITE THROAT, 77. *Motacilla sylvia*.
 Juniper 444.1. *Juniperus communis*, f.
 Raspberry bush, 467.4. *Rubus idæus*, f.
 Quince tree, 1452. *H. Malus Cydon.* f.
 Crowfoot, *sweet wood*, 248.1. *Ranunculus auric.* F.
 29. Bugle, 245. *Ajuga reptans*, F.
 Bay, 1688. *H. Laurus nobilis*, f.
 Peas and beans, f.
 Snow.
 Chervil, *wild*, 207.1. *Chærophyllum temulent.* f.
 Parsnep, *cow*, 205.1. *Heracleum sphondyl.* f.
 Pine, *manured*, 1398.1. *H. Pinus pinea*, f.
 30. Snow.
 ‡ *Thermom.* 5. *The lowest this month.*

V. MONTH.

May

1. Croswort, 223.1. *Valantia cruciata*, F.
 Avens, 253.1. *Geum urbanum*, F.
 Mugwort, 191.1. *Artemisia campestris*, E.
 Bay, 1688. *H. Laurus nobilis*, L.
 3. Lily of the valley, 264. *Convallaria Maialis*, f.
 Violet, *water*, 285. *Hottonia palustris*, F.
 4. Lettuce *lamb's*, 201. *Valeriana locusta*, F.
 Tulip tree, *Liriodendron tulipifera*, L.
 Hound's tongue, 226.1. *Cynoglossum officinale*.
 Cowslips, 284.3. *Primula veris*, F.
 Valerian, *great wild*, 200.1. *Valerian officinalis*, F.
 Rattle, *yellow*, 284.1. *Rhinanthus cristæ galli*, F.
 Ice.
Thermom. 8. *The lowest this month.*
 Fir, *silver*, *buds hurt by the frost*.
 5. Twayblade, 385. *Ophrys ovata*, f.
 Tormentil, 257. *Tormentilla erecta*, F.
 Celandine, 309. *Chelidonium majus*, E.
 Betony, 238.1. *Betonica officinalis*, E.
 6. Oak, 440. *Quercus, robur*, F. et L.
Time for sowing barley.
 Saxifrage, *white*, 354.6. *Saxifraga granulata*, F.
 Ash, 469. *Fraxinus excelsior.* f.
 Ramsons, 370.5. *Allium ursinum*, F.
 Nettle, *white*, 240.1. *Lamium album*, F.
 Quicken tree, 459.2. *Sorbus aucuparia*, F.
 7. Fir, *Scotch*, 442. *Pinus sylvestris*, F.
 8. Woodruffe, 224. *Asperula odorata*, F.
 9. Chestnut tree, 1382. *H. Fagus castanea*, f.
 10. Celandine, 309. *Chelidonium majus*, F.
 Solomon's seal, 664. *Convallaria polygonat.* F.
 Thorn, *white*, 453.3. *Cratægus oxyacantha*, F.

* The black cap is a very fine singing bird, and is by some in Norfolk called the mock nightingale. Whether it be a bird of passage I cannot say.

† I have some doubt whether this bird be the *Sylvia* of the Linnæus, though the description seems to answer to Ray's, and to one of my own, which I find among my papers.

‡ Vernal heat, according to Dr. Hales, at a medium, is 18.25.

11. Maple,

May

11. Maple, 470.2. *Acer campestre*, F.
Roses, garden, f.
12. Barberry bush, 465. *Berberis vulgaris*, F.
Chefnut, horse, 1683. *H. Æsculus hippocas*, F.
Buglofs, small wild, 227.1. *Lycophis arvensis*, F.
13. Grass, water scorpion, 229.4. *Myofotis scorpioid*, F.
Quince tree, 1452. *H. Pyrus Cydonia*, F.
Cleavers, 225. *Galium aparine*, F.
14. Mulberry tree, 1429. *H. Morus nigra*, L.
Afp, 446.3. *Populus tremula*, l.
Crowfoot, bulbous, 247.2. *Ranunculus bulbos*. F.
Butter cups, 247. *Ranunculus repens*, F.
15. Young turkies.
Lime tree, 473. *Tilia Europæa*, f.
Milkwort, *287.1,2. *Polygala vulgaris*, F.
Crane's bill, 359.10. *Geranium molle*, F.
Walnut, 1376. *H. Juglans regia*, F.
16. Mustard, hedge, 298.4. *Erysimum officinale*, F.
20. Bryony, black, 262.1. *Tamus communis*, F.
Many oaks, and more ashes and beeches, still without leaf.
Violet, sweet, 364.1. *Viola olera*, D.
Stitchwort, 346. *Stellaria holostea*, D.
Anemone, wood, 259.1. *Anemone nemorosa*, D.
Cuckow flower, 299,20. *Cardamine pratensis*, D.
Earth nut, 209. *Bunium*, bulbocast. F.
Mulberry tree, 1429. *H. Morus nigra*, f.
21. Nightshade, 265. *Atropa belladonna*, f.
Rye, 288. *Secale hybernum*, in ear.
23. Pellitory of the wall, 158.1. *Parietaria officin.* F.
24. Bramble, 467. *Rubus fruticosus*, f.
25. Moneywort, 283.1. *Lyfimachia nummul.* F.
Columbines, 173.1. *Aquilegia vulgar.* F. in the woods.
26. Tanfy, wild, 256.5. *Potentilla anserina*, F.
Henbane, 274. *Hyoscyamus niger*, F.
27. Champion, white, 339.8. *Lychnis dioica*, F.
Clover, 328.6. *Trifolium pratense*, F.
28. Avens, 262.1. *Geum urbanum*, F.
Chervil, wild, 207. *Chærophylum temulent*, F.
30. Bryony, black, 262.1. *Tamus communis*, F.
Brooklime, 280.8. *Veronica beccabunga*, F.
Cuckow flower, 333. *Lychnis sios cuculi*, F.
Cresses, water, 300.1. *Silymbrium nasturt.* F.
Thermom. 32. Highest this month.
31. Spurrey, 351.7. *Spergula arvensis*, F.
Alder, berry bearing, 465. *Rhamnus frangula*, F.

VI. MONTH.

June

2. Elder, water, 460.1. *Viburnum opulus*, F.
Lily, yellow water, 368.1. *Nymphæa lutea*, F.
Flower de luce, yellow water, 374. *Iris pseudo-acor.* F.
Mayweed, sinking, 185.3. *Anthemis cotula*, F.
Pimpernel, 282.1. *Anagallis arvensis*, F.
3. Arsmart, 145.4. *Polygonum persicaria*, F.

June

3. * Thyme, 430.1. *Thymus serpyllum*, F.
 Parsnep, cow, 205. *Heracleum sphondylium*, F.
 Quicken tree, 452. *Sorbus aucuparia*, D.
5. Radish, horse, 301.1. *Cochlearia armorac*, F.
 Thorn, evergreen, 1459.3. *H. Mespilus pyracantha*, F.
 Bramble, 467. *Rubus fruticosus*, F.
 † GOAT SUCKER, or FERN OWL, 27. *Caprimulgus Europæus*, is heard in the evening.
6. Vine, 1613. *H. Vitis vinifera*, b.
 Flix weed, 298.3. *Sisymbrium sophia*, F.
 Rastherry bush, 467.4. *Rubus idæus*, F.
 Mallow, dwarf, 251.2. *Malva rotundifolia*, F.
 Elder, 461.1. *Sambucus nigra*, F.
 Stitchwort, lesser, 346. *Stellaria graminca*, F.
 Tare, everlasting, 320.3. *Lathyrus pratensis*, F.
 Gout weed, 208.3. *Ægopodium podagræ*, F.
 Bryony, white, 261.1,2. *Bryonia alba*, F.
 Rose, dog, 454.1. *Rosa canina*, F.
 Bugloss, vipers, 227.1. *Echium vulgare*, F.
7. Grass, vernal, 398.1. *Anthoxanthum odorat*, F.
 Darnel, red, 395. *Lolium perenne*, F.
 Poppy, wild, 308.1. *Papaver somnifer*, F.
 Buckwheat, 181. *H. Polygonum fagopyrum*, F.
8. Pondweed, narrow leaved, 145. 9. *H. Polygonum amphib*, F.
 Sanicle, 221.1. *Sanicula Europæa*, F.
9. Evebright, *284.1. *Euphrasia officinalis*, F.
 Heath, fine leaved, 471.3. *Erica cinerea*, F.
 Saxifrage, bugle, hyacinth, D.
 Broom, 474.1. *Spartium scoparium*, podded.
 Nettle, hedge, 237. *Stachys sylvatica*, F.
12. Wheat, 386.1. *Triticum hybernum*, in ear.
 Meadow sweet, 259.1. *Spiræa ulmaria*, f.
 SCABIOUS, FIELD, 191.1. *Scabiosa arvensis*, F.
 Valerian, great water, 200.1. *Valeriana officinal*, f.
 Cinquefoil, marsh, 256. 1, *Comarum palustre*, F.
 Orchis, lesser butterfly, 380. 18. *Orchis bifolia*, F.
13. Willow herb, great hairy, 311.2. *Epilobium hirsutum*, F.
 Parsnep, cow, 205. *Heracleum sphondyl*, F.
 Betony, water, 283.1. *Scrophularia aquar*, F.
 Cockle, 338.3. *Agrostemma githago*, F.
 Sage, 510.7. *H. Salvia officinalis*, F.
15. Mallow, 251.1. *Malva sylvestris*, F.
 Nipplewort, 173.1. *Lapsana communis*, F.
 Woodbind, 458.1,2. *Lonicera periclymen*, f.
 NIGHTINGALE sings.
16. Fir, Weymouth, 8 dend. *Pinus tæda*, F.
 Hemlock, 215.1. *Conium maculatum*, F.
 Nightshade, woody, 265. *Solanum dulcamara*, F.
 Archangel, white, 240. *Lamium album*, F.
17. Vervain, 236. *Verbena officinalis*, F.
 Agrimony, 202. *Agrimonia eupator*, F.
 Hemlock, water, 215. *Phellandrium aquatic*, F.

* Pliny, lib. 11. §. 11. says, the chief time for bees to make honey is about the solstice, when the vine and thyme are in blow. According to his account then these plants are as forward in England as in Italy.

† This bird is said by Catesby, as quoted by the author of the treatise *De Migrationibus Avium*, to be a bird of passage.

June

17. Acacia, 1719. *H. Robinia pseudo-acacia*, F.
 18. Yarrow, 183. *Achillea millefolium*, F.
 19. *Thermom.* 44.25. *Highest this month.*
 20. Orache, wild, 154.1. *Chenopodium album*, F.
Solstice. About this time **ROOKS** come not to their nest trees at night.
 Wheat, 386.1. *Triticum hybernum*, F.
 Rye, 388.1. *Secale hybernum*, F.
 Self-heal, 238. *Prunella vulgaris*, f.
 Parsley, hedge, 219.4. *Tordylium anthriscus*, f.
Grasses of many kinds, as festuca, aira, agrostis, phleum cynosurus, in ear.
 22. Horehound, base, 239. *Stachys Germanica*, F.
 St. John's wort, 342. *Hypericum perforatum*, F.
 Parsnep, 206.1. *Pastinaca sativa*, F.
 Mullein, white, 287. *Verbascum thapsus*, F.
 Poppy, will, 308. *Papaver somnifer*, F.
 23. Larkspur, 708.3. *H. Delphinium Ajacis*, F.
 Marygold, corn, 182.1. *Chrysanthemum seget.* F.
 24. Rosemary, 515. *H. Rosmarinus officinalis*, D.
 25. Vine, 1613. *H. Vitis vinifera*, F.
 Bindweed, great, 275.2. *Convolvulus arvensis*, F.
 Feverfew, 187. *Matricaria parthenium*, F.
 Woad, wild, 366.2. *Reseda luteola*, F.
 Rocket, base, 366.1. *Reseda lutea*, F.
 Archangel, yellow, 240.5. *Galeopsis galeobdolon*, F.
 Wheat, 386.1. *Triticum hybernum*, f.
Thermom. 20. *The lowest this month.*
 27. Clover mowed.
 Pennywort, marsh, 222. *Hydrocotyle vulgaris*, F.
 Meadow, sweet, 259. *Spiræa ulmaria*, F.
 28. Oats matured, 389. *Avena sativa*, F.
 Barley, 388. *Hordeum vulgare*, F.
Milsummer shoots of apricot, oak, beech, elm.
 SUCCORY, WILD, 172.1. *Cichorium intybus*, F.
 Blue bottles, 198. *Centaurea cyanus*, F.
 Knapweed, great, 198. *Centaurea scabiosa*, F.
 30. Currants ripe.
According to Dr. Hales, May and June heat is, at a medium, 28.5.

* The groves, the fields, the meadows, now no more
 With melody resound. 'Tis silence all.
 As if the lovely songsters, overwhelm'd
 By bounteous nature's plenty, lay intranc'd
 In drowsy lethargy.

VII. MONTH.

July

2. Beech, 439. *Fagus sylvatica*, F.
 Pearlwort, 345.2. *Fagina procumbens*, F.
 Carrot, wild, 218. *Daucus carota*, F.
 Grass, dog, 390.1. *Triticum repens*, in ear.
 Violet, *Calathian*, 274. *Gentiana pneumonan.* F.

* I heard no birds after the end of this month, except the **STONE CURLEW**, 1084. *Charadrius Oedienemus*, whistling late at night; the **YELLOW HAMMER**, 93.2. *Emberiza flava*; the **GOLD-FINCH**, 89.1. and **GOLDEN CRESTED WREN**, 79.9. *Motacilla regulus*, now and then chirping. I omitted to note down when the cuckoo left off singing, but, as well as I remember, it was about this time. Aristotle says, that this bird disappears about the rising of the dog-star, i. e. towards the latter end of July.

July

4. Silver weed, 256.5. *Potentilla anserina*, F.
Betony, 238.1. *Betonica officinalis*, F.
Nightshade, *enchanters*, 289. *Circæa lutetia*, f.
6. Lavender, 512. *Lavendula spica*, F.
• Parsley, *hedge*, *Tordylium anthriscus*, F.
Gromill, 228.1. *Lithospermum officinal.*, F.
Furze, 473. *Ulex genista*, D.
Cow wheat, *cy. bright*, 284.2. *Euphrasia almt.* F.
7. Pinks, maiden, 335.1. *Dianthus deltoides*, F.
8. Tansey, 188.1. *Tanacetum vulgare*, f.
Bed-straw, *lady's-yellow*, 224. *Galium verum*, F.
Sage, *wood*, 245. *Teucrium scorodonia*, F.
Spinach, 162. H. *Spinacia oleracea*, F.
Thermom. 22. *Lowest this month.*
9. Angelica, *wild*, 208.2. *Angelica sylvestris*, F.
Strawberries ripe.
Fennel, 217. *Anethum fœniculum*, F.
10. Beans, *kidney*, 884. H. *Phaeolus vulgaris, podde.l.*
Parsley, 884. H. *Apium prostratum*, F.
Sun dew, *round leaved*, 356.3. *Drosera rotundifol.* F.
Sun dew, *long leaved*, 356.4. *Drosera longifol.* F.
Lily, *white*, 1109. H. *Lilium candidum*, f.
11. Mullein, *hoary*, 288. *Verbascum phlomo d.* F.
Plantain, *great*, 314.1.2. *Plantago major*, F.
WILLOW, SPIKED, of Theophr. 1699. H. *Spiræa salicifol.* F.
Jessamine, 1599. H. *Jasminum officinale*, F.
Rest harrow, 332. *Ononis spinosa*, F.
Hyssop, 516. H. *Hyssopus officinalis*, F.
Potatoes, 615.14. H. *Solanum tuberosum*, F.
Second shoots of the maple.
Bell flower, *round leaved*, 277.5. *Campanula*, F.
LILY, WHITE, 1109. H. *Lilium candidum*, F.
Raspberries ripe.
Figs yellow.
13. LIME TREE, 473. *Tilia Europæa*, F.
Knapweed, 198.2. *Centaurea jacea*, F.
Stonecrop, 269. *Sedum rupestre*, F.
Grass, *knot*, 146. *Polygonum aviculare*, F.
Grass, *bearded dog*, 390.2. *Triticum caninum*, F.
15. *Thermom.* 39. *Highest this month.*
16. Asparagus, 267.1. *Asparagus officinalis*, berries.
Mugwort, 190.1. *Artemisia vulgaris*, F.
18. Willow herb, *purple spiked*, 367.1. *Lythrum salicaria*, F.
YOUNG PARTRIDGES.
Agrimony, *water hemp*, 187.1. *Bidens tripart.* F.
20. Flax, *purging*, 362.6. *Linum catharticum*, F.
Arifart, *spotted*, 145.4. *Polygonum persicaria*, F.
Lily, *maragon*, 1112. H. *Lilium maragon*.
HENS moult.
22. Orpine, 269. *Sedum telephium*, f.
Hart's tongue, 116. *Asplenium scolopendra*, F.
Pennyroyal, 235. *Mentha pulegium*, F.
Bramble, 461.1. *Rubus fruticosus.* Fruit red.
- Laurustinus, 1690. H. *Viburnum tinus*, f.
24. Elecampane, 176. *Inula helenium*, F.
Amaranth, 202. H. *Amaranthus caudatus*, F.
27. Bindweed, *great*, 275.1. *Convolvulus sepium*, F.
28. Plantain, *great water*, 257.1. *Alisma plantago*, F.

28. Mint,

July

28. Mint, *water*, 233.6. *Mentha aquatica*, F.
 Willow herb, 311.6. *Epilobium palustre*, F.
 Thistle tree sow, 163.7. *Sonchus arvensis*, F.
 Burdock, 197.2. *Arctium lappa*, f.
 Saxifrage, *burnet*, 213.1,2. *Pimpinella saxifraga*, F.
 DEVIL'S BIT, 191.3. *Scabiosa succisa*, F.
 32. Nightshade, common, 288.4. *Solanum nigrum*, F.
 DOVE, RING, 62.9. *Columba palumbus*, coocs.

VIII. MONTH.

August

1. Melilot, 331.1. *Trifolium officinale*, F.
 Rue, 874.1. *Ruta graveolens*, F.
 Soapwort, 339.6. *Saponaria officinalis*, F.
 Bedstraw, *white lady's*, 224.2. *Galium palustre*, F.
 Parsnep, *water*, 300. *Sisymbrium nasturt*, F.
Oats almost fit to cut.
 3. *Barley cut.*
 5. *Tansy*, 188.1. *Tanacetum vulgare*, F.
 Onion, 1115. *H. Allium cepa*, F.
 7. Horehound, 239. *Marrubium vulgare*, F.
 Mint, *water*, 233.6. *Mentha aquat*, F.
 Nettle, 139. *Urtica dioica*, F.
 Orpine, 269.1. *Sedum telephium*, F.
 NUTHATCH, 47. *Sitta Europæa*, *chatters*.
 8. *Thermom.* 26. *Lowest to the 27th of this month.*
 9. Mint, *red*, 232.5. *Mentha gentilis*, F.
 Wormwood, 188.1. *Artemisia absinthium*, F.
 12. Horehound, *water*, 236.1. *Lycopus Europæus*, F.
 Thistle, *lady's*, 195.12. *Carduus marianus*, F.
 Burdock, 196. *Arctium lappa*, F.
 ROOKS *come to the nest trees in the evening, but do not roost there.*
 14. Clary, *wild*, 237.1. *Salvia verbenaca*, F.
 STONE CURLEW, 108. *Charadrius oedienemus*, *whistles at night.*
 15. Mallow, *vervain*, 252. *Malva alcea*, F.
 GOAT SUCKER, 26.1. *Caprimulgus Europæus*, *makes a noise in the evening, and young owls.*
 16. * *Thermom.* 35. *The highest to the 27th of this month.*
 17. Orach, *wild*, 154.1. *Chenopodium album*.
 ROOKS *roost on their nest trees.*
 GOAT SUCKER, *no longer heard.*
 21. *Peas and wheat cut.*
 Devil's bit, *yellow*, 164.1. *Leontodon autumnal*, F.
 26. ROBIN RED BREAST, 78.3. *Motacilla rubecula*, *sings.*
 Goule, 443. *Myrica gale*, F. R.
 Golden rod, *marsh*, 176.2. *Senecio paludosus*, F.
 29. Smallage, 214. *Apium graveolens*, F.
 Teasel, 192.2. *Dipsacus fullenum*, F.
Vipers come out of their holes still.

* From the 27th of this month to the 12th of September I was from home, and therefore cannot be sure that I saw the first blow of the plants during that interval.

IX. MONTH.

IX. MONTH.

September

2. WILLOW HERB, yellow, 282.1. *Lythymachia vulgaris*, F.
Traveller's joy, 258. *Clematis vitalba*, F.
5. Grass of Parnassus, 355. *Parnassia palustris*.
10. Catkins of the hazel formed.
Thermom. 17. The lowest from the 10th to the end of this month.
11. Catkins of the birch formed.
Leaves of the Scotch fir fall.
Bramble still in bloom, though some of the fruit has been ripe some time; so that there are green, red, and black berries on the same individual plant at the same time.
Ivy, 459. *Hedera helix*, f.
14. Leaves of the sycamore, birch, lime, mountain ash, elm, begin to change.
16. Furze, 475. *Ulex Europæus*, F.
Catkins of the alder formed.
Thermom. 36.75. The highest from the 10th to the end of this month.
- CHAFFINCH, 88. *Fringilla cælebs*, chirps.
17. Herrings.
20. FERN, FEMALE, 124.1. *Pteris aquilina*, turned brown.
Ash, mountain, 452.2. *Sorbus aucuparia*, F. R.
Laurel 4549. *H. Prunus laurocerasus*, f. r.
Hops, humulus lupulus, 137.1. f. r.
21. SWALLOWS gone. Full moon.
23. Autumnal æquinox.
25. WOOD LARK, 69.2. *Alauda arborea*, sings.
FIELD FARE, 64.3. *Turdus pilaris*, appears.
Leaves of the plane tree, tawny—of the hazel, yellow—of the oak, yellowish green—of the sycamore, dirty brown—of the maple, pale yellow—of the ash, fine lemon—of the elm, orange—of the hawthorn, tawny yellow—of the cherry, red—of the hornbeam, bright yellow—of the willow, still hoary.
27. BLACK BIRD sings.
29. THRUSH, 64.2. *Turdus musicus*, sings.
- 30.*Bramble, 467.1. *Rubus fruticosus*, F.

X. MONTH.

October

1. Bryony, black, 262. *Tamus communis*, F. R.
Elder, marsh, 460.1. *Viburnum opulus*, F. R.
Elder, 461.1. *Sambucus nigra*, F. R.
Briar, 454.1. *Rosa canina*, F. R.
Alder, black, 465. *Rhamnus frangula*, F. R.
Holly, 466. *Ilex aquifolium*, F. R.
Barberry, 465. *Berberis vulgaris*, F. R.
Nightshade, woody, 265. *Solanum dulcamara*, F. R.
2. Thorn, black, 462.1. *Prunus spinosa*, F. R.
† CROW, ROYSTON, 39.4. *Corvus cornix*, returns.
5. Catkins of salixes formed.
6. Leaves of ash almost all off—of chestnut, yellow—of birch, gold-coloured.
Thermom. 26.50. Highest this month.
7. BLACK BIRD, 65.1. *Turdus merula*, sings.
Wind high; rooks sport and dash about as in play, and repair their nests.
9. Spindle tree, 468.1. *Euvonymus Europæus*, F. R.
Some ash trees quite stripped of their leaves.
Leaves of marsh elder of a beautiful red, or rather pink colour.

* Autumnal heat, according to Dr. Hales, at a medium, is 18.25.

† Linnæus observes in the *Système Nature*, and the *Fauna Suecica*, that this bird is useful to the husbandman, though ill treated by him.

October

10. WOOD LARK *sings*.* RING DOVE *cooes*.14. WOOD LARK *sings*.

Several plants still in flower, as pansy, white behn, black noneuch, hawkweed, bugloss, gentian, small stitchwort, &c. in grounds not broken up.

A great mist and perfect calm; not so much as a leaf falls. Spiders webs innumerable appear every where. Woodlark sings. Rooks do not stir, but sit quietly on their nest trees.

16. GEESE, WILD, 136.4. *Anas, anser, leave the fens and go to the rye lands.*22. WOOLCOCK, 104. *Scolopax rusticola, returns.*

Some ash-trees still green.

24. LARK, SKY, 69.1. *Alauda arvensis, sings.*Privet, 465.1. *Ligustrum vulg. re, F. R.*26. *Thermom.* 7. *Lowest this month.*

Honeyfuckle, 458.1, 2. Lonicera periclymen. still in flower, in the hedges, and mallow and feverfew.

WILD GEESE continue going to the rye lands.

Now from the North

Of Norumbega, and the Samœid shore,
Barbling their brazen dungeons, arm'd with ice,
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust, and flaw,
Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
And Thrafcias rend the woods, and seas up-turn.

MILTON.

Here ends the Calendar, being interrupted by my going to London. During the whole time it was kept, the barometer fluctuated between 29.1. and 29.9. except a few days, when it sunk to 28.6. and rose to 30.1.

N A T U R A L H I S T O R Y.

*Extracts from Mr. PENNANT's British
Zeal gy.*

§ 1. The HORSE.

THE breed of horses in Great Britain is as mixed as that of its inhabitants: the frequent introduction of foreign horses has given us a variety, that no single country can boast of: most other kingdoms produce only one kind, while ours, by a judicious mixture of the several species, by the happy difference of our soils, and by our superior skill in management, may triumph over the rest of Europe, in having brought each quality of this noble animal to the highest perfection.

In the annals of Newmarket, may be found instances of horses that have literally outstripped the wind, as the celebrated M. Condamine has lately shewn in his remarks on those of Great Britain. Childers

is an amazing instance of rapidity, his speed having been more than once equated equal to 82½ feet in a second, or near a mile in a minute: the same horse has also run the round course at Newmarket (which is about 400 yds less than 4 miles) in six minutes and forty seconds; in which case his fleetness is to that of the swiftest Faon, as four to three; the former according to Doctor Maty's computation, covering at every bound a space of ground equal in length to twenty-three feet royal, the latter only that of eighteen feet and a half royal.

Horses of this kind, derive their origin from Arabia; the feat of the purest, and most generous breed.

The species used in hunting, is a happy combination of the former with others superior in strength, but inferior in point of speed and lineage: an union of both is necessary; for the fatigues of the chase must

* Aristotle says, that this bird does not cooe in the winter, unless the weather happens to be mild.
be

be supported by the spirit of the one, as well as by the vigour of the other.

No country can bring a parallel to the strength and size of our horses destined for the draught; or to the activity and strength united of those that form our cavalry.

In our capital there are instances of single horses that are able to draw on a plain, for a small space, the weight of three tons; but could with ease, and for a continuance, draw half that weight. The pack-horses of Yorkshire, employed in conveying the manufactures of that county to the most remote parts of the kingdom, usually carry a burden of 425 pounds; and that indifferently over the highest hills of the north, as well as the most level roads; but the most remarkable proof of the strength of our British horses, is to be drawn from that of our mill-horses: some of these will carry at one load thirteen measures, which at a moderate computation of 70 pounds each, will amount to 910; a weight superior to that which the lesser sort of camels will bear: this will appear less surprising, as these horses are by degrees accustomed to the weight; and the distance they travel no greater than to and from the adjacent hamlet.

Our cavalry in the late campaigns (when they had opportunity) shewed over those of our allies, as well as of the French, a great superiority both of strength and activity: the enemy was broken through by the ingenious charge of our squadrons; while the German horses, from their great weight and inactive make, were unable to second our efforts; though those troops were actuated by the noblest ardour.

The present cavalry of this island only supports its ancient glory; it was eminent in the earliest times: our scythed chariots, and the activity and good discipline of our horses, even struck terror into Cæsar's legions: and the Britains, as soon as they became civilized enough to coin, took care to represent on their money the animal for which they were so celebrated. It is now impossible to trace out this species; for those which exist among the *indigenæ* of Great Britain, such as the little horses of Wales and Cornwall, the hobbies of Ireland, and the shelties of Scotland, though admirably well adapted to the uses of those countries, could never have been equal to the work of war; but probably we had even then a larger and stronger breed in the more fertile and luxuriant parts of the island. Those we employ for that purpose,

or for the draught, are an offspring of the German or Flemish breed, meliorated by our soil, and a judicious culture.

The English were ever attentive to an exact culture of these animals; and in very early times set a high value on their breed. The esteem that our horses were held in by foreigners so long ago as the reign of Athelstan, may be collected from a law of that monarch prohibiting their exportation, except they were designed as presents. These must have been the native kind, or the prohibition would have been needless, for our commerce was at that time too limited to receive improvement from any but the German kind, to which country their own breed could be of no value.

But when our intercourse with the other parts of Europe was enlarged, we soon had hold of the advantages this gave of improving our breed. Roger de Bellesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, is the first that is on record: he introduced the Spanish stallions into his estate in Powisland, from which that part of Wales was for many ages celebrated for a swift and generous race of horses. Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived in the reign of Henry II. takes notice of it; and Michael Drayton, contemporary with Shakespeare, sings their excellence in the sixth part of his Polyolbion. This kind was probably destined to mount our gallant nobility, our courtous knights for feats of chivalry, in the generous contest of the tournament. From the springing, to speak the language of the times, the Flower of Comets, whose brilliant ram added claims to the rider; and whose activity and managed dexterity gained him the palm in that field of gallantry and romantic honour.

Notwithstanding my former supposition, race were known in England in very early times. Fitzstephen, who wrote in the days of Henry II. mentions the great delight that the citizens of London took in the diversion. But by his words, it appears not to have been designed for the purposes of gaming, but merely to have sprung from a generous emulation of shewing a superior skill in horsemanship.

Races appear to have been in vogue in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to have been carried to such excess as to injure the fortunes of the nobility. The famous George Earl of Cumberland is recorded to have wasted more of his estate than any of his ancestors; and chiefly by his extreme love to horse-races, tiltings, and other

other expensive diversions. It is probable that the parsimonious queen did not approve of it; for races are not among the diversions exhibited at Kenilworth by her favourite Leicester. In the following reign, were places allotted for the sport: Croydon in the South, and Garterly in Yorkshire, were celebrated courses. Camden also says, that in 1607 there were races near York, and the prize was a little golden bell.

Not that we deny this diversion to be known in these kingdoms in earlier times; we only assert a different mode of it, gentlemen being then their own jockies, and riding their own horses. Lord Herbert of Cherbury enumerates it among the sports that gallant philosopher thought unworthy of a man of honour. "The exercise (says he) I do not approve of, is running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind; neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him to run away."

The increase of our inhabitants, and the extent of our manufactures, together with the former neglect of internal navigation to convey those manufactures, multiplied the number of our horses: an excess of wealth, before unknown in these islands, increased the luxury of carriages, and added to the necessity of an extraordinary culture of these animals: their high reputation abroad, has also made them a branch of commerce, and proved another cause of their vast increase.

As no kingdom can boast of parallel circumstances, so none can vie with us in the number of these noble quadrupeds; it would be extremely difficult to guess at the exact amount of them, or to form a periodical account of their increase: the number seems very fluctuating. William Fitz-Stephen relates, that in the reign of king Stephen, London alone poured out 20,000 horsemen in the wars of those times: yet we find that in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the whole kingdom could not supply 2000 horses to form our cavalry: and even in the year 1588, when the nation was in the most imminent danger from the Spanish invasion, all the cavalry which the nation could then furnish amounted only to 3000; to account for this difference we must imagine, that the number of horses which took the field in Stephen's reign was no more than an undisciplined rabble; the few that appeared under the banners of Elizabeth, a corps

well formed, and such as might be opposed to so formidable an enemy as was then expected: but such is their present increase, that in the late war, the number employed was 13,575; and such is our improvement in the breed of horses, that most of those which are used in our waggons and carriages of different kinds, might be applied to the same purpose: of those, our capital alone employs near 22,000.

The learned M. de Buffon has almost exhausted the subject of the natural history of the horse, and the other domestic animals; and left very little for after writers to add. We may observe that this most noble and useful quadruped is endowed with every quality that can make it subservient to the uses of mankind; and those qualities appear in a more exalted, or in a less degree, in proportion to our various necessities.

Undaunted courage, added to a docility half reasoning, is given to some, which fits them for military services. The spirit and emulation so apparent in others, furnish us with that species, which is admirably adapted for the course; or, the more noble and generous pleasure of the chace.

Patience and perseverance appear strongly in that most useful kind destined to bear the burdens we impose on them; or that employed in the slavery of the draught.

Though endowed with vast strength, and great powers, they very rarely exert either to their master's prejudice; but on the contrary, will endure fatigues even to death, for our benefit. Providence has implanted in them a benevolent disposition, and a fear of the human race, together with a certain consciousness of the services we can render them. Most of the hoofed quadrupeds are domestic, because necessity compels them to seek our protection: wild beasts are provided with feet and claws, adapted to the forming dens and retreats from the inclemency of the weather; but the former, destitute of these advantages, are obliged to run to us for artificial shelter, and harvested provisions: as nature, in these climates, does not throughout the year supply them with necessary food.

But still, many of our tame animals must by accident endure the rigour of the season: to prevent which inconvenience their feet (for the extremities suffer first by cold) are protected by strong hoofs of a horny substance.

The tail too is guarded with long bushy hair, that protects it in both extremes of weather;

weather; during the summer it serves, by its pliancy and agility, to brush off the swarms of insects which are perpetually attempting either to sting them, or to deposit their eggs in the *rectum*; the same length of hair contributes to guard them from the cold in winter. But we, by the absurd and cruel custom of docking, a practice peculiar to our country, deprive these animals of both advantages: in the last war our cavalry suffered so much on that account, that we now seem sensible of the error, and if we may judge from some recent orders in respect to that branch of the service, it will for the future be corrected.

Thus is the horse provided against the two greatest evils he is subject to from the seasons: his natural diseases are few: but our ill usage, or neglect, or, which is very frequent, our over care of him, bring on a numerous train, which are often fatal. Among the distempers he is naturally subject to, are the worms, the bots, and the stone: the species of worms that infect him are the *lumbrici*, and *ascarides*; both these resemble those found in human bodies, only larger: the bots are the *crucæ*; or caterpillars of the *œstrus*, or gadfly: these are found both in the *rectum*, and in the stomach, and when in the latter bring on convulsions, that often terminate in death.

The stone is a disease the horse is not frequently subject to; yet we have seen two examples of it; the one in a horse near High Wycombe, that voided sixteen *calculi*, each of an inch and a half diameter; the other was of a stone taken out of the bladder of a horse, and deposited in the cabinet of the late Dr. Mead; weighing eleven ounces. These stones are formed of several crusts, each very smooth and glossy; their form triangular; but their edges rounded, as if by collision against each other.

The all-wise Creator hath finely limited the several services of domestic animals towards the human race; and ordered that the parts of such, which in their lives have been the most useful, should after death contribute the least to our benefit. The chief use that the *exuvie* of the horse can be applied to, is for collars, traces, and other parts of the harness; and thus, even after death, he preserves some analogy with his former employ. The hair of the mane is of use in making wigs; of the tail in

making the bottoms of chairs, floor-cloths, and cords; and to the angler in making lines.

§ 2. The Ox.

The climate of Great Britain is above all others productive of the greatest variety and abundance of wholesome vegetables, which, to crown our happiness, are almost equally diffused through all its parts: this general fertility is owing to those clouded skies, which foreigners mistakenly urge as a reproach on our country; but let us cheerfully endure a temporary gloom, which cloaths not only our meadows but our hills with the richest verdure. To this we owe the number, variety, and excellence of our cattle, the richness of our dairies, and innumerable other advantages. Cæsar (the earliest writer who describes this island of Great Britain) speaks of the numbers of our cattle, and adds that we neglected tillage, but lived on milk and flesh. Strabo takes notice of our plenty of milk, but says we were ignorant of the art of making cheese. Mela informs us, that the wealth of the Britons consisted in cattle: and in his account of Ireland reports that such was the richness of the pastures in that kingdom, that the cattle would even burst if they were suffered to feed in them long at a time.

This preference of pasturage to tillage was delivered down from our British ancestors to much later times; and continued equally prevalent during the whole period of our feudal government: the chieftain, whose power and safety depended on the promptness of his vassals to execute his commands, found it his interest to encourage those employments that favoured that disposition; that vassal, who made it his glory to fly at the first call to the standard of his chieftain, was sure to prefer that employ, which might be transacted by his family with equal success during his absence. Tillage would require an attendance incompatible with the services he owed the baron, while the former occupation not only gave leisure for those duties, but furnished the hospitable board of his lord with ample provision, of which the vassal was equal partaker. The reliques of the larder of the elder Spencer are evident proofs of the plenty of cattle in his days; for after his winter provisions may have been supposed to have been mostly consumed, there were found, to late as the

month of May, in salt, the carcases of not fewer than 80 beeves, 600 bacon, and 600 muttons. The accounts of the several great feasts in after times, afford amazing instances of the quantity of cattle that were consumed in them. This was owing partly to the continued attachment of the people to grazing; partly to the preference that the English at all times gave to animal food. The quantity of cattle that appear from the latest calculation to have been consumed in our metropolis, is a sufficient argument of the vast plenty of these times; particularly when we consider the great advancement of tillage, and the numberless variety of provisions, unknown to past ages, that are now introduced into these kingdoms from all parts of the world.

Our breed of horned cattle has in general been so much improved by a foreign mixture, that it is difficult to point out the original kind of these islands. Those which may be supposed to have been purely British, are far inferior in size to those on the northern part of the European continent: the cattle of the highlands of Scotland are exceeding small, and many of them, males as well as females, are hornless: the Welsh runts are much larger: the black cattle of Cornwall are of the same size with the last. The large species that is now cultivated through most parts of Great Britain are either entirely of foreign extraction, or our own improved by a cross with the foreign kind. The Lincolnshire kind derive their size from the Holstein breed; and the large hornless cattle that are bred in some parts of England come originally from Poland.

About two hundred and fifty years ago there was found in Scotland a wild race of cattle, which were of a pure white colour, and had (if we may credit Boethius) manes like lions. I cannot but give credit to the relation; having seen in the woods of Drumlanrig in North Britain, and in the park belonging to Chillingham castle in Northumberland, herds of cattle probably derived from the savage breed. They have lost their manes; but retain their colour and fierceness: they were of a middle size; long legged; and had black muzzles, and ears: their horns fine, and with a bold and elegant bend. The keeper of those at Chillingham said, that the weight of the ox was 38 stones: of the cow 28: that their hides were more esteemed by the tanners than those of the tame; and they

would give six-pence per stone more for them. These cattle were wild as any deer: on being approached would instantly take to flight and gallop away at full speed: never mix with the tame species; nor come near the house unless constrained by hunger in very severe weather. When it is necessary to kill any they are always shot: if the keeper only wounds the beast, he must take care to keep behind some tree, or his life would be in danger from the furious attacks of the animal; which will never desist till a period is put to his life.

Frequent mention is made of our savage cattle by historians. One relates that Robert Bruce was (in chasing these animals) preserved from the rage of a wild Bull by the intrepidity of one of his countrymen, from which he and his lineage acquired the name of Turn-Bull. Fitz-Stephen names these animals (*Uli Syphites*) among those that harboured in the great forest that in his time lay adjacent to London. Another enumerates among the provisions at the great feast of Nevil archbishop of York, six wild Bull; and Sibbald assures us that in his days a wild and white species was found in the mountains of Scotland, but appearing in form with the common sort. I believe these to have been the *Bos ferox insularis* of Piny, found then in Germany, and might have been common to the continent and our island: the loss of their savage vigour by confinement might occasion some change in the external appearance, as is frequent with wild animals deprived of liberty; and to that we may ascribe their loss of mane. The Ursus of the Hermyon anseist, described by Caesar, book VI. was of this kind, the same which is called by the modern Germans, *Awels*, i. e. *Bos ferox*.

The ox is the only horned animal in these islands that will apply his strength to the service of mankind. It is now generally allowed, that in many cases even more profitable in the draught than horses; their food, harness, and shoes being cheaper, and should they be lame or grow old, an old working beast will be as good meat, and tatten as well as a young one.

There is scarce any part of this animal without its use. The blood, fat, marrow, hide, hair, horns, hoofs, milk, cream, butter, cheese, whey, urine, liver, gall, spleen, bones, and dung, have each their particular use in manufactures, commerce, and medicine.

The skin has been of great use in all ages. The ancient Britons, before they knew a better method, built their boats with osiers, and covered them with the hides of bulis, which served for short coasting voyages.

*Primum cœna falix madefacto vimine parvum
Texitur in puppim, cœsæque induta juvenæ;
Vectoris potions, tumidum super emi at ananem;
Sic Venetus stagnante Pado, fufoque Britannus
Navigat oceano.* *Lucan. lib. iv. 131.*

The bending willow into bows they twine
Then line the work with spoils of fland'ring kine.
Such are the boats Venetian fishers know,
Where in dull marshes stands the tottering Po;
On such to neighbouring Gaul allur'd by gain,
The bolder Britons cross the swelling main.

ROWE.

Vessels of this kind are still in use on the Irish lakes; and on the Dee and Severn: in Ireland they are called *Cuach*, in England *Coracles*, from the British *Crogl*, a word signifying a boat of that structure.

At present, the hide, when tanned and curried, serves for boots, shoes, and numberless other conveniences of life.

Vellum is made of calves skin, and gold-beaters skin is made of a thin vellum, or a finer part of the ox's guts. The hair mixed with lime is a necessary article in building. Of the horns are made combs, boxes, handles for knives, and drinking vessels; and when softened by water, obeying the manufacturer's hand, they are formed into pellicid laminæ for the sides of lanterns. These last conveniences we owe to our great king Alfred, who first invented them to preserve his candle time-measures from the wind; or (as other writers will have it) the tapers that were set up before the reliques in the miserable tattered churches of that time.

In medicine, the horns were employed as alexipharmics or antidotes against poison, the plague, or the small-pox; they have been dignified with the title of English bezoar; and are said to have been found to answer the end of the oriental kind: the chips of the hoofs, and paring of the raw hides, serve to make carpenters glue.

The bones are used by mechanics, where ivory is too expensive; by which the common people are served with many neat conveniences at an easy rate. From the tibia and carpus bones is procured an oil much used by coach-makers and others

in dressing and cleaning harness, and all trappings belonging to a coach, and the bones calcined afford a fit matter for tests for the use of the refiner in the smelting trade.

The blood is used as an excellent manure for fruit-trees; and is the basis of that fine colour, the Prussian blue.

The fat, tallow, and suet, furnish us with light; and are also used to precipitate the salt that is drawn from briny springs. The gall, liver, spleen, and urine, have also their place in the *medicæ*.

The uses of butter, cheese, cream, and milk, in domestic economy; and the excellence of the latter, in furnishing a palatable nutrient for most people, whose organs of digestion are weakened, are too obvious to be insisted on.

§ 3. The SHEEP.

It does not appear from any of the early writers, that the breed of this animal was cultivated for the sake of the wool among the Britons; the inhabitants of the inland parts of this island either went entirely naked, or were only clothed with skins. Those who lived on the sea coasts, and were the most civilized, affected the manners of the Gauls, and wore like them a sort of garments made of coarse wool, called *Brache*. That they probably had from Gaul, there not being the least traces of manufactures among the Britons, in the histories of those times.

On the coins or money of the Britons are seen impressed the figures of the horse, the bull, and the hog, the marks of the tributes exacted from them by the conquerors. The Reverend Mr. Pegge was so kind as to inform me, that he has seen on the coins of Cunobelin that of a sheep. Since that is the case, it is probable that our ancestors were possessed of the animal, but made no farther use of it than to strip off the skin, and wrap themselves in it, and with the wool inmost obtain a comfortable protection against the cold of the winter season.

This neglect of manufacture may be easily accounted for, in an uncivilized nation whose wants were few, and those easily satisfied; but what is more surprising, when after a long period we had cultivated a breed of sheep, whose fleeces were superior to those of other countries, we still neglected to promote a woollen manufacture

at

at home. That valuable branch of business lay for a considerable time in foreign hands; and we were obliged to import the cloth manufactured from our own materials. There seems indeed to have been many unavailing efforts made by our monarchs to preserve both the wool and the manufacture of it among ourselves: Henry the Second, by a patent granted to the weavers in London, directed that if any cloth was found made of a mixture of Spanish wool, it should be burnt by the mayor: yet so little did the weaving business advance, that Edward the Third was obliged to permit the importation of foreign cloth in the beginning of his reign; but soon after, by encouraging foreign artificers to settle in England, and instruct the natives in their trade, the manufacture increased so greatly as to enable him to prohibit the wear of foreign cloth. Yet, to shew the uncommercial genius of the people, the effects of this prohibition were checked by another law, as prejudicial to trade as the former was salutary; this was an act of the same reign, against exporting woollen goods manufactured at home, under heavy penalties; while the exportation of wool was not only allowed but encouraged. This oversight was not soon rectified, for it appears that, on the alliance that Edward the Fourth made with the king of Arragon, he presented the latter with some ewes and rams of the Cotswold kind; which is a proof of their excellency, since they were thought acceptable to a monarch, whose dominions were so noted for the fineness of their fleeces.

In the first year of Richard the Third, and in the two succeeding reigns, our woollen manufactures received some improvements; but the grand rise of all its prosperity is to be dated from the reign of queen Elizabeth, when the tyranny of the duke of Alva in the Netherlands drove numbers of artificers for refuge into this country, who were the founders of that immense manufacture we carry on at present. We have strong inducements to be more particular on the modern state of our woollen manufactures; but we desist, from a fear of digressing too far; our enquiries must be limited to points that have a more immediate reference to the study of Zoology.

No country is better supplied with materials, and those adapted to every species of the clothing business, than Great Bri-

tain; and though the sheep of these islands afford fleeces of different degrees of goodness, yet there are not any but what may be used in some branch of it. Herefordshire, Devonshire, and Cotswold downs are noted for producing sheep with remarkably fine fleeces; the Lincolnshire and Warwickshire kind, which are very large, exceed any for the quantity and goodness of their wool. The former county yields the largest sheep in these islands, where it is no uncommon thing to give fifty guineas for a ram, and a guinea for the admission of a ewe to one of the valuable males; or twenty guineas for the use of it for a certain number of ewes during one season. Suffolk also breeds a very valuable kind. The fleeces of the northern parts of this kingdom are inferior in fineness to those of the south; but still are of great value in different branches of our manufactures. The Yorkshire hills furnish the looms of that county with large quantities of wool; and that which is taken from the neck and shoulders is used (mixed with Spanish wool) in some of their finest cloths.

Wales yields but a coarse wool; yet it is of more extensive use than the finest Segovian fleeces; for rich and poor, age and youth, health and infirmities, all confess the universal benefit of the flannel manufacture.

The sheep of Ireland vary like those of Great Britain. Those of the south and east being large, and their flesh rank. Those of the north, and the mountainous parts, small, and their flesh sweet. The fleeces in the same manner differ in degrees of value.

Scotland breeds a small kind, and their fleeces are coarse. Sibbald (after Boethius) speaks of a breed in the isle of Rona, covered with blue wool; of another kind in the isle of Hirta, larger than the biggest he-goat, with tails hanging almost to the ground, and horns as thick, and longer than those of an ox. He mentions another kind, which is clothed with a mixture of wool and hair; and a fourth species, whose flesh and fleeces are yellow, and their teeth of the colour of gold; but the truth of these relations ought to be enquired into, as no other writer has mentioned them, except the credulous Boethius. Yet the last particular is not to be rejected: for notwithstanding I cannot instance the teeth of sheep, yet I saw in the summer of 1772,

at Athol house, the jaws of an ox, with teeth thickly incrustated with a gold-coloured pyrites; and the same might have happened to those of sheep had they fed in the same grounds, which were in the valley beneath the house.

Besides the fleece, there is scarce any part of this animal but what is useful to mankind. The flesh is a delicate and wholesome food. The skin dressed, forms different parts of our apparel; and is used for covers of books. The entrails, properly prepared and twisted, serve for strings for various musical instruments. The bones calcined (like other bones in general) form materials for tests for the refiner. The milk is thicker than that of cows, and consequently yields a greater quantity of butter and cheese; and in some places is so rich, that it will not produce the cheese without a mixture of water to make it part from the whey. The dung is a remarkably rich manure; inasmuch that the folding of sheep is become too useful a branch of husbandry for the farmer to neglect. To conclude, whether we consider the advantages that result from this animal to individuals in particular, or to these kingdoms in general, we may with Columella consider this in one sense, as the first of the domestic animals.

Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda ratio est; quæ prima sit si ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas. Nam id præcipue contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibusque nostris liberaliora præbet telamina; et etiam elegantium mensas jucundis et numerosis dapibus exornat.

The sheep, as to its nature, is a most innocent, mild, and simple animal; and, conscious of its own defenceless state, remarkably timid: if attacked when attended by its lamb, it will make some shew of defence, by stamping with its feet, and pushing with its head: it is a gregarious animal, is fond of any jingling noise, for which reason the leader of the flock has in many places a bell hung round its neck, which the others will constantly follow: it is subject to many diseases: some arise from

infects which deposit their eggs in different parts of the animal; others are caused by their being kept in wet pastures; for as the sheep requires but little drink, it is naturally fond of a dry soil. The dropsy, vertigo (the *pendro* of the Welsh) the phthisic, jaundice, and worms in the liver, annually make great havoc among our flocks: for the first disease the shepherd finds a remedy by turning the infected into fields of broom; which plant has been also found to be very efficacious in the same disorder among the human species.

The sheep is also infested by different sorts of insects: like the horse it has its peculiar *cestrus* or gadfly, which deposits its eggs above the nose in the frontal sinuses; when those turn into maggots they become excessive painful, and cause those violent agitations that we so often see the animal in. The French shepherds make a common practice of easing the sheep, by trepanning and taking out the maggot; this practice is sometimes used by the English shepherds, but not always with the same success: besides these insects, the sheep is troubled with a kind of tick and louse, which magpies and starlings contribute to ease it of, by lighting on its back, and picking the insects off.

§ 4. The Dog.

Dr. Caius, an English physician, who flourished in the reign of queen Elizabeth, has left, among several other tracts relating to natural history, one written expressly on the species of British dogs: they were wrote for the use of his learned friend Gesner; with whom he kept a strict correspondence; and whose death he laments in a very elegant and pathetic manner.

Besides a brief account of the variety of dogs then existing in this country, he has added a systematic table of them: his method is so judicious, that we shall make use of the same; explain it by a brief account of each kind; and point out those that are no longer in use among us.

SYNOPSIS OF BRITISH DOGS.

I. The most generous kinds.	Dogs of Chase.	Hounds.	{	Terrier
				Harrier
				Blood-hound.
				Gaze-hound
				Grey-hound
				Leviner, or Lyemmer
				Tumbler.
	Fowlers.		{	Spaniel
				Setter
				Water-spaniel, or finder.
	Lap Dogs.		{	Spaniel gentle, or comforter.
II. Farm Dogs.	{			Shepherd's dog
				Maltiff, or band dog.
III. Mon- grels.	{			Wappe
				Turnspit
				Dancer.

The first variety is the Terrarius or Terrier, which takes its name from its subterraneous employ; being a small kind of hound, used to force the fox, or other beasts of prey, out of their holes; and (in former times) rabbits out of their burrows into nets.

The Leverarius, or Harrier, is a species well known at present; it derives its name from its use, that of hunting the hare: but under this head may be placed the fox-hound, which is only a stronger and fleetier variety; applied to a different chase.

The Sanguinarius, or Bloodhound, or the Sleuthounde of the Scots, was a dog of great use, and in high esteem with our ancestors: its employ was to recover any game that had escaped wounded from the hunter; or been killed and stole out of the forest. It was remarkable for the acuteness of its smell, tracing the lost beast by the blood it had spilt; from whence the name is derived: This species could, with the utmost certainty, discover the thief by following his footsteps, let the distance of his flight be ever so great, and through the most secret and thickest coverts: nor would

it cease its pursuit, till it had taken the felon. They were likewise used by Wallace and Bruce during the civil wars. The poetical historians of the two heroes frequently relate very curious passages on this subject; of the service these dogs were of to their masters, and the escapes they had from those of the enemy. The bloodhound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland; where the borderers were continually preying on the herds and flocks of their neighbours. The true bloodhound was large, strong, muscular, broad breasted, of a stern countenance, of a deep tan-colour, and generally marked with a black spot above each eye.

The next division of this species of dogs, comprehends those that hunt by the eye; and whose success depends either upon the quickness of their sight, their swiftness, or their subtilty.

The Agasæus, or Gazehound, was the first: it chased indifferently the fox, hare, or buck. It would select from the herd the fattest and fairest deer; pursue it by the eye: and if lost for a time, recover it again by its singular distinguishing faculty;

ty: and should the beast rejoin the herd, this dog would fix unerringly on the same. This species is now lost, or at least unknown to us.

It must be observed that the Agassæus of Dr. Caius, is a very different species from the Agassæus of Oppian, for which it might be mistaken from the similitude of names: this he describes as a small kind of dog, peculiar to Great-Britain; and then goes on with these words;

Κυρὸν, ἀσαρκώτατον, λασιότριχον, ὕμμεσσιν
οὐδὲν.

Curvum, macilentum, hispidum, oculis pigrum.

what he adds afterwards, still marks the difference more strongly;

Πίνισι δ' αὐτὴ μάλιστ' ἀνέξυκος ἐστὶν
ἀγασσεύς.

Nribus autem longè præstantissimus est agassæus.

From Oppian's whole description, it is plain he meant our Beagle.

The next kind is the Leporarius, or Greyhound. Dr. Caius informs us, that it takes its name *quod præcipui gradus sit inter canes*, the first in rank among dogs: that it was formerly esteemed so, appears from the forest laws of king Canute; who enacted, that no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a greyhound; and still more strongly from an old Welsh saying; *Wylh ei Waleh, ei Fawh, d'i Fulgi, yr adwacuir Borthulig*: which signifies, that you may know a gentleman by his hawk, his horse, and his greyhound.

Froissart relates a fact not much to the credit of the fidelity of this species; when that unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint castle, his favourite greyhound immediately deserted him, and fawned on his rival Bolingbroke; as if he understood and foresaw the misfortunes of the former.

The variety called the Highland greyhound, and now become very scarce, is of a very great size, strong, deep-chested, and covered with long and rough hair. This kind was much esteemed in former days, and used in great numbers by the powerful chieftains in their magnificent hunting matches. It had as sagacious nostrils as the Blood-hound, and was as fierce. This seems to be the kind Boethius styles *genus venaticum eum celerrimum tum audacissimum: nec modo in feras, sed in hostes etiam latronesque; præsertim si dominum dultorem: injuriam affecti cernat aut in eos concitetur.*

The third species is the Levinarius or Lorarius; the Leviner or Lyemmer: the first name is derived from the lightness of the kind, the other from the old word *Lyemme*, a thong; this species being used to be led in a thong, and slipped at the game. Our author says, that this dog was a kind that hunted both by scent and sight; and in the form of its body observed a medium between the hound and the greyhound. This probably is the kind now known to us by the name of the Irish greyhound, a dog now extremely scarce in that kingdom, the late king of Poland having procured from them as many as possible. I have seen two or three in the whole island: they were of the kind called by M. de Buffon *Le grand Dniis*, and probably imported there by the Danes, who long possessed that kingdom. Their use seems originally to have been for the chase of wolves, with which Ireland swarmed till the latter end of the last century. As soon as those animals were exterminated, the numbers of the dogs decreased; for from that period they were kept only for state.

The Vertagus, or Punibler, is a fourth species; which took its prey by mere subtilty, depending neither on the sagacity of its nose, nor its swiftness: it came into a warren, it neither barked, nor ran on the rabbit; but by a seeming neglect of them, or attention to something else, deceived the object till it got within reach, so as to take it by a sudden spring. This dog was less than the hound; more scrappy, and had prick-up ears; and by Dr. Caius's description seems to answer to the modern lurcher.

The third division of the more generous dogs, comprehends those which were used in fowling; first the Hispaniolus, or spaniel: from the name it may be supposed that we were indebted to Spain for this breed: there were two varieties of this kind, the first used in hawking, to spring the game, which are the same with our starters.

The other variety was used only for the net, and was called Index, or the setter; a kind well known at present. This kingdom has long been remarkable for producing dogs of this sort, particular care having been taken to preserve the breed in the utmost purity. They are still distinguished by the name of English spaniels; so that notwithstanding the derivation of the name, it is probable they are natives of Great-Britain. We may strengthen our suspicion by saying that the first who broke a dog

to the net was an English nobleman of a most distinguished character, the great Robert Dudley, duke of Northumberland. The Pointer, which is a dog of a foreign extraction, was unknown to our ancestors.

The Aquaticus, or Fynder, was another species used in fowling; was the same as our water spaniel; and was used to find or recover the game that was shot.

The Meliteus, or Fotor; the spaniel gentle or comforter of Dr. Caius (the modern lap dog) was the last of this division. The Maltese little dogs were as much esteemed by the fine ladies of past times, as those of Bologna are among the modern. Old Hollingshed is ridiculously severe on the fair of his days, for their excessive passion for these little animals; which is sufficient to prove it was in his time a novelty.

The second grand division of dogs comprehends the Rustici; or those that were used in the country.

The first species is the Pastoralis, or shepherd's dog; which is the same that is used at present, either in guarding our flocks, or in driving herds of cattle. This kind is so well trained for those purposes, as to attend to every part of the herd be it ever so large; confine them to the road, and force in every straggler without doing it the least injury.

The next is the Villaticus, or Catenarius; the mastiff or band dog; a species of great size and strength, and a very loud barker. Manwood says, it derives its name from *mase these*, being supposed to frighten away robbers by its tremendous voice. Caius tells us that three of these were reckoned a match for a bear; and four for a lion: but from an experiment made in the tower by James the First, that noble quadruped was found an unequal match to only three. Two of the dogs were disabled in the combat, but the third forced the lion to seek for safety by flight. The English bull-dog seems to belong to this species; and probably is the dog our author mentions under the title of Lanarius. Great-Britain was so noted for its mastiffs, that the Roman emperors appointed an officer in this island with the title of *Procurator Cynegii*, whose sole business was to breed, and transmit from hence to the amphitheatre, such as would prove equal to the combats of the place.

Magnaque taurorum fracturi colla Britanni.

And British dogs subdue the stoutest bulls.

Gratius speaks in high terms of the excellency of the British dogs:

Atque ipsos libeat penetrare Britannos?
O quanta est merces et quantum impendia supra!
Si non ad speciem mentiturosq; decores
Protinus: hæc una est catulis jactura Britannis.
At magnum cum venit opus, promendeque virtus,
Et vocat extremo præceps discrimine Mavors,
Non tunc egregios tantum admirare Molossos.

If Britain's distant coast we dare explore,
How much beyond the cost the valued store;
If shape and beauty not alone we prize,
Which nature to the British bound denies:
But when the mighty toil the huntsman warms,
And all the soul is rous'd by fierce alarms,
When Mars calls furious to th' ensanguin'd field,
Even bold Molossians then to these must yield.

Strabo tells us, that the mastiffs of Britain were trained for war, and were used by the Gauls in their battles: and it is certain a well trained mastiff might be of considerable use in distressing such half-armed and irregular combatants as the adversaries of the Gauls seem generally to have been before the Romans conquered them.

The last division is that of the Degeneres, or Curs. The first of these was the Wappe, a name derived from its note: its only use was to alarm the family by barking, if any person approached the house. Of this class was the Versator, or turnspit; and lastly the Saltator, or dancing dog, or such as was taught variety of tricks, and carried about by idle people as a shew. Those Degeneres were of no certain shape, being mongrels or mixtures of all kinds of dogs.

We should now, according to our plan, after enumerating the several varieties of British dogs, give its general natural history; but since Linnæus has already performed it to our hand, we shall adopt his sense, translating his very words (wherever we may) with literal exactness.

"The dog eats flesh, and farinaceous vegetables, but not greens: its stomach digests bones: it uses the tops of grass as a vomit. It voids its excrements on a stone: the *album græcum* is one of the greatest encouragers of putrefaction. It laps up its drink with its tongue: it voids its urine sideways, by lifting up one of its hind legs; and is most diuretic in the company of a strange dog. *Odobrat anum alterius*: its scent is most exquisite, when its nose is moist: it treads lightly on its toes; scarce ever sweats; but when hot lolls out its tongue. It generally walks frequently round the place

"place it intends to lie down on: its sense of hearing is very quick when asleep: it dreams. *Procis rixantibus crudelis: catulit cum variis: mordet illa illis: coheret copula junctus*: it goes with young sixty-three days; and commonly brings from four to eight at a time: the male puppies resemble the dog, the female the bitch. It is the most faithful of all animals; is very docile: hates strange dogs: will snap at a stone thrown at it: will howl at certain musical notes: all (except the South American kind) will bark at strangers: dogs are rejected by the Mahometans."

§ 5. THE WILD CAT.

This animal does not differ specifically from the tame cat; the latter being originally of the same kind, but altered in colour, and in some other trifling accidents, as are common to animals reclaimed from the woods and domesticated.

The cat in its savage state is three or four times as large as the house-cat; the head larger, and the face flatter. The teeth and claws tremendous: its muscles very strong, as being formed for rapine: the tail is of a moderate length, but very thick, marked with alternate bars of black and white, the end always black: the hips and hind part of the lower joints of the leg, are always black: the fur is very soft and fine. The general colour of these animals is of a yellowish white, mixed with a deep grey: these colours, though they appear at first sight confusedly blended together, yet on a close inspection will be found to be disposed like the streaks on the skin of the tiger, pointing from the back downwards, rising from a black list that runs from the head along the middle of the back to the tail.

This animal may be called the British tiger; it is the fiercest, and most destructive beast we have; making dreadful havoc among our poultry, lambs, and kids. It inhabits the most mountainous and woody parts of these islands, living mostly in trees, and feeding only by night. It multiplies as fast as our common cats; and often the females of the latter will quit their domestic mates, and return home pregnant by the former.

They are taken either in traps, or by shooting: in the latter case it is very dangerous only to wound them, for they will attack the person who injured them, and have strength enough to be no despicable

enemy. Wild cats were formerly reckoned among the beasts of chase; as appears by the charter of Richard the Second, to the abbot of Peterborough, giving him leave to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat. The use of the fur was in lining of robes; but it was esteemed not of the most luxurious kind; for it was ordained 'that no abbess or nun should use more costly apparel than such as is made of lambs or cats skins.' In much earlier times it was also the object of the sportsman's diversion.

Felemque minacem
Arboris in trunco longis præfigere telis
Nemfiani Cynæticæ, L. 55.

§ 6. THE DOMESTIC CAT.

This animal is so well known as to make a description of it unnecessary. It is an useful, but deceitful domestic; active, neat, sedate, intent on its prey. When pleased purrs and moves its tail: when angry spits, hisses, and strikes with its foot. When walking, it draws in its claws: it drinks little: is fond of fish: it washes its face with its fore-foot, (Linnæus says at the approach of a storm:) the female is remarkably falacious; a piteous, squalling, jarring lover. Its eyes shine in the night: its hair when rubbed in the dark emits fire: it is even proverbially tenacious of life: always lights on its feet: is fond of perfumes, marum, cat-mint, valerian, &c.

Our ancestors seem to have had a high sense of the utility of this animal. That excellent prince *Hoel dda*, or Howel the Good, did not think it beneath him (among his laws relating to the prices, &c. of animals) to include that of the cat; and to describe the qualities it ought to have. The price of a kitting before it could see, was to be a penny; till it caught a mouse two-pence; when it commenced mouser four-pence. It was required besides, that it should be perfect in its senses of hearing and seeing, be a good mouser, have the claws whole, and be a good nurse: but if it failed in any of these qualities, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece and lamb; or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail (the head touching the floor) would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the former. This last quotation is not only curious, as being an evidence of the simplicity

simplicity of ancient manners, but it almost proves to a demonstration that cats are not aborigines of these islands; or known to the earliest inhabitants. The large prices set on them, (if we confi-

der the high value of specie at that time) and the great care taken of the improvement and breed of an animal that multiplies so fast, are almost certain proofs of their being little known at that period.

§ 7. EXPLANATION of some TECHNICAL TERMS in ORNITHOLOGY.

Fig.

1. *Cere. Cera* The naked skin that covers the base of the bill in the *Harot* kind.
2. *Capistrum* A word used by *Linnaeus* to express the short feathers on the forehead just above the bill. In *Crows* these fall forwards over the nostrils.
3. *Lorum* The space between the bill and the eye, generally covered with feathers, but in some birds naked, as in the black and white *Grebe*.
4. *Orbits. Orbita* The skin that surrounds the eye, which is generally bare, particularly in the *Heron* and *Parrot*.
5. *Emarginatum* A bill is called *rostrum emarginatum* when there is a small notch near the end: this is conspicuous in that of *Butcherbirds* and *Thrushes*.
6. *Vibrissæ* *Vibrissæ pectinatae*, stiff hairs that grow on each side the mouth, formed like a double comb, to be seen in the *Great-sucker*, *Flycatcher*, &c.
7. *Bastard wing. Alula spuria* A small joint rising at the end of the middle part of the wing, or the *cubitus*; on which are three or five feathers.
8. *Lesser coverts of the wings. Rectrices primæ* The small feathers that lie in several rows on the bones of the wings. The *under coverts* are those that line the inside of the wings.
9. *Greater coverts. Rectrices secundæ* The feathers that lie immediately over the quill-feathers and secondary feathers.
10. *Quill-feathers. Primores* The largest feathers of the wings, or those that rise from the first bone.
11. *Secondary feathers. Secundariæ* Those that rise from the second.
12. *Coverts of the tail. Uropygium* Those that cover the base of the tail.
13. *Vent-feathers* Those that lie from the vent to the tail. *Crissum Linnaei*.
14. *The tail. Rectrices*
15. *Scapular feathers* That rise from the shoulders, and cover the sides of the back.
16. *Nucha* The hind part of the head.
17. *Rostrum subulatum* A term *Linnaeus* uses for a straight and slender bill.
18. To shew the structure of the feet of the *Kingfisher*.
19. *Pes scanorius* The foot of the *Woodpecker* formed for climbing. Climbing feet.
20. *Finned foot. Pes lobatus, pinnatus* Such as those of the *Grebes*, &c. Such as are indented are called scalloped; such are those of *Coots* and scallop-toed *Sandpipers*.
22. *Pes tridactylus* Such as want the back toe.
23. *Semi-palmated. Pes semi-palmatus* When the webs only reach half way of the toes.
24. *Ungue postico sessili* When the hind claw adheres to the leg without any toe, as in the *Petrels*.
25. *Digitis & omnibus palmatis.* All the four toes connected by webs, as in the *Corvorants*.

EXPLANATION

EXPLANATION of other LINNÆAN TERMS.

<i>Rostrum cuneatum</i>	When the edges of the bill are very sharp, such as in that of the <i>Crook</i> .
<i>Unguiculatum</i>	A bill with a nail at the end, as in those of the <i>Geese</i> and <i>Ducks</i> .
<i>Lingua ciliata</i>	When the tongue is edged with fine bristles, as in <i>Ducks</i> .
<i>Integra</i>	When quite plain or even.
<i>Lunbuciformis</i>	When the tongue is long, round, and slender, like a worm, as that of the <i>Woodpecker</i> .
<i>P. des compedes</i>	When the legs are placed so far behind as to make the bird walk with difficulty, or as if in <i>fetters</i> ; as is the case with the <i>Auk</i> , <i>Grebe</i> , and <i>Divers</i> .
<i>Nares Lineares</i>	When the nostrils are very narrow, as in <i>Sea Gulls</i> .
<i>Marginatæ</i>	With a rim round the nostrils, as in the <i>Star</i> .

§ 8. The PIGEON.

The tame pigeon, and all its beautiful varieties, derive their origin from one species, the Stock Dove: the English name implying its being the *stock* or *stem* from whence the other domestic kinds sprung. These birds, as Varro observes, take their (Latin) name, *Columba*, from their voice or cooing; and had he known it, he might have added the British, &c. for *K'olommen*, *Kylobman*, *Kulm*, and *Kolu*, signify the same bird. They were and still are, in most parts of our island, in a state of nature; but probably the Romans taught us the method of making them domestic, and constructing pigeon-houses. Its characters in the state nearest that of its origin, is a deep bluish ash-colour; the breast dashed with a fine changeable green and purple; the sides of the neck with shining copper colour; its wings marked with two black bars, one on the coverts of the wings, the other on the quill-feathers. The back white, and the tail barred near the end with black. The weight fourteen ounces.

In the wild state it breeds in holes of rocks, and hollows of trees, for which reason some writers stile it *columba cavernalis*, in opposition to the Ring Dove, which makes its nest on the boughs of trees. Nature ever preserves some agreement in the manners, characters, and colours of birds reclaimed from their wild state. This species of pigeon soon takes to build in artificial cavities, and from the temptation of a ready provision becomes easily domesticated. The drakes of the tame duck, however they may vary in colour, ever retain the mark of their origin from our English mallard, by the curled feathers of the tail: and the tame goose betrays its descent from the wild kind, by the invariable whiteness of its rump, which they always retain in both states.

Multitudes of these birds are observed to migrate into the south of England; and while the beech woods were suffered to cover large tracts of ground, they used to haunt them in myriads, reaching in flocks of a mile in length, as they went out in the morning to feed. They visit us the latest of any bird of passage, not appearing till November; and retire in the spring. I imagine that the summer haunts of these are in Sweden, for Mr. Eckmark makes their retreat thence coincide with their arrival here. But many breed here, as I have observed, on the cliffs of the coast of Wales, and of the Hebrides.

The varieties produced from the domestic pigeon are very numerous, and extremely elegant; these are distinguished by names expressive of their several properties, such as Tumblers, Carriers, Jacobines, Croppers, Powters, Runts, Turbits, Owls, Nuns, &c. The most celebrated of these is the Carrier, which, from the superior attachment that pigeon shows to its native place, is employed in many countries as the most expeditious courier: the letters are tied under its wing, it is let loose, and in a very short space returns to the home it was brought from, with its advices. This practice was much in vogue in the East; and at Scanderoon, till of late years, used on the arrival of a ship, to give the merchants at Aleppo a more expeditious notice than could be done by any other means. In our own country, these aerial messengers have been employed for a very singular purpose, being let loose at Tyburn at the moment the fatal cart is drawn away, to notify to distant friends the departure of the unhappy criminal.

In the East, the use of these birds seems to have been improved greatly, by having, if we may use the expression, relays of them ready to spread intelligence to all parts of the

the country. Thus the governor of Damietta circulated the news of the death of Orrilo:

Tosto che'l Castellàn di Damietta
Certificossi, ch'ei a morto Orrilo,
La Colomba lasciò, ch'avea legata
Sotto l'ala la lettera col filo.
Quelle andò al Cairo, ed indi fu lasciata
Un'altra altrove, e me quivi è stilo:
Sì, che in pochissime ore andò l'avviso
Per tutto Egitto, ch'era Orrilo ucciso*.

But the simple use of them was known in very early times: Anacreon tells us, he conveyed his billet-doux to his beautiful Eathylus by a dove.

Εγὼ δ' Ἀνακρέοντι
Διάκονόν τ' ὀψάμεθα
Καὶ νῦν ὡς ἱκίην
Ἐπιτολὰς κερύσω †.

I am now Anacreon's slave,
And to me entrusted have
All the o'erslowings of his heart
To Bathylus to impart;
Each soft line, with mumble wing,
To the lovely boy I bring.

Taurosthenes also, by means of a pigeon he had decked with purple, sent advice to his father, who lived in the isle of Aigina, of his victory in the Olympic games, on the very day he had obtained it. And, at the siege of Modena, Hirtius without, and Brutus within the walls, kept, by the help of pigeons, a constant correspondence; baffling every stratagem of the besieger Antony to intercept their couriers. In the times of the crusades there are many more instances of these birds of peace being employed in the service of war; Joinville relates one during the crusade of Saint Louis; and Tasso another, during the siege of Jerusalem.

The nature of pigeons is to be gregarious; to lay only two eggs; to breed many times in the year; to bill in their courtship; for the male and female to sit by turns; and also to feed their young; to cast their provision out of their craw into the young one's mouths; to drink, not like other birds by sipping, but by continual draughts like quadrupeds; and to have notes mournful or plaintive.

* As soon as the commandant of Damietta heard that Orrilo was dead, he let loose a pigeon, under whose wing he had tied a letter; this fled to Cairo, from whence a second was dispatched to another place, as is usual; so that in a very few hours all Egypt was acquainted with the death of Orrilo. ARISTO, canto 35.

† Anacreon, ode 9. *εἰς κερύειν*.

§ 9. *The BLACKBIRD.*

This bird is of a very retired and solitary nature; frequents hedges and thickets, in which it builds earlier than any other bird: the nest is formed of moss, dead grass, fibres, &c. lined or plastered with clay, and that again covered with hay or small straw. It lays four or five eggs of a bluish green colour, marked with irregular dusky spots. The note of the male is extremely fine, but too loud for any place except the woods: it begins to sing early in the spring, continues its music part of the summer, desists in the moulting season; but resumes it for some time in September, and the first winter months.

The colour of the male, when it has attained its full age, is of a fine deep black, and the bill of a bright yellow; the edges of the eye-lids yellow. When young the bill is dusky, and the plumage of a rusty black, so that they are not to be distinguished from the females; but at the age of one year they attain their proper colour.

§ 10. *The BULLFINCH.*

The wild note of this bird is not in the least musical; but when tamed it becomes remarkably docile, and may be taught any tune after a pipe, or to whistle any notes in the justest manner: it seldom forgets what it has learned; and will become so tame as to come at call, perch on its master's shoulders, and (at command) go through a difficult musical lesson. They may be taught to speak, and some thus instructed are annually brought to London from Germany.

The male is distinguished from the female by the superior blackness of its crown, and by the rich crimson that adorns the cheeks, breast, belly, and throat of the male; those of the female being of a dirty colour: the bill is black, short, and very thick: the head large: the hind part of the neck and the back are grey: the coverts of the wings are black; the lower crossed with a white line: the quill-feather, dusky, but part of their inner webs white: the coverts of the tail and vent-feathers white: the tail black.

In the spring these birds frequent our gardens, and are very destructive to our fruit-trees, by eating the tender buds. They breed about the latter end of May, or beginning of June, and are seldom seen at that time near houses, as they chuse some very retired place to breed in. These birds

birds are sometimes wholly black; I have heard of a male bullfinch which had changed its colours after it had been taken in full feather, and with all its fine tints. The first year it began to assume a dull hue, blackening every year, till in the fourth it attained the deepest degree of that colour. This was communicated to me by the Reverend Mr. White of Selborne. Mr. Morton, in his History of Northamptonshire, gives another instance of such a change, with this addition, that the year following, after moulting, the bird recovered its native colours. Bullfinches fed entirely on hemp-seed are aptest to undergo this change.

§ 11. *The GOLDFINCH.*

This is the most beautiful of our hard-billed small birds; whether we consider its colours, the elegance of its form, or the music of its note. The bill is white, tipped with black; the base is surrounded with a ring of rich scarlet feathers: from the corners of the mouth to the eyes is a black line: the cheeks are white: the top of the head is black; and the white on the cheeks is bounded almost to the fore part of the neck with black: the hind part of the head is white: the back, rump, and breast are of a fine pale tawny brown, lightest on the two last: the belly is white: the covert feathers of the wings, in the male, are black: the quill-feathers black, marked in their middle with a beautiful yellow; the tips white: the tail is black, but most of the feathers marked near their ends with a white spot: the legs are white.

The female is distinguished from the male by these notes; the feathers at the end of the bill in the former are brown; in the male black: the lesser coverts of the wings are brown: and the black and yellow in the wings of the female are less brilliant. The young bird, before it moults, is grey on the head; and hence it is termed by the bird-catchers a *grey-pate*.

There is another variety of goldfinch, which is, perhaps, not taken above once in two or three years, which is called by the London bird-catchers a *cheverel*, from the manner in which it concludes its jerk: when this sort is taken, it sells at a very high price, it is distinguished from the common sort by a white streak, or by two, and sometimes three white spots under the throat.

Their note is very sweet, and they are much esteemed on that account, as well as

for their great docility. Toward winter they assemble in flocks, and feed on seeds of different kinds, particularly those of the thistle. It is fond of orchards, and frequently builds in an apple or pear-tree: its nest is very elegantly formed of fine moss, liver-worts, and bents on the outside; lined first with wool and hair, and then with the gossin or cotton of the fallow. It lays five white eggs, marked with deep purple spots on the upper end.

This bird seems to have been the *χρυσομυρτις*; * of Aristotle; being the only one that we know of, that could be distinguished by a golden fillet round its head, feeding on the seeds of prickly plants. The very ingenious translator (Dr. Martyn) of Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics, gives the name of this bird to the *acanthis* or *acanthis*:

Littoræque alumnæ resonant, acanthidæ dum.

In our account of the *Halcyon* of the ancients, we followed his opinion; but having since met with a passage in Aristotle, that clearly proves that *acanthis* could not be used in that sense, we beg, that, till we can discover what it really is, the word may be rendered *linnet*; since it is impossible the philosopher could distinguish a bird of such striking and brilliant colours as the *goldfinch*, by the epithet *κακαχρόος*, or bad coloured; and as he celebrates his *acanthis* for a fine note, *φωνῇ μὲν τοι λιγυράν ἔχουσι*, both characters will suit the linnet, being a bird as remarkable for the sweetness of its note, as for the plainness of its plumage.

§ 12. *The LINNET.*

The bill of this species is dusky, but in the spring assumes a bluish cast: the feathers on the head are black, edged with ash-colour; the sides of the neck deep ash-colour: the throat marked in the middle with a brown line, bounded on each side with a white one: the back black, bordered with reddish brown: the bottom of the breast is of a fine blood red, which heightens in colour as the spring advances: the belly white: the vent-feathers yellowish: the sides under the wings spotted with brown: the quill-feathers are dusky; the lower part of the neck first white: the co-

* Which he places among the *ἐκαστοφάγα*. Scaliger reads the word *χρυσομυρτις*, which has no meaning; neither does the cruce support his alteration with any reasons. *Hist. an.* 387.

verts incumbent on them black; the others of a reddish brown; the lowest order tipt with a paler colour: the tail is a little forked, of a brown colour, edged with white; the two middle feathers excepted, which are bordered with dull red. The females and young birds want the red spot on the breast; in lieu of that, their breasts are marked with short streaks of brown pointing downwards; the females have also less white in their wings.

These birds are much esteemed for their song: they feed on seeds of different kinds, which they peel before they eat: the seed of the *linum* or *flax* is their favourite food; from whence the name of the linnet tribe.

They breed among furze and white thorn: the outside of their nest is made with moss and bents; and lined with wool and hair. They lay five whitish eggs, spotted like those of the goldfinch.

§ 13. *The CANARY BIRD.*

This bird is of the finch tribe. It was originally peculiar to those isles, to which it owes its name; the same that were known to the ancients by the addition of the *fortunate*. The happy temperament of the air; the spontaneous productions of the ground in the varieties of fruits; the sprightly and cheerful disposition of the inhabitants; and the harmony arising from the number of the birds found there, procured them that romantic distinction. Though the ancients celebrate the life of *Canaria* for the multitude of birds, they have not mentioned any in particular. It is probable then, that our species was not introduced into Europe till after the second discovery of these isles, which was between the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. We are uncertain when it first made its appearance in this quarter of the globe. Belon, who wrote in 1555, is silent in respect to these birds: Gesner is the first who mentions them; and Aldrovand speaks of them as rarities; that they were very dear on account of the difficulty attending the bringing them from so distant a country, and that they were purchased by people of rank alone. Olinia says, that in his time there was a degenerate sort found on the isle of Elba, off the coast of Italy, which came there originally by means of a ship bound from the Canaries to Leghorn, and was wrecked on that island. We once saw some small birds brought directly from the Canary Islands, that we suspect to be the genuine sort; they were of a dull green

colour; but as they did not sing, we supposed them to be hens. These birds will produce with the goldfinch and linnet, and the offspring is called a mule-bird, because, like that animal, it proves barren.

They are still found on the same spot to which we were first indebted for the production of such charming songsters; but they are now become so numerous in our country, that we are under no necessity of crossing the ocean for them.

§ 14. *The SKY LARK.*

The length of this species is seven inches one-fourth: the breadth twelve and a half: the weight one ounce and a half: the tongue broad and cloven: the bill slender: the upper mandible dusky, the lower yellow: above the eyes is a yellow spot: the crown of the head a reddish brown spotted with deep black: the hind part of the head ash-colour: chin white. It has the faculty of erecting the feathers of the head. The feathers on the back, and coverts of the wings, dusky edged with reddish brown, which is paler on the latter: the quill-feathers dusky: the exterior web edged with white, that of the others with reddish brown: the upper part of the breast yellow spotted with black: the lower part of the body of a pale yellow: the exterior web, and half of the interior web next to the shaft of the first feather of the tail, are white; of the second only the exterior web; the rest of those feathers dusky; the others are dusky edged with red; those in the middle deeply so, the rest very slightly: the legs dusky: soles of the feet yellow: the hind claw very long and strait.

This and the wood-lark are the only birds that sing as they fly; this raising its note as it soars, and lowering it till it quite dies away as it descends. It will often soar to such a height, that we are charmed with the music when we loose sight of the songster; it also begins its song before the earliest dawn. Milton, in his *Allegro*, most beautifully expresses these circumstances: and Bishop Newton observes, that the beautiful scene that Milton exhibits of rural cheerfulness, at the same time gives us a fine picture of the regularity of his life, and the innocency of his own mind; thus he describes himself as in a situation

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise.

It continues its harmony several months, beginning

beginning early in the spring, on pairing. In the winter they assemble in vast flocks, grow very fat, and are taken in great numbers for our tables. They build their nest on the ground, beneath some clod; forming it of hay, dry fibres, &c. and lay four or five eggs.

The place these birds are taken in the greatest quantity, is the neighbourhood of Dunstable: the season begins about the fourteenth of September, and ends the twenty-fifth of February; and during that space about 4000 dozen are caught, which supply the markets of the metropolis. Those caught in the day are taken in clap-nets of fifteen yards length, and two and a half in breadth; and are enticed within their reach by means of bits of looking-glasses, fixed in a piece of wood, and placed in the middle of the nets, which are put in a quick whirling motion, by a string the larker commands; he also makes use of a decoy lark. These nets are used only till the fourteenth of November, for the larks will not *dare*, or frolick in the air except in fine sunny weather; and of course cannot be inveigled into the snare. When the weather grows gloomy, the larker changes his engine, and makes use of a trammel-net twenty-seven or twenty-eight feet long, and five broad; which is put on two poles eighteen feet long, and carried by men under each arm, who pass over the fields and quarter the ground as a setting dog; when they hear or feel a lark hit the net, they drop it down, and so the birds are taken.

§ 15. *THE NIGHTINGALE.*

The nightingale takes its name from *night*, and the Saxon word *galan*, to sing; expressive of the time of its melody. In size it is equal to the redstart; but longer bodied, and more elegantly made. The colours are very plain. The head and back are of a pale tawny, dashed with olive: the tail is of a deep tawny red; the throat, breast, and upper part of the belly, of a light glossy ash-colour: the lower belly almost white: the exterior webs of the quill-feathers are of a dull reddish brown; the interior of brownish ash-colour: the irides are hazel, and the eyes remarkably large and piercing: the legs and feet a deep ash-colour.

This bird, the most famed of the feathered tribe, for the variety, length, and sweetness of its notes, visits England the

beginning of April, and leaves us in August. It is a species that does not spread itself over the island. It is not found in North Wales; or in any of the English counties north of it, except Yorkshire, where they are met with in great plenty about Doncaster. They have been also heard, but rarely, near Shrewsbury. It is also remarkable, that this bird does not migrate so far west as Devonshire and Cornwall; counties where the seasons are to very mild, that myrtles flourish in the open air during the whole year: neither are they found in Ireland. Sibbald places them in his list of Scotch birds; but they certainly are unknown in that part of Great Britain, probably from the scarcity and the recent introduction of hedges there. Yet they visit Sweden, a much more severe climate. With us they frequent thick hedges, and low coppices; and generally keep in the middle of the bush, so that they are very rarely seen. They form their nest of oak-leaves, a few bents, and reeds. The eggs are of a deep brown. When the young first come abroad, and are helpless, the old birds make a plaintive and jarring noise with a sort of snapping as if in menace, pursuing along the hedge the passenger.

They begin their song in the evening, and continue it the whole night. These their vigils did not pass unnoticed by the ancients; the slumbers of these birds were proverbial; and not to rest as much as the nightingale, expressed a very bad sleeper*. This was the favourite bird of the British poet, who omits no opportunity of introducing it, and almost constantly noting its love of solitude and night. How finely does it serve to compose part of the solemn scenery of his *Penferoso*: when he describes it

In her saddest sweetest plight,
Smoothing the rugged blow of night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accusom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song.

In another place he styles it the *solemn bird*; and again speaks of it,

As the wakeful bird
Sings dawning, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.

* *Ælian* var. *hist.* 577. both in the text and note. It must be remarked, that nightingales sing also in the day.

The reader must excuse a few more quotations from the same poet, on the same subject: the first describes the approach of evening, and the retiring of all animals to their repose.

Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
Were sunk; all but the wakeful nightingale,
She all night long her amorous descant sung.

When Eve passed the irksome night preceding her fall, she, in a dream, imagines herself thus reproached with losing the beauties of the night by indulging too long a repose:

Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love labour'd song.

The same birds sing their nuptial song, and lull them to rest. How rapturous are the following lines! how expressive of the delicate sensibility of our Milton's tender ideas!

The earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill top to light the bridal lamp.

These, lull'd by nightingales, embracing slept;
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Shower'd roses, which the morn repair'd.

These quotations from the best judge of melody, we thought due to the sweetest of our feathered choristers; and we believe no reader of taste will think them tedious.

Virgil seems to be the only poet among the ancients, who hath attended to the circumstance of this bird's singing in the night time.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mœstis late loca questibus implet.

GEORGE. IV. l. 511.

As Philomel in poplar shades, alone,
For her lost offspring pours a mother's moan,
Which some rough ploughman marking for his prey,

From the warm nest, unsledg'd hath dragg'd away;
Percht on a bow, she all night long complains,
And fills the grove with sad repeated strains.

F. WATSON.

Pliny has described the warbling notes

of this bird, with an elegance that bespeaks an exquisite sensibility of taste: notwithstanding that his words have been cited by most other writers on natural history, yet such is the beauty, and in general the truth of his expressions, that they cannot be too much studied by lovers of natural history. We must observe notwithstanding, that a few of his thoughts are more to be admired for their vivacity than for strict philosophical reasoning; but these few are easily distinguishable.

§ 16. *The RED BREAST.*

This bird, though so very petulant as to be at constant war with its own tribe, yet is remarkably sociable with mankind: in the winter it frequently makes one of the family; and takes refuge from the inclemency of the season even by our fire-sides. Thomson * has prettily described the annual visits of his guest.

THE RED-BREAST, sacred to the household gods,
Wistly regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joylets fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mate, and pays to trusted Man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family apace,
And pecks and starts, and wonders where he is:
*Till more familiar grown, the table-crums
Attract his slender feet.

The great beauty of that celebrated poet consists in his elegant and just descriptions of the œconomy of animals; and the happy use he hath made of natural knowledge, in descriptive poetry, shines through almost every page of his Seasons. The affection this bird has for mankind, is also recorded in that ancient ballad, *The babes in the wood*; a composition of a most beautiful and pathetic simplicity. It is the first trial of our humanity: the child that refrains from tears on hearing that read, gives but a bad preface of the tenderness of his future sensations.

In the spring this bird retires to breed in the thickest covers, or the most concealed holes of walls and other buildings. The eggs are of a dull white, sprinkled with reddish spots. Its song is remarkably fine and soft; and the more to be valued, as we enjoy it the greatest part of the winter, and early in the spring, and even through great part of the summer, but its notes are part

* In his Seasons, vide Winter, line 246.

of that time drowned in the general warble of the season. Many of the autumnal songsters seem to be the young cock red-breasts of that year.

The bill is dusky: the forehead, chin, throat and breast are of a deep orange-colour: the head, hind part of the neck, the back and tail are of a deep ash-colour, tinged with green: the wings rather darker; the edges inclining to yellow: the legs and feet dusky.

§ 17. *The WREN.*

The wren may be placed among the finest of our singing birds. It continues its song throughout the winter, excepting during the frosts. It makes its nest in a very curious manner; of an oval shape, very deep, with a small hole in the middle for egrets and regrets; the external material is moss, within it is lined with hair and feathers. It lays from ten to eighteen eggs; and as often brings up as many young; which, as Mr. Ray observes, may be ranked among those daily miracles that we take no notice of; that it should feed such a number without passing over one, and that too in utter darkness.

The head and upper part of the body of the wren are of a deep reddish brown: above each eye is a stroke of white: the back, and coverts of the wings, and tail, are marked with slender transverse black lines; the quill-feathers with bars of black and red. The throat is of a yellowish white. The belly and sides crossed with narrow dusky and pale reddish brown lines. The tail is crossed with dusky bars.

§ 18. *The SWIFT.*

This species is the largest of our swallows; but the weight is most disproportionately small to its extent of wing of any bird; the former being scarce one ounce, the latter eighteen inches. The length near eight. The feet of this bird are so small, that the action of walking and of rising from the ground is extremely difficult; so that nature hath made it full amends, by furnishing it with ample means for an easy and continual flight. It is more on the wing than any other swallows; its flight is more rapid, and that attended with a shrill scream. It rests by clinging against some wall, or other apt body; from whence Klein styles this species *Hirundo muraria*. It breeds under the eaves of houses, in steeples, and other lofty buildings; makes

its nest of grasses and feathers; and lays only two eggs, of a white colour. It is entirely of a glossy dark sooty colour, only the chin is marked with a white spot: but by being so constantly exposed to all weathers, the gloss of the plumage is lost before it retires. I cannot trace them to their winter quarters, unless in one instance of a pair found adhering by their claws and in a torpid state, in February 1766, under the roof of Longnor chapel, Shropshire: on being brought to a fire, they revived and moved about the room. The feet are of a particular structure, all the toes standing forward; the least consists of only one bone; the others of an equal number, viz. two each; in which they differ from those of all other birds.

This appears in our country about fourteen days later than the sand martin; but differs greatly in the time of its departure, retiring invariably about the tenth of August, being the first of the genus that leaves us.

The fabulous history of the Muncie diata, or bird of Paradise, is in the history of this species in great measure verified. It was believed to have no feet, to live upon the celestial dew, to float perpetually on the Indian air, and to perform all its functions in that element.

The Swift actually performs what has been in these enlightened times disproved of the former; except the small time it takes in sleeping, and what it devotes to incubation, every other action is done on wing. The materials of its nest it collects either as they are carried about by the winds, or picks them up from the surface in its sweeping flight. Its food is undeniable the insects that fill the air. Its drink is taken in transient sips from the water's surface. Even its amorous rites are performed on high. Few persons who have attended to them in a fine summer's morning, but must have seen them make their aerial courses at a great height, encircling a certain space with an easy steady motion. On a sudden they fall into each other's embraces, then drop precipitate with a loud shriek for numbers of yards. This is the critical conjuncture, and to be no more wondered at, than that insects (a familiar instance) should discharge the same duty in the same element.

These birds and swallows are inveterate enemies to hawks. The moment one appears, they attack him immediately: the swifts soon desist; but the swallows pursue

and persecute those rapacious birds, till they have entirely driven them away.

Swifts delight in sultry thundry weather, and seem thence to receive fresh spirits. They fly in those times in small parties with particular violence; and as they pass near steeples, towers, or any edifices where their mates perform the office of incubation, emit a loud scream, a sort of serenade, as Mr. White supposes, to their respective females.

To the curious monographies on the swallow tribe, of that worthy correspondent, I must acknowledge myself indebted for numbers of the remarks above-mentioned.

§ 19. *Of the Disappearance of Swallows.*

There are three opinions among naturalists concerning the manner the swallow tribe dispose of themselves after their disappearance from the countries in which they make their summer residence. Herodotus mentions one species that resides in Egypt the whole year: Prosper Alpinus asserts the same; and Mr. Loten, late governor of Ceylon, assured us, that those of Java never remove. These excepted, every other known kind observe a periodical migration, or retreat. The swallows of the cold Norway, and of North America, of the distant Kamtschatka, of the temperate parts of Europe, of Aleppo, and of the hot Jamaica, all agree in this one point.

In cold countries, a defect of insect food on the approach of winter, is a sufficient reason for these birds to quit them; but since the same cause probably does not subsist in the warm climates, recourse should be had to some other reason for their vanishing.

Of the three opinions, the first has the utmost appearance of probability; which is, that they remove nearer the sun, where they can find a continuance of their natural diet, and a temperature of air suiting their constitutions. That this is the case with some species of European swallows, has been proved beyond contradiction (as above cited) by M. Adanson. We often observe them collected in flocks invulnerable on churches, on rocks, and on trees, previous to their departure hence; and Mr. Collinson proves their return here in perhaps equal numbers, by two curious relations of undoubted credit: the one communicated to him by Mr. Wright, master of a ship; the other by the late Sir Charles Wager; who both described (to the same purpose) what happened to each in their voyages.

“Returning home (says Sir Charles) in the spring of the year, as I came into sounding in our channel, a great flock of swallows came and settled on all my rigging; every rope was covered; they hung on one another like a swarm of bees; the decks and carving were filled with them. They seemed almost famished and spent, and were only feathers and bones; but being recruited with a night’s rest, took their flight in the morning.” This vast fatigue, proves that their journey must have been very great, considering the amazing swiftness of these birds, in all probability they had crossed the Atlantic ocean, and were returning from the shores of Senegal, or other parts of Africa; so that this account from that most able and honest seaman, confirms the later information of M. Adanson.

Mr. White, on Michaelmas-day 1768, had the good fortune to have ocular proof of what may reasonably be supposed an actual migration of swallows. Travelling that morning very early between his house and the coast, at the beginning of his journey he was environed with a thick fog, but on a large wild heath the mist began to break, and discovered to him numberless swallows, clustered on the standing bushes, as if they had roosted there: as soon as the sun burst out, they were instantly on wing, and with an easy and placid flight proceeded towards the sea. After this he saw no more flocks, only now and then a straggler*.

This rendezvous of swallows about the same of year is very common on the willows, in the little isles in the Thames. They seem to assemble for the same purpose as those in Hampshire, notwithstanding no one yet has been eye-witness of their departure. On the 26th of September last, two gentlemen who happened to lie at Maidenhead bridge, furnished at least a proof of the multitudes there assembled: they went by torch-light to an adjacent isle, and in less than half an hour brought ashore fifty dozen; for they had nothing more to do than to draw the willow twigs through their hands, the birds never stirring they were taken.

* In Kalm’s Voyage to America, is a remarkable instance of the distant flight of swallows; for one lighted on the ship he was in, September 2d, when he had passed only over two-thirds of the Atlantic ocean. His passage was uncommonly quick, being performed from Deal to Philadelphia in less than six weeks; and when this accident happened, he was fourteen days sail from Cape Hinlopen.

The northern naturalists will perhaps say, that this assembly met for the purpose of plunging into their subaqueous winter quarters; but was that the case, they would never escape discovery in a river perpetually fished as the Thames, some of them must inevitably be brought up in the nets that harass that water.

The second notion has great antiquity on its side. Aristotle and Pliny give, as their belief, that swallows do not remove very far from their summer habitation, but winter in the hollows of rocks, and during that time lose their feathers. The former part of their opinion has been adopted by several ingenious men; and of late, several proofs have been brought of some species, at least, having been discovered in a torpid state. Mr. Collinson favoured us with the evidence of three gentlemen, eye-witnesses to numbers of sand martins being drawn out of a cliff on the Rhine, in the month of March 1762. And the honourable Daines Barrington communicated to us the following fact, on the authority of the late Lord Belhaven, that numbers of swallows have been found in old dry walls, and in sandhills near his lordship's seat in East Lothian; not once only, but from year to year; and that when they were exposed to the warmth of a fire, they revived. We have also heard of the same annual discoveries near Morpeth in Northumberland, but cannot speak of them with the same assurance as the two former: neither in the two last instances are we certain of the particular species.

Other witnesses crowd on us, to prove the residence of those birds in a torpid state during the severe season.

First, In the chalky cliffs of Sussex; as was seen on the fall of a great fragment some years ago.

Secondly, In a decayed hollow tree that was cut down, near Dolgelli, in Merionethshire.

Thirdly, In a cliff near Whitby, Yorkshire; where, on digging out a fox, whole buffels of swallows were found in a torpid condition. And,

Lastly, The Reverend Mr. Conway, of Sychton, Flintshire, was so obliging as to communicate the following fact; A few years ago, on looking down an old lead-mine in that county, he observed numbers of swallows clinging to the timbers of the shaft, seemingly asleep; and on flinging some gravel on them, they just moved, but never attempted to fly or change their

place; this was between All Saints and Christmas.

These are doubtless the lurking-places of the latter hatches, or of those young birds, who are incapable of distant migrations. There they continue insensible and rigid; but like flies, may sometimes be reanimated by an unseasonable hot day in the midst of winter: for very near Christmas a few appeared on the moulding of a window of Merton College, Oxford, in a remarkably warm nook, which prematurely set their blood in motion, having the same effect as laying them before the fire at the same time of year. Others have been known to make this premature appearance; but as soon as the cold natural to the season returns, they withdraw again to their former retreats.

I shall conclude with one argument drawn from the very late hatches of two species.

On the twenty-third of October 1757, a martin was seen in Southwark, flying in and out of its nest: and on the twenty-ninth of the same month, four or five swallows were observed hovering round and settling on the county hospital at Oxford. As these birds must have been on a late hatch, it is highly improbable that at so late a season of the year they would attempt to come from one of our midland counties, a voyage almost as far as the equator to Senegal or Greece: we are therefore confirmed in our notion, that there is only a partial migration of these birds; and that the feeble late hatches conceal themselves in this country.

The above are circumstances we cannot but assent to, though seemingly contradictory to the common course of nature in regard to other birds. We must, therefore, divide our belief relating to these two so different opinions, and conclude, that one part of the swallow tribe migrate, and that others have their winter quarters near home. If it should be demanded, why swallows alone are found in a torpid state, and not the other many species of soft-billed birds, which likewise disappear about the same time? The following reason may be assigned:

No birds are so much on the wing as swallows, none fly with such swiftness and rapidity, none are obliged to such sudden and various evolutions in their flight, none are at such pains to take their prey, and we may add, none exert their voice more incessantly.

ceffantly; all these occasion a vast expence of strength, and of spirits, and may give such a texture to the blood, that other animals cannot experience; and so dispose, or we may say, necessitate, this tribe of birds, or part of them, at least, to a repose more lasting than that of any others.

The third notion is, even at first sight, too amazing and unnatural to merit mention, if it was not that some of the learned have been credulous enough to deliver, for fact, what has the strongest appearance of impossibility; we mean, the relation of swallows passing the winter immersed under ice, at the bottom of lakes, or lodged beneath the water of the sea at the foot of rocks. The first who broached this opinion, was Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsal, who very gravely informs us, that these birds are often found in clustered masses, at the bottom of the northern lakes, mouth to mouth, wing to wing, foot to foot; and that they creep down the reeds in autumn to their subaqueous retreats. That when old fishermen discover such a mass, they throw it into the water again; but when young inexperienced ones take it, they will, by thawing the birds at a fire, bring them indeed to the use of their wings, which will continue but a very short time, being owing to a premature and forced revival.

That the good Archbishop did not want credulity, in other instances, appears from this, that after having stocked the bottoms of the lakes with birds, he stores the clouds with mice, which sometimes fall in plentiful showers on Norway and the neighbouring countries.

Some of our own countrymen have given credit to the submersion of swallows; and Klein patronises the doctrine strongly, giving the following history of their manner of retiring, which he received from some countrymen and others. They asserted, that sometimes the swallows assembled in numbers on a reed, till it broke and sunk with them to the bottom; and their immersion was preluded by a dirge of a quarter of an hour's length. That others would unite in laying hold of a straw with their bills, and so plunge down in society. Others again would form a large mass, by clinging together with their feet, and so commit themselves to the deep.

Such are the relations given by those that are fond of this opinion, and though delivered without exaggeration, must provoke a smile. They assign not the finallest rea-

son to account for these birds being able to endure so long a submersion without being suffocated, or without decaying, in an element so unnatural to so delicate a bird; when we know that the otter*, the corvora, and the grebes, soon perish, if caught under ice, or entangled in nets: and it is well known, that those animals will continue much longer under water than any others, to whom nature hath denied that particular structure of heart, necessary for a long residence beneath that element.

§ 20. *Of the SMALL BIRDS of FLIGHT.*

In the suburbs of London (and particularly about Shoreditch) are several weavers and other tradesmen, who, during the months of October and March, get their livelihood by an ingenious, and we may say, a scientific method of bird-catching, which is totally unknown in other parts of Great Britain.

The reason of this trade being confined to so small a compass, arises from there being no considerable sale for singing-birds except in the metropolis: as the apparatus for this purpose is also heavy, and at the same time must be carried on a man's back, it prevents the bird-catchers going to above three or four miles distance.

This method of bird-catching must have been long practised, as it is brought to a most systematical perfection, and is attended with a very considerable expence.

The nets are a most ingenious piece of mechanism, are generally twelve yards and a half long, and two yards and a half wide; and no one on bare inspection would imagine that a bird (who is so very quick in all its motions) could be caught by the nets flapping over each other, till he be-

* Though entirely satisfied in our own mind of the impossibility of these relations; yet, desirous of strengthening our opinion with some better authority, we applied to that able anatomist, Mr. John Hunter; who was so obliging to inform us, that he had dissected many swallows, but found nothing in them different from other birds as to the organs of respiration. That all those animals which he had dissected of the class that sleep during winter, such as lizards, frogs, &c. had a very different conformation as to those organs. That all these animals, he believes, do breathe in their torpid state; and as far as his experience reaches, he knows they do; and that therefore he esteems it a very wild opinion, that terrestrial animals can remain any long time under water without drowning.

comes eye-witness of the pullers seldom failing*.

The wild birds fly (as the bird-catchers term it) chiefly during the month of October, and part of September and November; as the flight in March is much less considerable than that of Michaelmas. It is to be noted also, that the several species of birds of flight do not make their appearance precisely at the same time, during the months of September, October, and November. The Pipit †, for example, begins to fly about Michaelmas, and then the Woodlark, Linnet, Goldfinch, Chaffinch, Greenfinch, and other birds of flight succeed; all of which are not easily to be caught, or in any numbers, at any other time, and more particularly the Pipit and the Woodlark.

These birds, during the Michaelmas and March flights, are chiefly on the wing from day break to noon, though there is afterwards a small flight from two till night; but this however is so inconsiderable, that the bird-catchers always take up their nets at noon.

It may well deserve the attention of the naturalist whence these periodical flights of certain birds can arise. As the ground however is ploughed during the months of October and March for sowing the winter and lent corn, it should seem that they are thus supplied with a great profusion both of seeds and insects, which they cannot so easily procure at any other season.

It may not be improper to mention another circumstance, to be observed during their flitting, viz. that they fly always against the wind; hence, there is great contention amongst the bird-catchers who shall gain that point; if (for example) it is westerly, the bird-catcher who lays his nets most to the east, is sure almost of catching every thing, provided his call-birds are good: a gentle wind to the south-west generally produces the best sport.

The bird-catcher who is a substantial man, and hath a proper apparatus for this purpose, generally carries with him five or six linnets (of which more are caught than any singing bird) two goldfinches, two greenfinches, one woodlark, one redpoll,

a yellow hammer, titlark, and aberdavine, and perhaps a bullfinch; these are placed at small distances from the nets in little cages. He hath, besides, what are called flur-birds, which are placed within the nets, are raised upon the flur*, and gently let down at the time the wild bird approaches them. These generally consist of the linnet, the goldfinch, and the greenfinch, which are secured to the flur by what is called a brace†; a contrivance that secures the birds without doing any injury to their plumage.

It having been found that there is a superiority between bird and bird, from the one being more in song than the other; the bird-catchers contrive that their call-birds should moult before the usual time. They therefore, in June or July, put them into a close box, under two or three folds of blankets, and leave their dung in the cage to raise a greater heat; in which state they continue, being perhaps examined but once a week to have fresh water. As for food, the air is so putrid, that they eat little during the whole state of confinement, which lasts about a month. The birds frequently die under the operation ‡; and hence the value of a stopped bird rises greatly.

When the bird hath thus prematurely moulted, he is in song, whilst the wild birds are out of song, and his note is louder and more piercing than that of a wild one; but it is not only in his note he receives an alteration, the plumage is equally improved. The black and yellow in the wings of the goldfinch, for example, become deeper and more vivid, together with a most beautiful gloss, which is not to be seen in the wild bird. The bill, which in the latter is likewise black at the end, in the stopped bird becomes white and more taper, as do its legs: in short, there is as much difference between a wild and a stopped bird, as there is between a horse which is kept in body clothes, or at grass.

When the bird-catcher hath laid his

* A moveable perch to which the bird is tied, and which the bird-catcher can raise at pleasure, by means of a long string fastened to it.

† A sort of bandage, formed of a slender silken string that is fastened round the bird's body, and under the wings, in so artful a manner as to hinder the bird from being hurt, let it flutter ever so much in the raising.

‡ We have been lately informed by an experienced bird-catcher, that he pursues a cooler regimen in stopping his birds, and that he therefore seldom loses one: but we suspect that there is not the same certainty of making them moult.

* These nets are known in most parts of England by the name of day-nets or clap-nets; but all we have seen are far inferior in their mechanism to those used near London.

† A small species of Lark, but which is inferior to other birds of that genus in point of song.

nets, he disposes of his call-birds at proper intervals. It must be owned, that there is a most malicious joy in these call-birds to bring the wild ones into the same state of captivity; which may likewise be observed with regard to the decoy ducks.

Their sight and hearing infinitely excels that of the bird-catcher. The instant that the * wild birds are perceived, notice is given by one to the rest of the call-birds (as it is by the first hound that hits on the scent to the rest of the pack) after which follows the same sort of tumultuous ecstasy and joy. The call-birds, while the bird is at a distance, do not sing as a bird does in a chamber; they invite the wild ones by what the bird-catchers call short jerks, which when the birds are good, may be heard at a great distance. The ascendancy by this call or invitation is so great, that the wild bird is stopped in its course of flight, and if not already acquainted with the nets &c, lights boldly within twenty yards of perhaps three or four bird-catchers, on a spot which otherwise it would not have taken the least notice of. Nay, it frequently happens, that if half a flock only are caught, the remaining half will immediately afterwards light in the nets, and share the same fate; and should only one bird escape, that bird will suffer itself to be pulled at till it is caught, such a fascinating power have the call-birds.

While we are on this subject of the jerking of birds, we cannot omit mentioning, that the bird-catchers frequently lay considerable wagers whose call-bird can jerk the longest, as that determines the superiority. They place them opposite to each other, by an inch of candle, and the bird who jerks the ofteneft, before the candle is burnt out, wins the wager. We have been informed, that there have been instances of a bird's giving a hundred and seventy jerks in a quarter of an hour; and we have known a linnet, in such a trial, persevere in its emulation till it swooned from the perch: thus, as Pliny says of the nightingale, *victa morte finit sæpe vitam, spiritus prius deficiente quin cantu.* Lib. x. c. 29.

It may be here observed, that birds when

near each other, and in sight, seldom jerk or sing. They either fight, or use short and wheedling calls: the jerking of these call-birds, therefore, face to face, is a most extraordinary instance of contention for superiority in song.

It may be also worthy of observation, that the female of no species of birds ever sings: with birds, it is the reverse of what occurs in human kind: among the feathered tribe, all the cares of life fall to the lot of the tender sex: theirs is the fatigue of incubation; and the principal share in nursing the helpless brood: to alleviate these fatigues, and to support her under them, nature hath given to the male the song, with all the little blandishments and soothing arts; these he fondly exerts (even after courtship) on some spray contiguous to the nest, during the time his mate is performing her parental duties. But that she should be silent, is also another wise provision of nature, for her song would discover her nest; as would a gaudiness of plumage, which, for the same reason, seems to have been denied her.

To these we may add a few particulars that fell within our notice during our enquiries among the bird-catchers, such as, that they immediately kill the hens of every species of birds they take, being incapable of singing, as also being inferior in plumage; the pippets likewise are indiscriminately destroyed, as the cock does not sing well: they sell the dead birds for three-pence or four-pence a dozen.

These small birds are so good, that we are surpris'd the luxury of the age neglects so delicate an acquisition to the table. The modern Italians are fond of small birds, which they eat under the common name of *Beccaficos*: and the dear rate a Roman tragedian paid for one dish of singing birds * is well known.

Another particular we learned, in conversation with a London bird-catcher, was the vast price that is sometimes given for a single song-bird, which had not learned to whistle tunes. The greatest sum we heard of, was five guineas for a chaffinch, that had a particular and uncommon note,

* It may be also observed, that the moment they see a hawk, they communicate the alarm to each other by a plaintive note; nor will they then jerk or call though the wild birds are near.

† A bird, acquainted with the nets, is by the bird-catchers termed a *sharper*, which they endeavour to drive away, as they can have no sport whilst it continues near them.

* *Maximè tamen insignis est in hac memoria, Clodii Æsopi tragici bithionis patina securentis H. S. taxatis: in quo posuit aves cantu aliquo, aut humano sermone, vocales.* Plin. lib. x. c. 57. The price of this expensive dish was about 6843 l. 10 s. according to Arbuthnot's Tables. This seems to have been a wanton caprice; rather than a tribute to epicurism.

under which it was intended to train others: and we also heard of five pounds ten shillings being given for a call-bird linnet.

A third singular circumstance, which confirms an observation of Linnæus, is, that the male chaffinches fly by themselves, and in the flight precede the females; but this is not peculiar to the chaffinches. When the titlarks are caught in the beginning of the season, it frequently happens, that forty are taken and not one female among them; and probably the same would be observed with regard to other birds (as has been done with relation to the wheat-ear) if they were attended to.

An experienced and intelligent bird-catcher informed us, that such birds as breed twice a year, generally have in their first brood a majority of males, and in their second, of females, which may in part account for the above observation.

We must not omit mention of the bullfinch, though it does not properly come under the title of a singing-bird, or a bird of flight, as it does not often move farther than from hedge to hedge; yet, as the bird sells well on account of its learning to whistle tunes, and sometimes flies over the fields where the nets are laid; the bird-catchers have often a call-bird to ensnare it, though most of them can imitate the call with their mouths. It is remarkable with regard to this bird, that the female answers the purpose of a call-bird as well as the male, which is not experienced in any other bird taken by the London bird-catchers:

It may perhaps surprise, that under this article of singing birds, we have not mentioned the nightingale, which is not a bird of flight, in the sense the bird-catchers use this term. The nightingale, like the robin, wren, and many other singing birds, only moves from hedge to hedge, and does not take the periodical flights in October and March. The persons who catch these birds, make use of small trap-nets, without call-birds, and are considered as inferior in dignity to other bird-catchers, who will not rank with them.

The nightingale being the first of singing-birds, we shall here insert a few particulars relating to it.

Its arrival is expected by the trappers in the neighbourhood of London, the first week in April; at the beginning none but cocks are taken, but in a few days the hens make their appearance, generally by them-

selves, though sometimes a few males come along with them.

The latter are distinguished from the females not only by their superior size, but by a great swelling of their vent, which commences on the first arrival of the hens.

They do not build till the middle of May, and generally chuse a quickset to make their nest in.

If the nightingale is kept in a cage, it often begins to sing about the latter end of November, and continues its song more or less till June.

A young canary bird, linnet, skylark, or robin (who have never heard any other bird) are said best to learn the note of a nightingale.

They are caught in a net-trap; the bottom of which is surrounded with an iron ring; the net itself is rather larger than a cabbage-net.

When the trappers hear or see them, they strew some fresh mould under the place, and bait the trap with a meal-worm from the baker's shop.

Ten or a dozen nightingales have been thus caught in a day. *Barrington.*

§ 21. *Experiments and Observations on the SINGING of BIRDS.*

From the Philosophical Transactions, Vol. LXIII.

As the experiments and observations I mean to lay before the Royal Society relate to the singing of birds, which is a subject that hath never before been scientifically treated of*, it may not be improper to prefix an explanation of some uncommon terms, which I shall be obliged to use, as well as others which I have been under a necessity of coining.

To *chirp*, is the first sound which a young bird utters, as a cry for food, and is different in all nestlings, if accurately attended to; so that the hearer may distinguish of what species the birds are, though the nest may hang out of his sight and reach.

This cry is, as might be expected, very

* Kircher, indeed, in his *Musurgia*, hath given us some few passages in the song of the nightingale, as well as the call of a quail and cuckow, which he hath engraved in musical characters. These instances, however, only prove that some birds have in their song, notes which correspond with the intervals of our common scale of the musical octave.

weak.

weak and querulous; it is dropped entirely as the bird grows stronger, nor is afterwards intermixed with its song, the chirp of a nightingale (for example) being hoarse and disagreeable.

To this definition of the chirp, I must add, that it consists of a single sound, repeated at very short intervals, and that it is common to nestlings of both sexes.

The *call* of a bird, is that sound which it is able to make when about a month old; it is, in most instances (which I happen to recollect) a repetition of one and the same note, is retained by the bird as long as it lives, and is common, generally, to both the cock and hen *.

The next stage in the notes of a bird is termed, by the bird-catchers, *recording*, which word is probably derived from a musical instrument, formerly used in England, called a recorder †.

This attempt in the nestling to sing, may be compared to the imperfect endeavour in a child to babble. I have known instances of birds beginning to record when they were not a month old.

This first essay does not seem to have the least rudiments of the future song; but as the bird grows older and stronger, one may begin to perceive what the nestling is aiming at.

Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again, when he is not equal to what he is attempting; just as a singer raises his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with precision, but knows than he can execute them.

What the nestling is not thus thoroughly master of, he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wish to be heard, and could not yet satisfy himself.

I have never happened to meet with a passage, in any writer, which seems to re-

* For want of terms to distinguish the notes of birds, Belon applies the verb *chant-nt*, or sing, to the goose and crane, as well as the nightingale. "Pluſieurs oifeaux *chantent* la nuit, comme est l'oye, la grue, & le roſſignol." Belon's Hist. of Birds, p. 50.

† It seems to have been a species of flute, and was probably used to teach young birds to pipe tunes.

Lord Bacon describes this instrument to have been strait, to have had a lesser and greater bore, both above and below, to have required very little breath from the blower, and to have had what he calls a *sipple*, or stopper. See his second Century of Experiments.

late to this stage of singing in a bird, except, perhaps, in the following lines of Statius:

"Nunc volucrum novi
"Questus, inexpectumque carmen,
"Quod tacitâ statueret brumâ."
Stat. Sylv. L. IV. Ecl. 5.

A young bird commonly continues to record for ten or eleven months, when he is able to execute every part of his song, which afterwards continues fixed, and is scarcely ever altered *.

When the bird is thus become perfect in his lesson, he is said to sing his song round, or in all its varieties of passages, which he connects together, and executes without a pause.

I would therefore define a bird's song to be a succession of three or more different notes, which are continued without interruption during the same interval with a musical bar of four crotchets in an adagio movement, or whilst a pendulum swings four seconds.

By the first requisite in this definition, I mean to exclude the call of a cuckow, or clucking of a hen †, as they consist of only two notes; whilst the short bursts of singing birds, contending with each other (called *shots* by the bird-catchers) are equally distinguished from what I term song, by their not continuing for four seconds.

As the notes of a cuckow and hen, therefore, though they exceed what I have defined the call of a bird to be, do not amount to its song, I will, for this reason, take the liberty of terming such a succession of two notes as we hear in these birds, the *varied call*.

Having thus settled the meaning of certain words, which I shall be obliged to make use of, I shall now proceed to state some general principles with regard to the singing of birds, which seem to result from the experiments I have been making for several years, and under a great variety of circumstances.

Notes in birds are no more innate, than language is in man, and depend entirely upon the master under which they are bred, as far as their organs will enable them to imitate the sounds which they have frequent opportunities of hearing.

* The bird called a Twite by the bird-catchers, commonly flies in company with linnets, yet these two species of birds never learn each other's notes, which always continue totally different.

† The common hen, when she lays, repeats the same note, very often, and concludes with the sixth above, which she holds for a longer time.

Most

Most of the experiments I have made on this subject have been tried with cock linnets, which were fledged and nearly able to leave their nest, on account not only of this bird's docility, and great powers of imitation, but because the cock is easily distinguished from the hen at that early period, by the superior whiteness in the wing*.

In many other sorts of singing birds the male is not at the age of three weeks so certainly known from the female; and if the pupil turns out to be a hen,

“ ibi omnis
“ Effusus labor.”

The Greek poets made a songster of the *τιτλίς*, whatever animal that may be, and it is remarkable that they observed the female was incapable of singing as well as hen birds:

Εἴτ' εἰσὶν οἱ τιτλίτες ἐκ εἰδαίμονες,
οὐ τὰς γυναικῶν ἢ δ' ὅτιον φωνὴν ἐν;
Comicorum Græcorum Sententiæ,
p. 452. Ed. Steph.

I have indeed known an instance or two of a hen's making out something like the song of her species; but these are as rare as the common hen's being heard to crow.

I rather suspect also, that those parrots, magpies, &c. which either do not speak at all, or very little, are hens of those kinds.

I have educated nestling linnet under the three best singing larks, the skylark, woodlark, and titlark, every one of which, instead of the linnet's song, adhered entirely to that of their respective instructors.

When the note of the titlark-linnet† was thoroughly fixed, I hung the bird in a room with two common linnets, for a quarter of a year, which were full in song; the titlark-linnet, however, did not borrow any passages from the linnet's song, but adhered steadfastly to that of the titlark.

I had some curiosity to find out whether an European nestling would equally learn the note of an African bird: I therefore educated a young linnet under a vengo-

lina*, which imitated its African master so exactly, without any mixture of the linnet song, that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other.

This vengolina-linnet was absolutely perfect, without ever uttering a single note by which it could have been known to be a linnet. In some of my other experiments, however, the nestling linnet retained the call of its own species, or what the bird-catchers term the linnet's chuckle, from some resemblance to that word when pronounced.

I have before stated, that all my nestling linnets were three weeks old, when taken from the nest; and by that time they frequently learn their own call from the parent birds, which I have mentioned to consist of only a single note.

To be certain, therefore, that a nestling will not have even the call of its species, it should be taken from the nest when only a day or two old; because, though nestlings cannot see till the seventh day, yet they can hear from the instant they are hatched, and probably, from that circumstance, attend to sounds more than they do afterwards, especially as the call of the parents announces the arrival of their food.

I must own, that I am not equal myself, nor can I procure any person to take the trouble of breeding up a bird of this age, as the odds against its being reared are almost infinite. The warmth indeed of incubation may be, in some measure, supplied by cotton and fires; but these delicate animals require, in this state, being fed almost perpetually, whilst the nourishment they receive should not only be prepared with great attention, but given in very small portions at a time.

Though I must admit, therefore, that I have never reared myself a bird of so tender an age, yet I have happened to see both a linnet and a goldfinch which were taken from their nests when only two or three days old.

The first of these belonged to Mr. Matthews, an apothecary at Kensington, which,

* This bird seems not to have been described by any of the ornithologists; it is of the finch tribe, and about the same size with our abedavine (or siskin). The colours are grey and white, and the cock hath a bright yellow spot upon the rump. It is a very familiar bird, and sings better than any of those which are not European, except the American mocking bird. An instance hath lately happened, in an aviary at Hampstead, of a vengolina breeding with a Canary bird.

from

* The white reaches almost to the shaft of the quill feathers, and in the hen does not exceed more than half of that space: it is also of a brighter hue.

† I thus call a bird which sings notes he would not have learned in a wild state; thus by a skylark-linnet, I mean a linnet with the skylark song; a nightingale-robin, a robin with the nightingale song, &c.

from a want of other sounds to imitate, almost articulated the words pretty boy, as well as some other short sentences: I heard the bird myself repeat the words pretty boy; and Mr. Matthews assured me, that he had neither the note or call of any bird whatsoever.

This talking linnet died last year, before which, many people went from London to hear him speak.

The goldfinch I have before mentioned, was reared in the town of Knighton in Radnorshire, which I happened to hear, as I was walking by the house where it was kept.

I thought indeed that a wren was singing; and I went into the house to inquire after it, as that little bird seldom lives long in a cage.

The people of the house, however, told me, that they had no bird but a goldfinch, which they conceived to sing its own natural note, as they called it; upon which I staid a considerable time in the room, whilst its notes were merely those of a wren without the least mixture of goldfinch.

On further inquiries, I found that the bird had been taken from the nest when only a day or two old, that it was hung in a window which was opposite to a small garden, whence the nestling had undoubtedly acquired the notes of the wren, without having had any opportunity of learning even the call of the goldfinch.

These facts, which I have stated, seem to prove very decisively, that birds have not any innate ideas of the notes which are supposed to be peculiar to each species. But it will possibly be asked, why, in a wild state, they adhere so steadily to the same song, inasmuch, that it is well known, before the bird is heard, what notes you are to expect from him.

This, however, arises entirely from the nestling's attending only to the instruction of the parent bird, whilst it disregards the notes of all others, which may perhaps be singing round him.

Young Cuckoo birds are frequently reared in a room where there are many other sorts; and yet I have been informed, that they only learn the song of the parent cock.

Every one knows, that the common house-sparrow, when in a wild state, never does any thing but chirp: this, however, does not arise from want of powers in this bird to imitate others; but because he only attends to the parental note.

But, to prove this decisively, I took a common sparrow from the nest when it was fledged, and educated him under a linnet: the bird, however, by accident, heard a goldfinch also, and his song was, therefore, a mixture of the linnet and goldfinch.

I have tried several experiments, in order to observe, from what circumstances birds fix upon any particular note when taken from the parents; but cannot settle this with any sort of precision, any more than at what period of their recording they determine upon the song to which they will adhere.

I educated a young robin under a very fine nightingale; which, however, began already to be out of song, and was perfectly mute in less than a fortnight.

This robin afterwards sung three parts in four nightingale; and the rest of his song was what the bird-catchers call rubbish, or no particular note whatsoever.

I hung this robin nearer to the nightingale than to any other bird; from which first experiment I conceived, that the scholar would imitate the master which was at the least distance from him.

From several other experiments, however, which I have since tried, I find it to be very uncertain what notes the nestlings will most attend to, and often their song is a mixture; as in the instance which I before stated of the sparrow.

I must own also, that I conceived, from the experiment of educating the robin under a nightingale, that the scholar would fix upon the note which it first heard when taken from the nest: I imagined likewise, that, if the nightingale had been fully in song, the instruction for a fortnight would have been sufficient.

I have, however, since tried the following experiment, which convinces me, so much depends upon circumstances, and perhaps caprice in the scholar, that no general inference, or rule, can be laid down with regard to either of these suppositions.

I educated a nestling robin under a woodlark-linnet, which was full in song, and hung very near to him for a month together: after which, the robin was removed to another house, where he could only hear a skylark-linnet. The consequence was, that the nestling did not sing a note of woodlark (though I afterwards hung him again just above the woodlark-linnet) but adhered entirely to the song of the skylark-linnet.

Having thus stated the result of several experiments,

experiments, which were chiefly intended to determine, whether birds had any innate ideas of the notes, or song, which is supposed to be peculiar to each species, I shall now make some general observations on their singing: though perhaps the subject may appear to many a very minute one.

Every poet, indeed, speaks with raptures of the harmony of the groves; yet those even, who have good musical ears, seem to pay little attention to it, but as a pleasing noise.

I am also convinced (though it may seem rather paradoxical) that the inhabitants of London distinguish more accurately, and know more on this head, than of all the other parts of the island taken together.

This seems to arise from two causes.

The first is, that we have not more musical ideas which are innate, than we have of language; and therefore those even, who have the happiness to have organs which are capable of receiving a gratification from this sixth sense (as it hath been called by some) require, however, the best instruction.

The orchestra of the opera, which is confined to the metropolis, hath diffused a good style of playing over the other bands of the capital, which is, by degrees, communicated to the fiddler and ballad-singer in the streets; the organs in every church, as well as those of the Savoyards, contribute likewise to this improvement of musical faculties in the Londoners.

If the singing of the ploughman in the country is therefore compared with that of the London blackguard, the superiority is infinitely on the side of the latter; and the same may be observed in comparing the voice of a country girl and London housemaid, as it is very uncommon to hear the former sing tolerably in tune.

I do not mean by this, to assert that the inhabitants of the country are not born with as good musical organs; but only, that they have not the same opportunities of learning from others, who play in tune themselves.

The other reason for the inhabitants of London judging better in relation to the song of birds, arises from their hearing each bird sing distinctly, either in their own or their neighbours shops; as also from a bird continuing much longer in song whilst in a cage, than when at liberty; the cause of which I shall endeavour hereafter to explain.

They who live in the country, on the other hand, do not hear birds sing in their woods for above two months in the year, when the confusion of notes prevents their attending to the song of any particular bird; nor does he continue long enough in a place, for the hearer to recollect his notes with accuracy.

Besides this, birds in the spring sing very loud indeed; but they only give short jerks, and scarcely ever the whole compass of their song.

For these reasons, I have never happened to meet with any person, who had not resided in London, whose judgment or opinion on this subject I could the least rely upon; and a stronger proof of this cannot be given, than that most people, who keep Canary birds do not know that they sing chiefly either the titlark, or nightingale notes*.

Nothing, however, can be more marked than the note of a nightingale called its jug, which most of the Canary birds brought from the Tyrol commonly have, as well as several nightingale strokes, or particular passages in the song of that bird.

I mention this superior knowledge in the inhabitants of the capital, because I am convinced, that, if others are consulted in relation to the singing of birds, they will only mislead, instead of giving any material or useful information.

Birds in a wild state do not ceremoniously

* I once saw two of these birds, which came from the Canary Islands, neither of which had any song at all; and I have been informed, that a ship brought a great many of them not long since, which sang as little.

Most of those Canary birds, which are imported from the Tyrol, have been bred by parents, the progeny of which are instructed by a nightingale; but English Canary birds have commonly more of the titlark note.

The trade in these birds makes a small article of commerce, as from Tyrol they generally bring over to England fifteen hundred every year; and though they carry them on their backs one thousand miles, as well as pay toll duty for such a number, yet, upon the whole, it answers to sell these birds at 5s. a piece.

The chief place for breeding Canary birds is Inspruck and its environs, from whence they are sent to Constantinople, as well as every part of Europe.

† As it will not answer to catch birds with clap-nets any where but in the neighbourhood of London, most of the birds which may be heard in a country town are nestlings, and consequently cannot sing the supposed natural song in any perfection.

sing above ten weeks in the year; which is then also confined to the cocks of a few species; I conceive that this last circumstance arise from the superior strength of the muscles of the larynx.

I procured a cock nightingale, a cock and hen blackbird, a cock and hen rook, a cock linnet, as also a cock and hen chaffinch, which that very eminent anatomist, Mr. Hunter, F. R. S. was so obliging as to dissect for me, and begged, that he would particularly attend to the state of the organs in the different birds, which might be supposed to contribute to singing.

Mr. Hunter found the muscles of the larynx to be stronger in the nightingale than in any other bird of the same size; and in all those instances (where he dissected both cock and hen) that the same muscles were stronger in the cock.

I sent the cock and hen rook, in order to see whether there would be the same difference in the cock and hen of a species which did not sing at all. Mr. Hunter, however, told me, that he had not attended so much to their comparative organs of voice, as in the other kinds; but that, to the best of his recollection, there was no difference at all.

Strength, however, in these muscles, seems not to be the only requisite; the birds must have also great plenty of food, which seems to be proved sufficiently by birds in a cage singing the greatest part of the year*, when the wild ones do not (as I observed before) continue in song above ten weeks.

The food of singing birds consists of plants, insects, or seeds, and of the two first of these there is infinitely the greatest profusion in the spring.

As for seeds, which are to be met with only in the autumn, I think they cannot well find any great quantities of them in a country so cultivated as England is; for the seeds in meadows are destroyed by mowing; in pastures, by the bite of the cattle; and in arable, by the plough, when most of them are buried too deep for the bird to reach them†.

* Fish also which are supplied with a constant succession of palatable food, continue in season throughout the greatest part of the year; trouts, therefore, when confined in a stew and fed with minnows, are almost at all seasons of a good flavour, and are red when dressed.

† The plough indeed may turn up some few seeds, which may still be in an eatable state.

I know well that the singing of the cock-bird in the spring is attributed by many to the motive only of pleasing its mate during incubation.

They, however, who suppose this, should recollect, that much the greater part of birds do not sing at all, why should their mate therefore be deprived of this solace and amusement?

The bird in a cage, which, perhaps, sings nine or ten months in a year, cannot do so from this inducement; and, on the contrary, it arises chiefly from contending with another bird, or indeed against almost any sort of continued noise.

Superiority in song gives to birds a most amazing ascendancy over each other; as is well known to the bird-catchers by the fascinating power of their call-birds, which they contrive should moult prematurely for this purpose.

But, to shew decisively that the singing of a bird in the spring does not arise from any attention to its mate, a very experienced catcher of nightingales hath informed me, that some of these birds have jerked the instant they were caught. He hath also brought to me a nightingale, which had been but a few hours in a cage, and which burst forth in a roar of song.

At the same time this bird is so sulky on its first confinement, that he must be crammed for seven or eight days, as he will otherwise not feed himself; it is also necessary to tie his wings, to prevent his killing himself against the top or sides of the cage.

I believe there is no instance of any bird's singing which exceeds our black-bird in size: and possibly this may arise from the difficulty of its concealing itself, if it called the attention of its enemies, not only by bulk, but by the proportionable loudness of its notes*.

I should rather conceive, it is for the same reason that no hen-bird sings, because this talent would be still more dangerous during incubation; which may possibly also account for the inferiority in point of plumage.

Barrington.

F I S H E S.

§ 22. The EEL.

The eel is a very singular fish in several things that relate to its natural history,

* For the same reason, most large birds are wilder than the smaller ones.

and

and in some respects borders on the nature of the reptile tribe.

It is known to quit its element, and during night to wander along the meadows, not only for change of habitation, but also for the sake of prey, feeding on the snails it finds in its passage.

During winter it beds itself deep in the mud, and continues in a state of rest like the serpent kind. It is very impatient of cold, and will eagerly take shelter in a whisp of straw flung into a pond in severe weather, which has sometimes been practised as a method of taking them. Albertus goes so far as to say, that he has known eels to shelter in a hay-rick, yet all perished through excess of cold.

It has been observed, that in the river Nyne there is a variety of small eel, with a lesser head and narrower mouth than the common kind; that it is found in clusters in the bottom of the river, and is called the bed-eel; these are sometimes roused up by violent floods, and are never found at that time with meat in their stomachs. This bears such an analogy with the clustering of blindworms in their quiescent state, that we cannot but consider it as a further proof of a partial agreement in the nature of the two genera.

The ancients adopted a most wild opinion about the generation of these fish, believing them to be either created from the mud, or that the scrapings of their bodies which they left on the stones were animated and became young eels. Some moderns gave into these opinions, and into others that were equally extravagant. They could not account for the appearance of these fish in ponds that never were stocked with them, and that were even so remote as to make their being met with in such places a phenomenon that they could not solve. But there is much reason to believe, that many waters are supplied with these fish by the aquatic fowl of prey, in the same manner as vegetation is spread by many of the land birds, either by being dropped as they carry them to feed their young, or by passing quick through their bodies, as is the case with herons; and such may be the occasion of the appearance of these fish in places where they were never seen before. As to their immediate generation, it has been sufficiently proved to be effected in the ordinary course of nature, and that they are viviparous.

They are extremely voracious, and very destructive to the fry of fish.

No fish lives so long out of water as the eel: it is extremely tenacious of life, as its parts will move a considerable time after they are flayed and cut into pieces.

The eel is placed by Linnæus in the genus of *muraena*, his first of the apodal fish, or such which want the ventral fins.

The eyes are placed not remote from the end of the nose: the irides are tinged with red: the under jaw is longer than the upper: the teeth are small, sharp, and numerous: beneath each eye is a minute orifice: at the end of the nose two others, small and tubular.

The fish is furnished with a pair of pectoral fins, rounded at their ends. Another narrow fin on the back, uniting with that of the tail: and the anal fin joins it in the same manner beneath.

Behind the pectoral fins is the orifice to the gills, which are concealed in the skin.

Eels vary much in their colours, from a sooty hue to a light olive green; and those which are called silver eels, have their bellies white, and a remarkable clearness throughout.

Besides these, there is another variety of this fish, known in the Thames by the name of griggs, and about Oxford by that of griggs or gluts. These are scarce ever seen near Oxford in the winter, but appear in spring, and bite readily at the hook, which common eels in that neighbourhood will not. They have a larger head, a blunter nose, thicker skin, and less fat than the common sort; neither are they so much esteemed, nor do they often exceed three or four pounds in weight.

Common eels grow to a large size, sometimes so great as to weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, but that is extremely rare. As to instances brought by Dale and others, of these fish increasing to a superior magnitude, we have much reason to suspect them to have been congers, since the enormous fish they describe have all been taken at the mouths of the Thames or Medway.

The eel is the most universal of fish, yet is scarce ever found in the Danube, though it is very common in the lakes and rivers of Upper Austria.

The Romans held this fish very cheap, probably from its likeness to a snake.

Vos anguilla manet longæ cogata colubæ,
Vernula riparum pinguis torrente cloaca.
Juvenal, Sat. v.

For you is kept a sink-fed snake-like eel.
4 A 2 On

On the contrary, the luxurious Sybarites were so fond of these fish, as to exempt from every kind of tribute the persons who sold them.

§ 23. *The PERCH.*

The perch of Aristotle and Ausonius is the same with that of the moderns. That mentioned by Oppian, Pliny, and Athenæus, is a sea-fish, probably of the *Labrus* or *Sparus* kind, being enumerated by them among some congenerous species. Our perch was much esteemed by the Romans:

Nec te delicias mensarum PERCA, silebo
Amigenos inter pisces dignande marinis.
AUSONIUS.

It is not less admired at present as a firm and delicate fish; and the Dutch are particularly fond of it when made into a dish called water fouchy.

It is a gregarious fish, and loves deep holes and gentle streams. It is a most voracious fish, and eager biter: if the angler meets with a shoal of them, he is sure of taking every one.

It is a common notion that the pike will not attack this fish, being fearful of the spiny fins which the perch erects on the approach of the former. This may be true in respect to large fish; but it is well known the small ones are the most tempting bait that can be laid for the pike.

The perch is a fish very tenacious of life: we have known them carried near sixty miles in dry straw, and yet survive the journey.

These fish seldom grow to a large size: we once heard of one that was taken in the Serpentine river, Hyde Park, that weighed nine pounds; but that is very uncommon.

The body is deep: the scales very rough: the back much arched: side-line near the back.

The irides golden: the teeth small, disposed on the jaws and on the roof of the mouth: the edges of the covers of the gills serrated: on the lower end of the largest is a sharp spine.

The first dorsal fin consists of fourteen strong spiny rays: the second of sixteen soft ones: the pectoral fins are transparent, and consist of fourteen rays; the ventral of six; the anal of eleven.

The tail is a little forked.

The colours are beautiful: the back and part of the sides being of a deep green, marked with five broad black bars point-

ing downwards: the belly is white, tinged with red: the ventral fins of a rich scarlet; the anal fins and tail of the same colour, but rather paler.

In a lake called Llyn Raithlyn, in Merionethshire, is a very singular variety of perch: the back is quite hunched, and the lower part of the back-bone, next the tail, strangely distorted: in colour, and in other respects, it resembles the common kind, which are as numerous in the lake as these deformed fish. They are not peculiar to this water; for Linnæus takes notice of a similar variety found at Fahlun, in his own country. I have also heard that it is to be met with in the Thames near Marlow.

§ 24. *The TROUT.*

It is a matter of surprise that this common fish has escaped the notice of all the ancients, except Ausonius: it is also singular, that so delicate a species should be neglected at a time when the folly of the table was at its height; and that the epicures should overlook a fish that is found in such quantities in the lakes of their neighbourhood, when they ransacked the universe for dainties. The milts of *muræne* were brought from one place; the livers of *scari* from another*; and oysters even from so remote a spot as our Sandwich†: but there was, and is a fashion in the article of good living. The Romans seem to have despised the trout, the piper, and the doree; and we believe Mr. Quin himself would have resigned the rich paps of a pregnant sow‡, the heels of camels§, and the tongues of *flamingos*||, though dressed by Heliogabalus's cooks, for a good jowl of salmon with lobster-sauce.

When Ausonius speaks of this fish, he makes no eulogy on its goodness, but celebrates it only for its beauty.

Purpureisque SALAR stellatus tergore guttis.

With purple spots the SALAR's back is stain'd.

These marks point out the species he intended: what he meant by his *fario* is not so easy to determine: whether any species of trout, of a size between the *salar* and the salmon; or whether the salmon itself, at a certain age, is not very evident.

* Suetonius, vita Vitellii.

† Juvenal, Sat. IV. 141.

‡ Martial, Lib. XIII. Epig. 44.

§ Lamæda vit. Hebræa.

|| Martial, Lib. XII. Epig. 71.

Teque inter geminos species, neutrumque et utrumque,
 Qui nec dum SALMO, nec SALAR ambiguſque.
 Amborum medio FARTO intercepte ſub ævo.

SALMON or SALAR, I'll pronounce thee neither;

A doubtful kind, that may be none, or either.
 FARTO, when ſtop't in middle growth.

In fact, the colours of the trout, and its ſpots, vary greatly in different waters, and in different ſeaſons: yet each may be reduced to one ſpecies. In Llynidiv, a lake in South Wales, are trouts called *coch y dal*, marked with red and black ſpots as big as fix-pences; others unſpotted, and of a reddiſh hue, that ſometimes weigh near ten pounds, but are bad taſted.

In Lough Neagh, in Ireland, are trouts called there *buddaghs*, which I was told ſometimes weighed thirty pounds; but it was not my fortune to ſee any during my ſtay in the neighbourhood of that vaſt water.

Trouts (probably of the ſame ſpecies) are alſo taken in Huſſe-water, a lake in Cumberland, of a much ſuperior ſize to that of Lough Neagh. Theſe are ſuppoſed to be the ſame with the trout of the lake of Geneva, a fiſh I have eaten more than once, and think but a very indifferent one.

In the river Eynion, not far from Machyntleth, in Merionethſhire, and in one of the Snowdon lakes, are found a variety of trout, which are naturally deformed, having a ſtrange crookedneſs near the tail, reſembling that of the perch before deſcribed. We dwell the leſs on theſe monſtrous productions, as our friend, the Hon. Daines Barrington, has already given an account of them in an ingenious diſſertation on ſome of the Cambrian fiſh, publiſhed in the Philoſophical Tranſactions of the year 1767.

The ſtomachs of the common trouts are uncommonly thick and muſcular. They feed on the ſhell-fiſh of lakes and rivers, as well, as on ſmall fiſh. They likewiſe take into their ſtomachs gravel, or ſmall ſtones, to aſſiſt in comminuting the ſtaceous parts of their food. The trouts of certain lakes in Ireland, ſuch as thoſe of the province of Galway, and ſome others, are remarkable for the great thickneſs of their ſtomachs, which, from ſome ſlight reſemblance to the organs of digeſtion in birds, have been called gizzards: the Irith name the ſpecies that has them, *Gillaroo* trouts.

Theſe ſtomachs are ſometimes ſerved up to table, under the former appellation. It does not appear to me, that the extraordinary ſtrength of ſtomach in the Irith fiſh, ſhould give any ſuſpicion that it is a diſtinct ſpecies: the nature of the waters might increaſe the thickneſs; or the ſuperior quantity of ſhell-fiſh, which may more frequently call for the uſe of its comminuting powers than thoſe of our trouts, might occaſion this difference. I had opportunity of comparing the ſtomach of a great *Gillaroo* trout, with a large one from the Uxbridge river. The laſt, if I recollect, was ſmaller, and out of ſeaſon; and its ſtomach (notwithſtanding it was very thick) was much inferior in ſtrength to that of the former: but on the whole, there was not the leaſt ſpecific difference between the two ſubjects.

Trouts are moſt voracious fiſh, and afford excellent diverſion to the angler: the paſſion for the ſport of angling is ſo great in the neighbourhood of London, that the liberty of fiſhing in ſome of the ſtreams in the adjacent counties, is purchaſed at the rate of ten pounds per annum.

Theſe fiſh ſhift their quarters to ſpawn, and, like ſalmon, make up towards the heads of rivers to depoſit their roes. The under jaw of the trout is ſubject, at certain times, to the ſame curvature as that of the ſalmon.

A trout taken in Llynallet, in Denbighſhire, which is famous for an excellent kind, meaſured ſeventeen inches, its depth three and three quarters, its weight one pound ten ounces: the head thick; the noſe rather ſharp: the upper jaw a little longer than the lower; both jaws, as well as the head, were of a pale brown, blotched with black: the teeth ſharp and ſtrong, diſpoſed in the jaws, roof of the mouth and tongue, as is the caſe with the whole genus, except the *gwyniad*, which is toothleſs, and the *grayling*, which has none on its tongue.

The back was duſky; the ſides tinged with a purpliſh bloom; marked with deep purple ſpots, mixed with black, above and below the ſide line which was ſtrait: the belly white.

The fiſt dorsal fin was ſpotted; the ſpurious fin brown, tipped with red; the pectoral, ventral, and anal fins, of a pale brown; the edges of the anal fin white: the tail very little forked when extended.

§ 25. *The PIKE or JACK.*

The pike is common in most of the lakes of Europe, but the largest are those taken in Lapland, which, according to Schæffer, are sometimes eight feet long. They are taken there in great abundance, dried, and exported for sale. The largest fish of this kind which we ever heard of in England, weighed thirty-five pounds.

According to the common saying, these fish were introduced into England in the reign of Henry VIII. in 1537. They were so rare, that a pike was sold for double the price of a house-lamb in February, and a pickerel for more than a fat capon.

All writers who treat of this species bring instances of its vast voraciousness. We have known one that was choked by attempting to swallow one of its own species that proved too large a morsel. Yet its jaws are very loosely connected; and have on each side an additional bone like the jaw of a viper, which renders them capable of greater distension when it swallows its prey. It does not confine itself to feed on fish and frogs; it will devour the water rat, and draw down the young ducks as they are swimming about. In a manuscript note which we found, p. 244, of our copy of Plott's History of Staffordshire, is the following extraordinary fact: "At Lord Gower's canal at Trentham, a pike seized the head of a swan as she was feeding under water, and gorged so much of it as killed them both. The servants perceiving the swan with its head under water for a longer time than usual, took the boat, and found both swan and pike dead*."

But there are instances of its fierceness still more surprising, and which indeed border a little on the marvellous. Gefner† relates, that a famished pike in the Rhone seized on the lips of a mule that was brought to water, and that the beast drew the fish out before it could disengage itself. That people have been bit by these voracious creatures while they were washing their legs, and that they will even contend with the otter for its prey, and endeavour to force it out of its mouth.

Small fish shew the same uneasiness and detestation at the presence of this tyrant, as the little birds do at the sight of the hawk or owl. When the pike lies dormant near

the surface (as is frequently the case) the lesser fish are often observed to swim around it in vast numbers, and in great anxiety. Pike are often haltered in a noose, and taken while they lie thus asleep, as they are often found in the ditches near the Thames, in the month of May.

In the shallow water of the Lincolnshire fens they are frequently taken in a manner peculiar, we believe, to that county, and the isle of Ceylon. The fishermen make use of what is called a crown-net, which is no more than a hemispherical basket, open at top and bottom. He stands at the end of one of the little fenboats, and frequently puts his basket down to the bottom of the water, then poking a stick into it, discovers whether he has any booty by the striking of the fish: and vast numbers of pike are taken in this manner.

The longevity of this fish is very remarkable, if we may credit the accounts given of it. Rzaczynski tells us of one that was ninety years old; but Gefner relates that in the year 1497, a pike was taken near Hailbrun, in Suabia, with a brazen ring affixed to it, on which were these words in Greek characters: *I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the governor of the universe, Frederick, the second, the 5th of October, 1230:* so that the former must have been an infant to this Methusalem of a fish.

Pikes spawn in March or April, according to the coldness or warmth of the weather. When they are in high season their colours are very fine, being green, spotted with bright yellow; and the gills are of a most vivid and full red. When out of season, the green changes to grey, and the yellow spots turn pale.

The head is very flat; the upper jaw broad, and is shorter than the lower; the under jaw turns up a little at the end, and is marked with minute punctures.

The teeth are very sharp, disposed only in the front of the upper jaw, but in both sides of the lower, in the roof of the mouth, and often the tongue. The slit of the mouth, or the gape, is very wide; the eyes small.

The dorsal fin is placed very low on the back, and consists of twenty-one rays; the pectoral of fifteen; the ventral of eleven; the anal of eighteen.

The tail is bifurcated.

§ 26. *The CARP.*

This is one of the naturalized fish of our country, having been introduced here by Leonard

* This note we afterwards discovered was wrote by Mr. Plott, of Oxford, who assured me he inserted it on good authority.

† Gefner pisc. 503.

Leonard Maschal, about the year 1514*, to whom we were also indebted for that excellent apple the pepin. The many good things that our island wanted before that period, are enumerated in this old distich:

Turkies, carps, hops, pickerel, and beer,
Came into England all in one year.

As to the two last articles we have some doubts, the others we believe to be true. Russia wants these fish at this day; Sweden has them only in the ponds of the people of fashion: Polish Prussia is the chief seat of the carp; they abound in the rivers and lakes of that country, particularly in the Frisch and Curisch-haff, where they are taken of a vast size. They are there a great article of commerce, and sent in well-boats to Sweden and Russia. The merchants purchase them out of the waters of the noblesse of the country, who draw a good revenue from this article. Neither are there wanting among our gentry, instances of some who make good profit of their ponds.

The ancients do not separate the carp from the sea fish. We are credibly informed that they are sometimes found in the harbour of Dantzick, between the town and a small place called Hela.

Carp are very long lived. Gesner brings an instance of one that was an hundred years old. They also grow to a very great size. On our own knowledge we can speak of none that exceeded twenty pounds in weight; but Jovius says, that they were sometimes taken in the Lacus Larius (the Lago di Como) of two hundred pounds weight; and Rzaczynski mentions others taken in the Dniefter that were five feet in length.

They are also extremely tenacious of life, and will live for a most remarkable time out of water. An experiment has been made by placing a carp in a net, well wrapped up in wet moss, the mouth only remaining out, and then hung up in a cellar, or some cool place: the fish is frequently fed with white bread and milk, and is besides often plunged into water. Carp thus managed have been known, not only to have lived above a fortnight, but to grow exceedingly fat, and far superior in taste to those that are immediately killed from the pond †.

* Fuller's British Worthies, Suffex. 113.

† This was told me by a gentleman of the utmost veracity, who had twice made the experiment. The same fact is related by that pious philosopher Doctor Derham, in his *Physico-Theology*, edit. 9th. 1737. ch. i. p. 7. n. c.

The carp is a prodigious breeder: its quantity of roe has been sometimes found so great, that when taken out and weighed against the fish itself, the former has been found to preponderate. From the spawn of this fish caviare is made for the Jews, who hold this sturgeon in abhorrence.

These fish are extremely cunning, and on that account are by some styled the *river fox*. They will sometimes leap over the nets, and escape that way; at others, will immerse themselves so deep in the mud, as to let the net pass over them. They are also very shy of taking a bait; yet at the spawning time they are so simple, as to suffer themselves to be tickled, handled, and caught by any body that will attempt it.

This fish is apt to mixt its milt with the roe of other fish, from which is produced a spurious breed: we have seen the offspring of the carp and tench, which bore the greatest resemblance to the first: have also heard of the same mixture between the carp and bream.

The carp is of a thick shape: the scales very large and when in best season of a fine gilded hue.

The jaws are of equal length; there are two teeth in the jaws, or on the tongue; but at the entrance of the gullet, above and below, are certain bones that act on each other, and comminute the food before it passes down.

On each side of the mouth is a single beard; above those on each side another, but shorter: the dorsal fin extends far towards the tail, which is a little bifurcated; the third ray of the dorsal fin is very strong, and armed with sharp teeth, pointing downwards; the third ray of the anal fin is constructed in the same manner.

§ 27. *The BARBEL.*

This fish was so extremely coarse, as to be overlooked by the ancients till the time of Ausonius, and what he says is no panegyric on it; for he lets us know it loves deep waters, and that when it grows old it was not absolutely bad.

Laxos exerceo BARBE natatus,
Tu melior pejore meo, tibi contigit uni
Spirantum ex numero non inlaudata senectus.

It frequents the still and deep parts of rivers, and lives in society, rooting like swine with their noses in the soft banks. It is so tame as to suffer itself to be taken with the hand; and people have been known to

take numbers by diving for them. In summer they move about during night in search of food, but towards autumn, and during winter, confine themselves to the deepest holes,

They are the worst and coarsest of fresh water fish, and seldom eat but by the poorer sort of people, who sometimes boil them with a bit of bacon to give them a relish. The roe is very noxious, affecting those who unwarily eat of it with a nausea, vomiting, purging, and a slight swelling.

It is sometimes found of the length of three feet, and eighteen pounds in weight: it is of a long and rounded form: the scales not large.

Its head is smooth: the nostrils placed near the eyes: the mouth is placed below: on each corner is a single beard, and another on each side the nose.

The dorsal fin is armed with a remarkable strong spine, sharply serrated, with which it can inflict a very severe wound on the incautious handler, and even do much damage to the nets.

The pectoral fins are of a pale brown colour; the ventral and anal tipped with yellow: the tail a little bifurcated, and of a deep purple: the side line is straight.

The scales are of a pale gold colour, edged with black: the belly is white.

§ 28. *THE TENCH.*

The tench underwent the same fate with the barbel, in respect to the notice taken of it by the early writers, and even Ausonius, who first mentions it, treats it with such disrespect as evinces the great capriciousness of taste; for that fish, which at present is held in such good repute, was in his days the repast only of the canaille.

Quis non et virides vulgi solatia Tincas
Norit?

It has been by some called the Physician of the fish, and that the slime is so healing, that the wounded apply it as a styptic. The ingenious Mr. Diaper, in his piscatory eclogues, says, that even the voracious pike will spare the tench on account of its healing powers:

The Tench he spares a medicinal kind:
For when by wounds distressed, or sore diseased,
He courts the salutary fish for ease;
Close to his scales the kind physician glides,
And sweats a healing balsam from his sides.

Ecl. II.

Whatever virtue its slime may have to the inhabitants of the water, we will not

vouch for, but its flesh is a wholesome and delicious food to those of the earth. The Germans are of a different opinion. By way of contempt, they call it Shoemaker. Gesner even says, that it is insipid and unwholesome.

It does not commonly exceed four or five pounds in weight, but we have heard of one that weighed ten pounds; Salvianus speaks of some that arrived at twenty pounds.

They love still waters, and are rarely found in rivers: they are very foolish, and easily caught.

The tench is thick and short in proportion to its length: the scales are very small, and covered with slime.

The irides are red: there is sometimes, but not always, a small beard at each corner of the mouth.

The colour of the back is dusky; the dorsal and ventral fins of the same colour; the head, sides, and belly, of a greenish cast, most beautifully mixed with gold, which is in its greatest splendor when the fish is in the highest season.

The tail is quite even at the end, and very broad.

§ 29. *THE GUDGEON.*

Aristotle mentions the gudgeon in two places; once as a river fish, and again as a species that was gregarious: in a third place he describes it as a sea fish: we must therefore consider the *Kacæos* he mentions, lib. ix. c. 2. and lib. viii. c. 19. as the same with our species.

This fish is generally found in gentle streams, and is of a small size: those few, however, that are caught in the Kennet, and Cole, are three times the weight of those taken elsewhere. The largest we ever heard of was taken near Uxbridge, and weighed half a pound.

They bite eagerly, and are assembled by raking the bed of the river; to this spot they immediately crowd in shoals, expecting food from this disturbance.

The shape of the body is thick and round: the irides tinged with red: the gill covers with green and silver: the lower jaw is shorter than the upper: at each corner of the mouth is a single beard: the back olive, spotted with black: the side line straight: the sides beneath that silvery: the belly white.

The tail is forked; that, as well as the dorsal fin, is spotted with black.

§ 30. *The BREAM.*

The bream is an inhabitant of lakes, or the deep parts of still rivers. It is a fish that is very little esteemed, being extremely insipid.

It is extremely deep, and thin in proportion to its length. The back rises very much, and is very sharp at the top. The head and mouth are small: on some we examined in the spring, were abundance of minute whitish tubercles; an accident which Pliny seems to have observed befalls the fish of the Lago Maggiore, and Lago di Como. The scales are very large: the sides flat and thin.

The dorsal fin has eleven rays, the second of which is the longest: that fin, as well as all the rest, are of a dusky colour; the back of the same hue: the sides yellowish.

The tail is very large, and of the form of a crescent.

§ 31. *The CRUCIAN.*

This species is common in many of the fish-ponds about London, and other parts of the south of England; but I believe is not a native fish.

It is very deep and thick: the back is much arched: the dorsal fin consists of nineteen rays; the two first strong, and serrated. The pectoral fins have (each) thirteen rays; the ventral nine; the anal seven or eight: the lateral line parallel with the belly: the tail almost even at the end.

The colour of the fish in general is a deep yellow; the meat is coarse, and little esteemed.

§ 32. *The ROACH.*

'Sound as a roach,' is a proverb that appears to be but indifferently founded, that fish being not more distinguished for its vivacity than many others; yet it is used by the French as well as us, who compare people of strong health to their *gardon*, our roach.

It is a common fish, found in many of our deep still rivers, affecting, like the others of this genus, quiet waters. It is gregarious, keeping in large shoals. We have never seen them very large. Old Walton speaks of some that weighed two pounds. In a list of fish sold in the London markets, with the greatest weight of each, communicated to us by an intelligent fishmonger, is mention of one whose weight was five pounds.

The roach is deep but thin, and the

back is much elevated, and sharply ridged: the scales large, and fall off very easily. Side line bends much in the middle towards the belly.

§ 33. *The DACE.*

This, like the roach, is gregarious, haunts the same places, is a great breeder, very lively, and during summer is very fond of frolicking near the surface of the water. This fish and the roach are coarse and insipid meat.

Its head is small: the irides of a pale yellow: the body long and slender: its length seldom above ten inches, though in the above-mentioned list is an account of one that weighed a pound and an half: the scales smaller than those of the roach.

The back is varied with dusky, with a cast of a yellowish green: the sides and belly silvery: the dorsal fin dusky: the ventral, anal, and caudal fins red, but less so than those of the former: the tail is very much forked.

§ 34. *The CHUB.*

Salvianus imagines this fish to have been the *squalus* of the ancients, and grounds his opinion on a supposed error in a certain passage in Columella and Varro, where he would substitute the word *squalus* instead of *scarus*: Columella says no more than that the old Romans paid much attention to their stews, and kept even the sea-fish in fresh water, paying as much respect to the mullet and *scarus*, as those of his days did to the *muræna* and *bass*.

That the *scarus* was not our chub, is very evident; not only because the chub is entirely an inhabitant of fresh waters, but likewise it seems improbable that the Romans would give themselves any trouble about the worst of river fish, when they neglected the most delicious kinds; all their attention was directed towards those of the sea: the difficulty of procuring them seems to have been the criterion of their value, as is ever the case with effete luxury.

The chub is a very coarse fish, and full of bones: it frequents the deep holes of rivers, and during summer commonly lies on the surface, beneath the shade of some tree or bush. It is a very timid fish, sinking to the bottom on the least alarm, even at the passing of a shadow, but they will soon resume their situation. It feeds on worms, caterpillars, grasshoppers, beetles, and other coleopterous insects that happen to fall into the water, and it will even feed on cray-fish. This fish will rise to a g.

This

This fish takes its name from its head, not only in our own, but in other languages: we call it *chub*, according to Skinner, from the old English, *cop*, a head; the French, *reghard*; the Italians, *capitone*.

It does not grow to a large size; we have known some that weighed above five pounds, but Salvianus speaks of others that were eight or nine pounds in weight.

The body is oblong, rather round, and of a pretty equal thickness the greatest part of the way: the scales are large.

The irides silvery; the cheeks of the same colour: the head and back of a deep dusky green; the sides silvery, but in the summer yellow: the belly white: the pectoral fins of a pale yellow: the ventral and anal fins red: the tail a little forked, of a brownish hue, but tinged with blue at the end.

§ 35. *The BLEAK.*

The taking of these, Ausonius lets us know, was the sport of children,

ALBURNOS prædam puerilibus hamis.

They are very common in many of our rivers, and keep together in large shoals. These fish seem at certain seasons to be in great agonies; they tumble about near the surface of the water, and are incapable of swimming far from the place, but in about two hours recover, and disappear. Fish thus affected the Thames fishermen call *mad bleaks*. They seem to be troubled with a species of *gordius* or hair-worm, of the same kind with those which Aristotle* says that the *ballerus* and *tislo* are infested with, which torments them so that they rise to the surface of the water and then die.

Artificial pearls are made with the scales of this fish, and we think of the dace. They are beat into a fine powder, then diluted with water, and introduced into a thin glass bubble, which is afterwards filled with wax. The French were the inventors of this art. Doctor Lister† tells us, that when he was at Paris, a certain artist used in one winter thirty hampers full of fish in this manufacture.

The bleak seldom exceeds five or six inches in length: their body is slender, greatly compressed sideways, not unlike that of the sprat.

The eyes are large: the irides of a pale yellow: the under jaw the longest: the lateral line crooked: the gills silvery: the back green: the sides and belly silvery: the

* Hist. an. lib. viii. c. 20.

† Journey to Paris, 142.

fins pellucid: the scales fall off very easily: the tail much forked.

§ 36. *The WHITE BAIT.*

During the month of July there appear in the Thames, near Blackwall and Greenwich, innumerable multitudes of small fish, which are known to the Londoners by the name of White Bait. They are esteemed very delicious when fried with fine flour, and occasion, during the season, a vast resort of the lower order of epicures to the taverns contiguous to the places they are taken at.

There are various conjectures about this species, but all terminate in a supposition that they are the fry of some fish, but few agree to which kind they owe their origin. Some attribute it to the shad, others to the sprat, the smelt, and the bleak. That they neither belong to the shad, nor the sprat, is evident from the number of branchiostegous rays, which in those are eight, in this only three. That they are not the young of smelts is as clear, because they want the *pinna adiposa*, or rayless fin; and that they are not the offspring of the bleak is extremely probable, since we never heard of the white bait being found in any other river, notwithstanding the bleak is very common in several of the British streams: but as the white bait bears a greater similarity to this fish than to any other we have mentioned, we give it a place here as an appendage to the bleak, rather than form a distinct article of a fish which it is impossible to class with certainty.

It is evident that it is of the carp or *cyprinus* genus; it has only three branchiostegous rays, and only one dorsal fin; and in respect to the form of the body, is compressed like that of the bleak.

Its usual length is two inches: the under jaw is the longest: the irides silvery, the pupil black: the dorsal fin is placed nearer to the head than to the tail, and consists of about fourteen rays: the side line is straight: the tail forked, the tips black.

The head, sides, and belly, are silvery; the back tinged with green.

§ 37. *The MINOW.*

This beautiful fish is frequent in many of our small gravelly streams, where they keep in shoals.

The body is slender and smooth, the scales being extremely small. It seldom exceeds three inches in length.

The

The lateral line is of a golden colour: the back flat, and of a deep olive: the sides and belly vary greatly in different fish; in a few are of a rich crimson, in others bluish, in others white. The tail is forked, and marked near the base with a dusky spot.

§ 38. *The GOLD FISH.*

These fish are now quite naturalized in this country, and breed as freely in the open waters as the common carp.

They were first introduced into England about the year 1691, but were not generally known till 1728, when a great number were brought over, and presented first to Sir Mathew Dekker, and by him circulated round the neighbourhood of London, from whence they have been distributed to most parts of the country.

In China the most beautiful kinds are taken in a small lake in the province of Che-Kyang. Every person of fashion keeps them for amusement, either in porcelaine vessels, or in the small basons that decorate the courts of the Chinese houses. The beauty of their colours and their lively motions give great entertainment, especially to the ladies, whose pleasures, by

reason of the cruel policy of that country, are extremely limited.

In form of the body they bear a great resemblance to a carp. They have been known in this island to arrive at the length of eight inches; in their native place they are said * to grow to the size of our largest herring.

The nostrils are tubular, and form a sort of appendage above the nose: the dorsal fin and the tail vary greatly in shape: the tail is naturally bifid, but in many is trifid, and in some even quadrifid: the anal fins are the strongest characters of this species, being placed not behind one another like those of other fish, but opposite each other like the ventral fins.

The colours vary greatly; some are marked with a fine blue, with brown, with bright silver; but the general predominant colour is gold, of a most amazing splendor; but their colours and form need not be dwelt on, since those who want opportunity of seeing the living fish, may survey them expressed in the most animated manner, in the works of our ingenious and honest friend Mr. George Edwards.

Pennant.

* Du Halde, 316.

A NEW CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE of Remarkable Events, Discoveries, and Inventions:

Also, the *Æra*, the Country, and Writings of Learned Men.

The whole comprehending, in one View, the Analysis or Outlines of General History from the Creation to the present Time.

Before
Christ.

4004 **T**HE creation of the world, and Adam and Eve.

4003 The birth of Cain, the first who was born of a woman.

3017 Enoch, for his piety, is translated into Heaven.

2348 The old world is destroyed by a deluge which continued 377 days.

2247 The tower of Babel is built about this time by Noah's posterity, upon which God miraculously confounds their language, and thus disperses them into different nations.

About the same time Noah is, with great probability, supposed to have parted from his rebellious offspring, and to have led a colony of some of the more tractable into the East, and there either he or one of his successors to have founded the ancient Chinese monarchy.

2234 The

- 2234 The celestial observations are begun at Babylon, the city which first gave birth to learning and the sciences.
- 2188 Misraim, the son of Ham, founds the kingdom of Egypt, which lasted 1663 years, down to the conquest of Cambyfes, in 525 before Christ.
- 2059 Ninus, the son of Belus, founds the kingdom of Assyria, which lasted above 1000 years, and out of its ruins were formed the Assyrians of Babylon, those of Nineveh, and the kingdom of the Medes.
- 1921 The covenant of God made with Abram, when he leaves Haran to go into Canaan, which begins the 430 years of sojourning.
- 1897 The cities of Sodom and Gomorrah are destroyed for their wickedness, by fire from Heaven.
- 1856 The kingdom of Argos, in Greece, begins under Inachus.
- 1822 Memnon, the Egyptian, invents the letters.
- 1715 Prometheus first struck fire from flints.
- 1635 Joseph dies in Egypt, which concludes the book of Genesis, containing a period of 2369 years.
- 1574 Aaron born in Egypt: 1490, appointed by God first high-priest of the Israelites.
- 1571 Moses, brother to Aaron, born in Egypt, and adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, who educates him in all the learning of the Egyptians.
- 1556 Cecrops brings a colony of Saites from Egypt into Attica, and begins the kingdom of Athens, in Greece.
- 1546 Scamander comes from Crete into Phrygia, and begins the kingdom of Troy.
- 1493 Cadmus carried the Phœnician letters into Greece, and built the citadel of Thebes.
- 1491 Moses performs a number of miracles in Egypt, and departs from that kingdom, together with 600,000 Israelites, besides children; which completed the 430 years of sojourning. They miraculously pass through the Red Sea, and come to the desert of Sinai, where Moses receives from God, and delivers to the people, the Ten Commandments, and the other laws, and sets up the tabernacle, and in it the Ark of the covenant.
- 1485 The first ship that appeared in Greece was brought from Egypt by Danaus, who arrived at Rhodes, and brought with him his fifty daughters.
- 1453 The first Olympic games celebrated at Olympia, in Greece.
- 1452 The Pentateuch, or five first books of Moses, are written in the land of Moab, where he died the year following, aged 110.
- 1451 The Israelites, after sojourning in the wilderness forty years, are led under Joshua into the land of Canaan, where they fix themselves, after having subdued the natives; and the period of the sabbatical year commences.
- 1406 Iron is found in Greece from the accidental burning of the woods.
- 1198 The rape of Helen by Paris, which, in 1193, gave rise to the Trojan war, and siege of Troy by the Greeks, which continued ten years, when that city was taken and burnt.
- 1048 David is sole king of Israel.
- 1004 The Temple is solemnly dedicated by Solomon.
- 896 Elijah, the prophet, is translated to Heaven.
- 894 Money first made of gold and silver at Argos.
- 869 The city of Carthage, in Africa, founded by queen Dido.
- 814 The kingdom of Macedon begins.
- 753 Era of the building of Rome in Italy by Romulus, first king of the Romans.
- 720 Samaria taken, after three years siege, and the kingdom of Israel finished, by Sennacherib, king of Assyria, who carries the ten tribes into captivity.
- The first eclipse of the moon on record.
- 658 Byzantium (now Constantinople) built by a colony of Athenians.
- 604 By order of Necho, king of Egypt, some Phœnicians sailed from the Red Sea round Africa, and returned by the Mediterranean.
- 600 Thales, of Miletus, travels into Egypt, consults the priests of Memphis, acquires the knowledge of geometry, astronomy, and philosophy; returns to Greece, calculates eclipses, gives general notions of the universe, and maintains that one Supreme Intelligence regulates all its motions.

- 600 Maps, globes, and the signs of the Zodiac, invented by Anaximander, the scholar of Thales.
- 597 Jehoiakin, king of Judah, is carried away captive, by Nebuchadnezzar, to Babylon.
- 587 The city of Jerusalem taken, after a siege of 18 months.
- 562 The first comedy at Athens acted upon a moveable scaffold.
- 559 Cyrus the first king of Persia.
- 538 The kingdom of Babylon finished; that city being taken by Cyrus, who, in 536, issues an edict for the return of the Jews.
- 534 The first tragedy was acted at Athens, on a waggon, by Theſpis.
- 526 Learning is greatly encouraged at Athens, and a public library first founded.
- 515 The second Temple at Jerusalem is finished under Darius.
- 509 Tarquin the seventh and last king of the Romans, is expelled, and Rome is governed by two consuls, and other republican magistrates, till the battle of Pharsalia, being a space of 461 years.
- 504 Sardis taken and burnt by the Athenians, which gave occasion to the Persian invasion of Greece.
- 486 Æschylus, the Greek poet first gains the prize of tragedy.
- 481 Xerxes the Great, king of Persia, begins his expedition against Greece.
- 458 Ezra is sent from Babylon to Jerusalem, with the captive Jews, and the vessels of gold and silver, &c. being seventy weeks of years, or 490 years before the crucifixion of our Saviour.
- 454 The Romans send to Athens for Solon's laws.
- 451 The Decemvirs created at Rome, and the laws of the twelve tables compiled and ratified.
- 430 The history of the Old Testament finishes about this time.
Malachi the last of the prophets.
- 400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy among the Greeks, believes the immortality of the soul, and a state of rewards and punishments, for which, and other sublime doctrines, he is put to death by the Athenians, who soon after repent, and erect to his memory a statue of brass.
- 331 Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, conquers Darius king of Persia, and other nations of Asia. 323, Dies at Babylon, and his empire is divided by his generals into four kingdoms.
- 285 Dionysius, of Alexandria, began his astronomical era on Monday, June 26, being the first who found the exact solar year to consist of 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes.
- 284 Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, employs seventy-two interpreters to translate the Old Testament into the Greek language, which is called the Septuagint.
- 269 The first coining of silver at Rome.
- 264 The first Punic war begins, and continues 23 years. The chronology of the Arundelian marbles composed.
- 260 The Romans first concern themselves in naval affairs, and defeat the Carthaginians at sea.
- 237 Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, causes his son Hannibal, at nine years old, to swear eternal enmity to the Romans.
- 218 The second Punic war begins, and continues 17 years. Hannibal passes the Alps, and defeats the Romans in several battles; but, being amused by his women, does not improve his victories by the storming of Rome.
- 190 The first Roman army enters Asia, and from the spoils of Antiochus brings the Asiatic luxury first to Rome.
- 168 Perseus defeated by the Romans, which ends the Macedonian kingdom.
- 167 The first library erected at Rome, of books brought from Macedonia.
- 163 The government of Judea under the Maccabees begins, and continues 126 years.
- 146 Carthage, the rival to Rome, is razed to the ground by the Romans.
- 135 The history of the Apocrypha ends.
- 52 Julius Cæsar makes his first expedition into Britain.

- 47 The battle of Pharfalia between Cæsar and Pompey, in which the latter is defeated.
 The Alexandrian library, consisting of 400,000 valuable books, burnt by accident.
 45 The war of Africa, in which Cato kills himself.
 The solar year introduced by Cæsar.
 44 Cæsar, the greatest of the Roman conquerors, after having fought fifty pitched battles, and slain 1,192,000 men, and overturned the liberties of his country, is killed in the senate-house.
 35 The battle of Actium fought, in which Mark Antony and Cleopatra are totally defeated by Octavius, nephew to Julius Cæsar.
 30 Alexandria, in Egypt, is taken by Octavius, upon which Antony and Cleopatra put themselves to death, and Egypt is reduced to a Roman province.
 27 Octavius, by a decree of the senate, obtains the title of Augustus Cæsar, and an absolute exemption from the laws, and is properly the first Roman emperor.
 8 Rome at this time is fifty miles in circumference, and contains 463,000 men fit to bear arms.

The temple of Janus is shut by Augustus as an emblem of universal peace, and JESUS CHRIST is born on Monday, December 25.

A. C.

- 12 ——— disputes with the doctors in the Temple;
 27 ——— is baptized in the Wilderness by John;
 33 ——— is crucified on Friday, April 3, at 3 o'clock P. M.
 His Resurrection on Sunday, April 5: his Ascension, Thursday, May 14.
 36 St. Paul converted.
 39 St. Matthew writes his Gospel.
 Pontius Pilate kills himself.
 40 The name of Christians first given at Antioch to the followers of Christ.
 43 Claudius Cæsar's expedition into Britain.
 44 St. Mark writes his Gospel.
 49 London is founded by the Romans; 368, surrounded by ditto with a wall, some parts of which are still observable.
 51 Caractacus, the British king, is carried in chains to Rome.
 52 The council of the Apostles at Jerusalem.
 55 St. Luke writes his Gospel.
 59 The emperor Nero puts his mother and brothers to death.
 ——— persecutes the Druids in Britain.
 61 Boadicea, the British queen, defeats the Romans; but is conquered soon after by Suetonius, governor of Britain.
 62 St. Paul is sent in bonds to Rome—writes his Epistles between 51 and 66.
 63 The Acts of the Apostles written.
 Christianity is supposed to be introduced into Britain by St. Paul, or some of his disciples, about this time.
 64 Rome set on fire, and burned for six days; upon which began (under Nero) the first persecution against the Christians.
 67 St. Peter and St. Paul put to death.
 70 Whilst the factious Jews are destroying one another with mutual fury, Titus, the Roman general, takes Jerusalem, which is razed to the ground, and the plough made to pass over it.
 83 The philosophers expelled Rome by Domitian.
 85 Julius Agricola, governor of South Britain, to protect the civilized Britons from the incursions of the Caledonians, builds a line of forts between the rivers Forth and Clyde; defeats the Caledonians under Galgacus on the Grampian hills; and first sails round Britain which he discovers to be an island.
 96 St. John the Evangelist wrote his Revelation—his Gospel in 97.
 121 The Caledonians reconquer from the Romans all the southern parts of Scotland; upon which the emperor Adrian builds a wall between Newcastle and Carlisle; but this also proving ineffectual, Pollius Urbicus, the Roman general, about the year 144, repairs Agricola's forts, which he joins by a wall four yards thick.
 135 The second Jewish war ends, when they were all banished Judæa.

- 139 Justin writes his first Apology for the Christians.
 141 A number of heresies appear about this time.
 152 The emperor Antoninus Pius stops the persecution against the Christians.
 217 The Septuagint said to be found in a cask.
 222 About this time the Roman empire begins to sink under its own weight. The Barbarians begin their irruptions, and the Goths have annual tribute not to molest the empire.
 260 Valerius is taken prisoner by Sapor, king of Persia, and slayed alive.
 274 Silk first brought from India: the manufactory of it introduced into Europe by some monks, 551: first worn by the clergy in England, 1534.
 291 Two emperors, and two Cæsars, march to defend the four quarters of the empire.
 306 Constantine the Great begins his reign.
 308 Cardinals first began.
 313 The tenth persecution ends by an edict of Constantine, who favours the Christians, and gives full liberty to their religion.
 314 Three bishops, or fathers, are sent from Britain to assist at the council of Arles.
 325 The first general council at Nice, when 318 fathers attended, against Arius, where was composed the famous Nicene Creed, which we attribute to them.
 328 Constantine removes the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, which is thenceforwards called Constantinople.
 331 ——— orders all the heathen temples to be destroyed.
 363 The Roman emperor Julian, surnamed the Apostate, endeavours in vain to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem.
 364 The Roman empire is divided into the eastern (Constantinople the Capital) and western (of which Rome continued to be the capital) each being now under the government of different emperors.
 400 Bells invented by bishop Paulinus, of Campagna.
 404 The kingdom of Caledonia, or Scotland, revives under Fergus.
 406 The Vandals, Alans, and Suevi, spread into France and Spain, by a concession of Honorius, emperor of the West.
 410 Rome taken and plundered by Alaric, king of the Visi-Goths.
 412 The Vandals begin their kingdom in Spain.
 420 The kingdom of France begins upon the Lower Rhine, under Pharamond.
 426 The Romans, reduced to extremities at home, withdraw their troops from Britain, and never return; advising the Britons to arm in their own defence, and trust to their own valour.
 445 The Britons, now left to themselves, are greatly harassed by the Scots and Picts, upon which they once more make their complaint to the Romans, but receive no assistance from that quarter.
 447 Attila (surnamed the Scourge of God) with his Huns, ravages the Roman empire.
 449 Vortigern, king of the Britons, invites the Saxons into Britain, against the Scots and Picts.
 455 The Saxons having repulsed the Scots and Picts, invite over more of their countrymen, and begin to establish themselves in Kent, under Hengist.
 476 The western empire is finished, 523 years after the battle of Pharsalia; upon the ruins of which several new states arise in Italy and other parts, consisting of Goths, Vandals, Huns, and other Barbarians, under whom literature is extinguished, and the works of the learned are destroyed.
 496 Clovis, king of France, baptized, and Christianity begins in that kingdom.
 508 Prince Arthur begins his reign over the Britons.
 513 Constantinople besieged by Vitalianus, whose fleet is burned by a speculum of brass.
 516 The computing of time by the Christian æra is introduced by Dionysius the monk.
 529 The code of Justinian, the eastern emperor, is published.
 557 A terrible plague all over Europe, Asia, and Africa, which continues near 50 years.
 581 Latin ceased to be spoken about this time in Italy.
 596 Augustine the monk comes into England with forty monks.

- 606 Here begins the power of the popes, by the concessions of Phocas, emperor of the east.
- 622 Mahomet, the false prophet, flies from Mecca to Medina, in Arabia, in the 44th year of his age, and 10th of his ministry, when he laid the foundation of the Saracen empire, and from whom the Mahometan princes to this day claim their descent. His followers compute their time from this æra, which in Arabic is called Hegira, i. e. the Flight.
- 637 Jerusalem is taken by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet.
- 640 Alexandria in Egypt is taken by ditto, and the grand library there burnt by order of Omar their caliph or prince.
- 653 The Saracens now extend their conquests on every side, and retaliate the barbarities of the Goths and Vandals upon their posterity.
- 664 Glas invented in England by Benalt, a monk.
- 685 The Britons, after a brave struggle of near 150 years, are totally expelled by the Saxons, and driven into Wales and Cornwall.
- 713 The Saracens conquer Spain.
- 726 The controversy about images begins, and occasions many insurrections in the eastern empire.
- 748 The computing of years from the birth of Christ began to be used in history.
- 749 The race of Abbas became caliphs of the Saracens, and encourage learning.
- 762 The city of Bagdad upon the Tigris is made the capital for the caliphs of the house of Abbas.
- 800 Charlemagne, king of France, begins the empire of Germany, afterwards called the western empire; gives the present names to the winds and months; endeavours to restore learning in Europe; but mankind are not yet disposed for it, being solely engrossed in military enterprizes.
- 826 Harold, king of Denmark, dethroned by his subjects, for being a Christian.
- 828 Egbert, king of Wessex, unites the Heptarchy, by the name of England.
- 836 The Flemings trade to Scotland for fish.
- 838 The Scots and Picts have a decisive battle, in which the former prevail, and both kingdoms are united by Kenneth, which begins the second period of the Scottish history.
- 867 The Danes begin their ravages in England.
- 896 Alfred the Great, after subduing the Danish invaders (against whom he fought 56 battles by sea and land), composes his body of laws; divides England into counties, hundreds, and tythings; erects county courts, and founds the university of Oxford, about this time.
- 915 The university of Cambridge founded.
- 936 The Saracen empire is divided by usurpation into seven kingdoms.
- 975 Pope Boniface VII. is deposed and banished for his crimes.
- 979 Coronation oaths said to be first used in England.
- 991 The figures in arithmetic are brought into Europe by the Saracens from Arabia. Letters of the Alphabet were hitherto used.
- 996 Otho III. makes the empire of Germany elective.
- 999 Boleslaus, the first king of Poland.
- 1000 Paper made of cotton rags was in use; that of linen rags in 1170: the manufactory introduced into England at Dartford, 1588.
- 1005 All the old churches are rebuilt about this time in a new manner of architecture.
- 1015 Children forbidden by law to be sold by their parents in England.
- 1017 Canute, king of Denmark, gets possession of England.
- 1040 The Danes, after several engagements with various success, are about this time driven out of Scotland, and never again return in a hostile manner.
- 1041 The Saxon line restored under Edward the Confessor.
- 1043 The Turks (a nation of adventurers from Tartary, serving hitherto in the armies of contending princes) become formidable, and take possession of Persia.
- 1054 Leo IX. the first pope that kept up an army.
- 1057 Malcolm III. king of Scotland, kills the tyrant Macbeth at Dunfinane, and marries the princess Margaret, sister to Edgar Atheling.
- 1065 The Turks take Jerusalem from the Saracens.

- 1066 The battle of Hastings fought, between Harold and William (surnamed the bastard) duke of Normandy, in which Harold is conquered and slain, after which William becomes king of England.
- 1070 William introduces the feudal law.
Musical notes invented.
- 1075 Henry IV. emperor of Germany, and the pope, quarrel about the nomination of the German bishops. Henry in penance, walks barefooted to the pope, towards the end of January.
- 1076 Justices of peace first appointed in England.
- 1080 Doomday-book began to be compiled by order of William, from a survey of all the estates in England, and finished in 1086.
- The Tower of London built by ditto, to curb his English subjects; numbers of whom fly to Scotland, where they introduce the Saxon or English language, are protected by Malcolm, and have lands given them.
- 1091 The Saracens in Spain, being hard pressed by the Spaniards, call to their assistance Joseph, king of Morocco; by which the Moors get possession of all the Saracen dominions in Spain.
- 1096 The first crusade to the Holy Land is begun under several Christian princes, to drive the infidels from Jerusalem.
- 1110 Edgar Atheling, the last of the Saxon princes, dies in England, where he had been permitted to reside as a subject.
- 1118 The order of the Knights Templars instituted, to defend the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and to protect Christian strangers.
- 1151 The canon law collected by Gratian, a monk of Bologna.
- 1163 London bridge, consisting of 19 small arches, first built of stone.
- 1164 The Teutonic order of religious knights begins in Germany.
- 1172 Henry II. king of England (and first of the Plantagenets) takes possession of Ireland; which, from that period, has been governed by an English viceroy, lord-lieutenant.
- 1176 England is divided, by Henry, into six circuits, and justice is dispensed by itinerant judges.
- 1180 Glass windows began to be used in private houses in England.
- 1181 The laws of England are digested about this time by Glanville.
- 1182 Pope Alexander III. compelled the kings of England and France to hold the stirrups of his saddle when he mounted his horse.
- 1186 The great conjunction of the sun and moon, and all the planets in Libra, happened in September.
- 1192 The battle of Alcalon, in Judæa, in which Richard, king of England, defeats Saladin's army, consisting of 300,000 combatants.
- 1194 *Dieu et mon Droit* first used as a motto by Richard, on a victory over the French.
- 1200 Chimnies were not known in England.
Surnames now began to be used; first among the nobility.
- 1208 London incorporated, and obtained their first charter, for electing their Lord Mayor and other magistrates, from king John.
- 1215 Magna Charta is signed by king John and the barons of England.
Court of Common Pleas established.
- 1227 The Tartars, a new race of heroes, under Gengis-Kan, emerge from the northern parts of Asia, over-run all the Saracen empire, and, in imitation of former conquerors, carry death and desolation wherever they march.
- 1233 The Inquisition, begun in 1204, is now trusted to the Dominicans.
The houses of London, and other cities in England, France, and Germany, still thatched with straw.
- 1251 The famous astronomical tables are composed by Alonzo, king of Castile.
- 1258 The Tartars take Bagdad, which finishes the empire of the Saracens.
- 1263 Acho, king of Norway, invades Scotland with 160 sail, and lands 20,000 men at the mouth of the Clyde, who are cut to pieces by Alexander III. who recovers the western isles.
- 1264 According to some writers, the commons of England were not summoned to parliament till this period.

- 1269 The Hamburgh company incorporated in England.
- 1273 The empire of the present Austrian family begins in Germany.*
- 1282 Llewellyn, prince of Wales, defeated and killed by Edward I. who unites that principality to England.
- 1284 Edward II. born at Caernarvon, is the first prince of Wales.
- 1285 Alexander III. king of Scotland, dies, and that kingdom is disputed by twelve candidates, who submit their claims to the arbitration of Edward, king of England; which lays the foundation of a long and desolating war between both nations.
- 1293 There is a regular succession of English parliaments from this year, being the 22d of Edward I.
- 1298 The present Turkish empire begins in Bithynia under Ottoman.
Silver-hafted knives, spoons, and cups, a great luxury.
Tallow candles so great a luxury, that splinters of wood were used for lights.
Wine sold by apothecaries as a cordial.
- 1302 The mariner's compass invented, or improved, by Givias, of Naples.
- 1307 The beginning of the Swiss cantons.
- 1308 The popes remove to Avignon, in France, for 70 years.
- 1310 Lincoln's Inn society established.
- 1314 The battle of Bannockburn, between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, which establishes the latter on the throne of Scotland.
The cardinals set fire to the conclave, and separate. A vacancy in the papal chair for two years.
- 1320 Gold first coined in Christendom; 1344, ditto in England.
- 1336 Two Brabant weavers settle at York, which, says Edward III. may prove of great benefit to us and our subjects.
- 1337 The first comet whose course is described with an astronomical exactness.
- 1340 Gunpowder and guns first invented by Swartz, a monk of Cologne; 1346, Edward III. had four pieces of cannon, which contributed to gain him the battle of Cressy; 1346, bombs and mortars were invented.
Oil-painting first made use of by John Vanneck.
Heralds college instituted in England.
- 1344 The first creation to titles by patents used by Edward III.
- 1346 The battle of Durham, in which David, king of Scots, is taken prisoner.
- 1349 The order of the Garter instituted in England by Edward III. altered in 1557, and consists of 26 knights.
- 1352 The Turks first enter Europe.
- 1354 The money in Scotland till now the same as in England.
- 1356 The battle of Poitiers, in which king John of France, and his son, are taken prisoners by Edward the Black Prince.
- 1357 Coals first brought to London.
- 1358 Arms of England and France first quartered by Edward III.
- 1362 The law pleadings in England changed from French to English, as a favour of Edward III. to his people.
John Wickliffe, an Englishman, begins about this time to oppose the errors of the church of Rome with great acuteness and spirit. His followers are called Lollards.
- 1386 A company of linen-weavers, from the Netherlands, established in London.
Windfor castle built by Edward III.
- 1388 The battle of Otterburn, between Hotspur and the earl of Douglas.
- 1391 Cards invented in France for the king's amusement.
- 1399 Westminster abbey built and enlarged—Westminster hall ditto.
Order of the Bath instituted at the coronation of Henry IV; renewed in 1725, consisting of 38 knights.
- 1410 Guildhall, London, built.
- 1411 The university of St. Andrew's in Scotland founded.
- 1415 The battle of Agincourt gained over the French by Henry V. of England.
- 1428 The siege of Orleans, the first blow to the English power in France.
- 1430 About this time Laurentius of Harlem invented the art of printing, which he practised

- practised with separate wooden types. Guttenburgh afterwards invented cut metal types: but the art was carried to perfection by Peter Schoeffer, who invented the mode of casting the types in matrices. Frederick Corfellis began to print at Oxford, in 1468, with wooden types; but it was William Caxton who introduced into England the art of printing with fustile types, in 1474.
- 1446 The Vatican library founded at Rome.
- The sea breaks in at Dort, in Holland, and drowns 100,000 people.
- 1453 Constantinople taken by the Turks, which ends the eastern empire, 1123 years from its dedication by Constantine the Great, and 2206 years from the foundation of Rome.*
- 1454 The university of Glasgow, in Scotland, founded.
- 1460 Engraving and etching in copper invented.
- 1477 The university of Aberdeen, in Scotland, founded.
- 1483 Richard III. king of England, and last of the Plantagenets, is defeated and killed at the battle of Bosworth, by Henry (Tudor) VII. which puts an end to the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, after a contest of 30 years, and the loss of 100,000 men.
- 1486 Henry establishes fifty yeoman of the guards, the first standing army.
- 1489 Maps and sea-charts first brought to England by Barth. Columbus.
- 1491 William Grocyn publicly teaches the Greek language at Oxford.
- The Moors, hitherto a formidable enemy to the native Spaniards, are entirely subdued by Ferdinand, and become subjects to that prince on certain conditions, which are ill observed by the Spaniards, whose clergy employ the powers of the Inquisition, with all its tortures; and in 1609, near one million of the Moors are driven from Spain to the opposite coast of Africa, from whence they originally came.
- 1492 America first discovered by Columbus, a Genoese, in the service of Spain.
- 1494 Algebra first known in Europe.
- 1497 The Portuguese first sail to the East Indies, by the Cape of Good Hope.
- South America discovered by Americus Vespulius, from whom it has its name.
- 1499 North America ditto, for Henry VII. by Cabot.
- 1500 Maximilian divides the empire of Germany into six circles, and adds four more in 1512.
- 1505 Shillings first coined in England.
- 1509 Gardening introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported hitherto.
- 1513 The battle of Flodden, in which James IV. of Scotland is killed, with the flower of his nobility.
- 1517 Martin Luther began the Reformation.
- Egypt is conquered by the Turks.
- 1518 Magellan, in the service of Spain, first discovers the straits of that name in South America.
- 1520 Henry VIII. for his writings in favour of popery, receives the title of Defender of the Faith from his Holiness.
- 1529 The name of Protestant takes its rise from the Reformed protesting against the church of Rome, at the diet of Spires in Germany.
- 1534 The Reformation takes place in England, under Henry VIII.
- 1537 Religious houses dissolved by ditto.
- 1539 The first English edition of the Bible authorized; the present translation finished 1611.
- About this time cannon began to be used in ships.
- 1543 Silk stockings first worn by the French king; first worn in England by queen Elizabeth, 1561; the steel frame for weaving invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1589.
- Pins first used in England, before which time the ladies used skewers.
- 1544 Good lands let in England at one shilling per acre.
- 1545 The famous council of Trent begins, and continues 18 years.
- 1546 First law in England, establishing the interest of money at ten per cent.
- 1549 Lords lieutenants of counties instituted in England.

- 1550 Horfe guards instituted in England.
 1555 The Russian company established in England.
 1558 Queen Elizabeth begins her reign.
 1560 The Reformation in Scotland completed by John Knox.
 1563 Knives first made in England.
 1569 Royal Exchange first built.
 1572 The great massacre of Protestants at Paris.
 1579 The Dutch shake off the Spanish yoke, and the republic of Holland begins.
 English East India company incorporated—established 1600.
 — Turkey company incorporated.
 1580 Sir Francis Drake returns from his voyage round the world, being the first English circumnavigator.
 Parochial register first appointed in England.
 1582 Pope Gregory introduces the New Style in Italy; the 5th of October being counted 15.
 1583 Tobacco first brought from Virginia into England.
 1587 Mary queen of Scots is beheaded by order of Elizabeth, after 18 years imprisonment.
 1588 The Spanish Armada destroyed by Drake and other English admirals.
 Henry IV. passes the edict of Nantes, tolerating the Protestants.
 1589 Coaches first introduced into England; hackney act 1693; increased to 1000, in 1770.
 1590 Band of pensioners instituted in England.
 1591 Trinity College, Dublin, founded.
 1597 Watches first brought into England from Germany.
 1602 Decimal arithmetic invented at Bruges.
 1603 Queen Elizabeth (the last of the Tudors) dies, and nominates James VI. of Scotland (and first of the Stuarts) as her successor; which unites both kingdoms under the name of Great Britain.
 1605 The gunpowder-plot discovered at Westminster; being a project of the Roman catholics to blow up the king and both houses of parliament.
 1606 Oaths of allegiance first administered in England.
 1608 Galileo, of Florence, first discovers the satellites about the planet Saturn, by the telescope, then just invented in Holland.
 1610 Henry IV. is murdered at Paris, by Ravallac, a priest.
 1611 Baronets first created in England, by James I.
 1614 Napier, of Marcheston, in Scotland, invents the logarithms.
 Sir Hugh Middleton brings the New River to London from Ware.
 1616 The first permanent settlement in Virginia.
 1619 Dr. W. Harvey, an Englishman, discovers the doctrine of the circulation of the blood.
 1620 The broad silk manufactory from raw silk introduced into England.
 1621 New England planted by the Puritans.
 1625 King James dies, and is succeeded by his son, Charles I.
 The island of Barbadoes, the first English settlement in the West Indies, is planted.
 1632 The battle of Lutzen, in which Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and head of the Protestants in Germany, is killed.
 1635 Province of Maryland planted by lord Baltimore.
 Regular posts established from London to Scotland, Ireland, &c.
 1640 King Charles disoblges his Scottish subjects, on which their army, under general Lesley, enters England, and takes Newcastle, being encouraged by the malecontents in England.
 The massacre in Ireland, when 40,000 English Protestants were killed.
 1642 King Charles impeaches five members, who had opposed his arbitrary measures, which begins the civil war in England.
 1643 Excise on beer, ale, &c. first imposed by parliament.
 1649 Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, aged 49.
 1654 Cromwell assumes the protectorship.
 1655 The English, under admiral Penn, take Jamaica from the Spaniards.

- 1658 Cromwell dies, and is succeeded in the protectorship by his son Richard.
- 1660 King Charles II. is restored by Monk, commander of the army, after an exile of twelve years in France and Holland.
Episcopacy restored in England and Scotland.
The people of Denmark, being oppressed by the nobles, surrender their privileges to Frederic III. who becomes absolute.
- 1662 The Royal Society established at London, by Charles II.
- 1663 Carolina planted; 1728, divided into two separate governments.
- 1664 The New Netherlands, in North America, conquered from the Swedes and Dutch, by the English.
- 1665 The plague rages in London, and carries off 68,000 persons.
- 1666 The great fire of London began Sept. 2. and continued three days, in which were destroyed 13,000 houses, and 400 streets.
Tea first used in England.
- 1667 The peace of Breda, which confirms to the English the New Netherlands, now known by the names of Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey.
- 1668 ——— ditto, Aix-la-Chapelle.
St. James's Park planted, and made a thoroughfare for public use, by Charles II.
- 1670 The English Hudson's Bay company incorporated.
- 1672 Lewis XIV. over-runs great part of Holland, when the Dutch open their sluices, being determined to drown their country, and retire to their settlements in the East Indies.
African company established.
- 1678 The peace of Nimeguen.
The habeas corpus act passed.
- 1680 A great comet appeared, and from its nearness to our earth, alarmed the inhabitants. It continued visible from Nov. 3, to March 9.
William Penn, a Quaker, receives a charter for planting Pennsylvania.
- 1683 India stock sold from 360 to 500 per cent.
- 1685 Charles II. dies, aged 55, and is succeeded by his brother, James II.
The duke of Monmouth, natural son to Charles II. raises a rebellion, but is defeated at the battle of Sedgemoor, and beheaded.
The edict of Nantes infamously revoked by Lewis XIV. and the Protestants cruelly persecuted.
- 1687 The palace of Versailles, near Paris, finished by Lewis XIV.
- 1688 The Revolution in Great Britain begins, Nov. 5. King James abdicates, and retires to France, December 3.
King William and Queen Mary, daughter and son-in-law to James, are proclaimed, February 16.
Viscount Dundee stands out for James in Scotland, but is killed by general Mackay, at the battle of Killycrankie; upon which the Highlanders, wearied with repeated misfortunes, disperse.
- 1689 The land-tax passed in England.
The toleration act passed in Ditto.
Several bishops are deprived for not taking the oath to king William.
William Fuller, who pretended to prove the prince of Wales spurious, was voted by the commons to be a notorious cheat, impostor, and false accuser.
- 1690 The battle of the Boyne, gained by William against James in Ireland.
- 1691 The war in Ireland finished, by the surrender of Limerick to William.
- 1692 The English and Dutch fleets, commanded by admiral Russel, defeat the French fleet off La Hogue.
- 1693 Bayonets at the end of loaded muskets first used by the French against the Confederates in the battle of Turin.
The duchy of Hanover made the ninth electorate.
Bank of England established by king William.
The first public lottery was drawn this year.
Massacre of Highlanders at Glencoe, by king William's troops.
- 1694 Queen Mary dies at the age of 33, and William reigns alone.
Stamp duties instituted in England.

- 1696 The peace of Ryswick.
- 1699 The Scots settled a colony at the isthmus of Darien, in America, and called it Caledonia.
- 1700 Charles XII. of Sweden begins his reign.
King James II. dies at St. Germain's in the 68th year of his age.
- 1701 Prussia erected into a kingdom.
Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts established.
- 1702 King William dies, aged 50, and is succeeded by Queen Anne, daughter to James II. who, with the emperor and States General, renews the war against France and Spain.
- 1704 Gibraltar taken from the Spaniards, by admiral Rooke.
The battle of Blenheim won by the duke of Marlborough and Allies, against the French.
The court of Exchequer instituted in England.
- 1706 The treaty of Union betwixt England and Scotland, signed July 22.
The battle of Ramilies won by Marlborough and the Allies.
- 1707 The first British parliament.
- 1708 Minorca taken from the Spaniards by general Stanhope.
The battle of Oudenarde won by Marlborough and the Allies.
Sardinia erected into a kingdom, and given to the duke of Savoy.
- 1709 Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, defeats Charles XII. at Pultowa, who flies to Turkey.
The battle of Malplaquet won by Marlborough and the Allies.
- 1710 Queen Anne changes the Whig Ministry for others more favourable to the interest of her brother, the late Pretender.
The cathedral church of St. Paul, London, rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, in 37 years, at one million expence, by a duty on coals.
The English South-Sea company began.
- 1712 Duke of Hamilton and lord Mohun killed in a duel in Hyde-Park.
- 1713 The peace of Utrecht, whereby Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Britain, and Hudson's Bay, in North America, were yielded to Great Britain; Gibraltar and Minorca, in Europe, were also confirmed to the said crown by this treaty.
- 1714 Queen Anne dies, at the age of fifty, and is succeeded by George I.
Interest reduced to five *per cent*.
- 1715 Lewis XIV. dies, and is succeeded by his great-grandson, Lewis XV.
The rebellion in Scotland begins in September, under the earl of Mar, in favour of the Pretender. The action of Sheriff-muir, and the surrender of Preston, both in November, when the rebels disperse.
- 1716 The Pretender married to the princess Sobieski, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, late king of Poland,
An act passed for septennial parliaments.
- 1719 The Mississippi scheme at its height in France.
Lombe's silk-throwing machine, containing 26,586 wheels, erected at Derby; takes up one-eighth of a mile; one water-wheel moves the rest; and in 24 hours it works 318,504,960 yards of organzine silk thread.
The South-Sea scheme in England begun April 7; was at its height at the end of June; and quite sunk about September 29.
- 1727 King George I. dies, in the 68th year of his age; and is succeeded by his only son, George II.
Inoculation first tried on criminals with success.
Russia, formerly a dukedom, is now established as an empire.
- 1732 Kouli Khan usurps the Persian throne, conquers the Mogul empire, and returns with two hundred and thirty one millions sterling.
Several public-spirited gentlemen begin the settlement of Georgia, in North America.
- 1736 Capt. Porteus, having ordered his soldiers to fire upon the populace at the execution of a smuggler, is himself hanged by the mob at Edinburgh.

- 1738 Westminster-Bridge, consisting of fifteen arches, begun; finished in 1750 at the expence of 389,000 l. defrayed by parliament.
- 1739 Letters of marque issued out in Britain against Spain, July 21, and war declared, October 23.
- 1743 The battle of Dettingen won by the English and Allies, in favour of the queen of Hungary.
- 1744 War declared against France.
Commodore Anson returns from his voyage round the world.
- 1745 The allies lose the battle of Fontenoy.
The rebellion breaks out in Scotland, and the Pretender's army defeated by the duke of Cumberland, at Culloden, April 16, 1746.
- 1746 British Linen Company erected.
- 1748 The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which a restitution of all places, taken during the war, was to be made on all sides.
- 1749 The interest of the British funds reduced to three *per cent*.
British herring fishery incorporated.
- 1751 Frederic, prince of Wales, father to his present majesty, died.
Antiquarian society at London incorporated.
- 1752 The new style introduced into Great Britain, the third of September being counted the fourteenth.
- 1753 The British Museum erected at Montagu-house.
Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, instituted in London.
- 1755 Lisbon destroyed by an earthquake.
- 1756 146 Englishmen are confined in the black hole at Calcutta, in the East Indies, by order of the Nabob, and 123 found dead next morning.
Marine society established at London.
- 1757 Damien attempted to assassinate the French king.
- 1759 General Wolfe is killed in the battle of Quebec, which is gained by the English.
- 1760 King George II. dies, October 25, in the 77th year of his age, and is succeeded by his present majesty, who on the 22d of September, 1761, married the princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz.
Black-Frars bridge, consisting of nine arches, begun; finished 1770, at the expence of 52,840 l. to be discharged by a toll. Toll taken off 1785.
- 1762 War declared against Spain.
Peter III. emperor of Russia, is deposed, imprisoned, and murdered.
American Philosophical Society established in Philadelphia.
George Augustus Frederic, prince of Wales, born August 12.
- 1763 The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, concluded at Paris, February 10, which confirms to Great Britain the extensive provinces of Canada, East and West Florida, and part of Louisiana, in North America; also the islands of Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, in the West Indies.
- 1764 The parliament granted 10,000 l. to Mr. Harrison, for his discovery of the longitude by his time-piece.
- 1765 His majesty's royal charter passed for incorporating the Society of Artists.
An act passed annexing the sovereignty of the island of Man to the crown of Great Britain.
- 1766 April 21, a spot or macula of the sun, more than thrice the bigness of our earth, passed the sun's centre.
- 1768 Academy of painting established in London.
The Turks imprison the Russian ambassador, and declare war against that empire.
- 1771 Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks, in his majesty's ship the Endeavour, lieut. Cook, return from a voyage round the world, having made several important discoveries in the South Seas.
- 1772 The king of Sweden changes the constitution of that kingdom.
The Pretender marries a princess of Germany, grand-daughter of Thomas, late earl of Aylesbury.

- 1772 The emperor of Germany, empress of Russia, and the king of Prussia, strip the king of Poland of great part of his dominions, which they divide among themselves, in violation of the most solemn treaties.
- 1773 Captain Phipps is sent to explore the North Pole, but having made eighty-one degrees, is in danger of being locked up by the ice, and his attempt to discover a passage in that quarter proves fruitless.
- The Jesuits expelled from the Pope's dominions.
- The English East India company having, by conquest or treaty, acquired the extensive provinces of Bengal, Orissa, and Bahar, containing fifteen millions of inhabitants, great irregularities are committed by their servants abroad; upon which, government interferes, and sends out judges, &c. for the better administration of justice.
- The war between the Russians and Turks proves disgraceful to the latter, who lose the islands in the Archipelago, and by sea are every where unsuccessful.
- 1774 Peace is proclaimed between the Russians and Turks.
- The British parliament having passed an act, laying a duty of three-pence per pound upon all teas imported into America, the Colonists, considering this as a grievance, deny the right of the British parliament to tax them.
- Deputies from the several American colonies meet at Philadelphia, as the first General Congress, Sept. 5.
- First petition of Congress to the King, November.
- 1775 April 19. The first action happened in America between the king's troops and the provincials at Lexington.
- May 20, Articles of confederation and perpetual union between the American provinces.
- June 17, A bloody action at Bunker's Hill, between the royal troops and the Americans.
- 1776 March 17. The town of Boston evacuated by the king's troops.
- An unsuccessful attempt, in July, made by commodore Sir Peter Parker, and lieutenant-general Clinton, upon Charles Town, in South Carolina.
- The Congress declare the American colonies free and independent states, July 4.
- The Americans are driven from Long Island, New York, in August, with great loss, and great numbers of them taken prisoners; and the city of New York is afterwards taken possession of by the king's troops.
- December 25, General Washington takes 900 of the Hessians prisoners at Trenton.
- Torture abolished in Poland.
- 1777 General Howe takes possession of Philadelphia.
- Lieutenant-general Burgoyne is obliged to surrender his army at Saratoga, in Canada, by convention, to the American army under the command of the generals Gates and Arnold, October 17.
- 1778 A treaty of alliance concluded at Paris between the French king and the thirteen united American colonies, in which their independence is acknowledged by the court of France, February 6.
- The remains of the earl of Chatham interred at the public expence in Westminster Abbey, June 9, in consequence of a vote of parliament.
- The earl of Carlisle, William Eden, Esq; and George Johnstone, Esq; arrive at Philadelphia the beginning of June, as commissioners for restoring peace between Great Britain and America.
- Philadelphia evacuated by the king's troops, June 18.
- The Congress refuse to treat with the British commissioners, unless the independence of the American colonies were first acknowledged, or the king's fleets and armies withdrawn from America.
- An engagement fought off Brest between the English fleet under the command of admiral Keppel, and the French fleet under the command of the count d'Orvilliers, July 27.
- Dominica taken by the French, Sept. 7.
- Pondicherry surrenders to the arms of Great Britain, Oct. 17.
- St. Lucia taken from the French, Dec. 28.

- 1779 St. Vincent's taken by the French.
Grenada taken by the French, July 3.
- 1780 Torture in courts of justice abolished in France.
The Inquisition abolished in the duke of Modena's dominions.
Admiral Rodney takes twenty-two sail of Spanish ships, Jan. 8.
The same admiral also engages a Spanish fleet under the command of Don Juan de Langara, near Cape St. Vincent, and takes five ships of the line, one more being driven on shore, and another blown up, Jan. 16.
Three actions between admiral Rodney, and the count de Guichen, in the West Indies, in the months of April and May; but none of them decisive.
Charles Town, South Carolina, surrenders to Sir Henry Clinton, May 4.
Pensacola, and the whole province of West Florida, surrender to the arms of the king of Spain, May 9.
The Protestant Association, to the number of 50,000 go up to the House of Commons, with their petition for the repeal of an act passed in favour of the Papists, June 2.
That event followed by the most daring riots, in the city of London, and in Southwark, for several successive days, in which some Popish chapels are destroyed, together with the prisons of Newgate, the King's Bench, the Fleet, several private houses, &c. These alarming riots are at length suppressed by the interposition of the military, and many of the rioters tried and executed for felony.
Five English East Indiamen, and fifty English merchant ships bound for the West Indies, taken by the combined fleets of France and Spain, Aug. 8.
Earl Cornwallis obtains a signal victory over general Gates, near Camden, in South Carolina, in which above 1000 American prisoners are taken, Aug. 16.
Mr. Laurens, late president of the Congress, taken in an American packet, near Newfoundland, Sept. 3.
General Arnold deserts the service of the Congress, escapes to New York, and is made a brigadier-general in the royal service, Sept. 24.
Major André, adjutant-general to the British army, hanged as a spy at Tappan, in the province of New York, Oct. 2.
Mr. Laurens is committed prisoner to the Tower, on a charge of high treason, October 4.
Dreadful hurricanes in the West Indies, by which great devastation is made in Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Dominica, and other Islands, Oct. 3 and 10.
A declaration of hostilities published against Holland, Dec. 20.
- 1781 The Dutch island of St. Eustatia taken by admiral Rodney and general Vaughan, Feb. 3. Retaken by the French, Nov. 27.
Earl Cornwallis obtains a victory, but with considerable loss, over the Americans under general Green, at Guildford, in North Carolina, March 15.
The island of Tobago taken by the French, June 2.
A bloody engagement fought between an English squadron under the command of admiral Parker, and a Dutch squadron under the command of admiral Zoutman, off the Dogger-bank, Aug. 5.
Earl Cornwallis, with a considerable British army, surrendered prisoners of war to the American and French troops, under the command of general Washington and count Rochambeau, at York-town, in Virginia, Oct. 19.
- 1782 Trincomale, on the island of Ceylon, taken by admiral Hughes, Jan. 11.
Minorca surrendered to the arms of the king of Spain, Feb. 5.
The island of St. Christopher taken by the French, Feb. 12.
The island of Nevis, in the West Indies, taken by the French, Feb. 14.
Montserrat taken by the French, Feb. 22.
The house of commons address the king against any further prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, Mar. 4; and resolve, That that house would consider all those as enemies to his majesty, and this country, who should advise, or by any means attempt, the farther prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, for the purpose of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force.

- 1782 Admiral Rodney obtains a signal victory over the French fleet under the command of count de Grasse, near Dominica, in the West Indies, April 12.
 Admiral Hughes, with eleven ships, beat off, near the island of Ceylon, the French admiral Suffrein, with twelve Ships of the line, after a severe engagement; in which both fleets lost a great number of men, April 13.
 The resolution of the house of commons relating to John Wilkes, Esq, and the Middlesex election, passed Feb. 17, 1769, rescinded May 3.
 The bill to repeal the declaratory act of George I. relative to the legislation of Ireland, received the royal assent, June 20.
 The French took and destroyed the forts and settlements in Hudson's Bay, Aug. 24.
 The Spaniards defeated in their grand attack on Gibraltar, Sept. 13.
 Treaty concluded betwixt the republic of Holland and the United States of America, Oct. 8.
 Provisional articles of peace signed at Paris between the British and the American commissioners, by which the Thirteen United American colonies are acknowledged by his Britannick majesty to be free, sovereign, and independent states, Nov. 30.
- 1783 Preliminary articles of peace between his Britannick majesty and the kings of France and Spain, signed at Versailles, Jan. 20.
 The order of St. Patrick instituted, Feb. 5.
 Three earthquakes in Calabria Ulterior and Sicilly, destroying a great number of towns and inhabitants, Feb. 5th, 7th, and 28th.
 Armistice betwixt Great Britain and Holland, Feb. 10.
 Ratification of the definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States of America, Sept. 3.
- 1784 The city of London wait on the king, with an address of thanks for dismissing the coalition ministry, Jan. 16.
 The great seal stolen from the lord chancellor's house in Great Ormond-street, March 24.
 The ratification of the peace with America arrived, April 7.
 The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and Holland, May 24.
 The memory of Handel commemorated by a grand jubilee at Westminster-abbey, May 26.—Continued annually for decayed musicians, &c.
 Proclamation for a public thanksgiving, July 2.
 Mr. Lunardi ascended in a balloon from the Artillery-ground, Moorfields, the first attempt of the kind in England, Sept. 15.
- 1785 Dr. Seabury, an American missionary, was consecrated bishop of Connecticut by five nonjuring Scotch prelates, Nov.
- 1786 The king of Sweden prohibited the use of torture in his dominions.
 Cardinal Turlone, high inquisitor at Rome, was publicly dragged out of his carriage by an incensed multitude, for his cruelty, and hung on a gibbet 50 feet high.
 Sept. 26. Commercial treaty signed between England and France.
 Nov. 21. £. 471,000 3 *per cent.* stock transferred to the landgrave of Hesse, for Hessian soldiers lost in the American war, at £. 30 a man.
 Dec. 4. Mr. Adams, the American ambassador, presented to the archbishop of Canterbury Dr. White, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Provost, of New York, to be consecrated bishops for the United States.—They were consecrated Feb. 4. 1787.
- 1787 May 21. Mr. Burke, at the bar of the house of lords, in the name of all the commons of Great Britain, impeached Warren Hastings, late governor-general of Bengal, of high crimes and misdemeanors.
 Aug. 11. The king by letters patent, erected the province of Nova Scotia into a bishop's see, and appointed Dr. Charles Inglis to be the bishop.
- 1788 In the early part of October, the first symptoms appeared of a severe disorder which afflicted our gracious Sovereign. On the 6th of November they were very alarming, and on the 13th a form of prayer for his recovery was ordered by the privy council,

- 189 Feb. 17. His Majesty was pronounced to be in a state of convalescence, and on the 26th to be free from complaint.
 April 23. A general thanksgiving for the King's recovery, who attended the service at St. Paul's with a great procession.
 July 14. Revolution in France—capture of the Bastile, execution of the governor, &c.
 190 July 14. Grand French confederation in the Champ de Mars.
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MEN of LEARNING and GENIUS.

Bef. Ch.

- 907 **H**OMER, the first prophane writer and Greek poet, flourished. *Pope.*
 Hesiod, the Greek poet, supposed to live near the time of Homer. *Cooks.*
 884 Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver.
 600 Sappho, the Greek lyric poetess, fl. *Fawkes.*
 558 Solon, lawgiver of Athens.
 556 Æsop, the first Greek fabulist. *Croxal.*
 548 Thales, the first Greek astronomer and geographer.
 497 Pythagoras, founder of the Pythagorean philosophy in Greece. *Rowe.*
 474 Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet. *Fawkes, Addison.*
 456 Æschylus, the first Greek tragic poet. *Potter.*
 435 Pindar, the Greek lyric poet. *West.*
 413 Herodotus, of Greece, the first writer of prophane history. *Littlebury.*
 407 Aristophanes, the Greek comic poet, fl. *White.*
 Euripides, the Greek tragic poet. *Woodhull.*
 406 Sophocles, ditto. *Franklin, Potter.*
 Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, fl.
 400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy in Greece.
 391 Thucydides, the Greek historian. *Smith, Hobbes.*
 361 Hippocrates, the Greek physician. *Clifton.*
 Democritus, the Greek philosopher.
 350 Xenophon, the Greek philosopher and historian. *Smith, Spelman, Ashly, Fielding.*
 348 Plato, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Socrates. *Sydenham.*
 336 Isocrates, the Greek orator. *Dimisdale.*
 332 Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Plato. *Hobbes.*
 313 Demosthenes, the Athenian orator, poisoned himself. *Leland, Francis.*
 288 Theophrastus, the Greek philosopher, and scholar of Aristotle. *Budgel.*
 285 Theocritus, the first Greek pastoral poet, fl. *Fawkes.*
 277 Euclid, of Alexandria, in Egypt, the mathematician, fl. *R. Simpson.*
 270 Epicurus, founder of the Epicurean philosophy in Greece. *Digby.*
 264 Xeno, founder of the Stoic philosophy in ditto.
 244 Callimachus, the Greek elegiac poet.
 208 Archimedes, the Greek geometrician.
 184 Plautus, the Roman comic poet. *Thornton.*
 159 Terence, of Carthage, the Latin comic poet. *Colman.*
 155 Diogenes, of Babylon, the Stoic philosopher.
 124 Polybius, of Greece, the Greek and Roman historian. *Hampton.*
 54 Lucretius, the Roman poet. *Creech.*
 44 Julius Cæsar, the Roman historian and commentator, killed. *Duncan.*
 Diodorus Siculus, of Greece, the universal historian, fl. *Booth.*
 Vitruvius, the Roman architect, fl.
 43 Cicero, the Roman orator and philosopher, put to death. *Guthrie, Melmoth.*
 Cornelius Nepos, the Roman biographer, fl. *Rowe.*
 34 Sallust, the Roman historian. *Gordon, Rose.*
 30 Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the Roman historian, fl. *Spelman.*

- 19 Virgil, the Roman epic poet. *Dryder, Pitt, Warton.*
 11 Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, Roman poets. *Crainger, Dart.*
 8 Horace, the Roman lyric and satyric poet. *Francis.*

A. C.

- 17 Livy, the Roman historian. *Ray.*
 19 Ovid, the Roman elegiac poet. *Garth.*
 20 Celsus, the Roman philosopher and physician, fl. *Crieve.*
 25 Strabo, the Greek geographer.
 33 Phædrus, the Roman fabulist. *Smart.*
 45 Paternulus, the Roman historian, fl. *Newcombe.*
 62 Persius, the Roman satiric poet. *Brewster.*
 64 Quintius Curtius, a Roman, historian of Alexander the Great, fl. *Digby.*
 Seneca, of Spain, the philosopher and tragic poet, put to death. *L'Esfrange.*
 65 Lucan, the Roman epic poet, ditto. *Rowe.*
 79 Pliny the elder, the Roman natural historian. *Holland.*
 93 Josephus, the Jewish historian. *Whiston.*
 94 Epictetus, the Greek stoic philosopher, fl. *Mrs. Carter.*
 95 Quinctilian, the Roman orator and advocate. *Guthrie.*
 96 Statius, the Roman epic poet. *Lewis.*
 Lucius Florus, of Spain, the Roman historian, fl.
 99 Tacitus, the Roman historian. *Gordon.*
 104 Martial, of Spain, the epigrammatic poet. *Hay.*
 Valerius Flaccus, the Roman epic poet.
 116 Pliny the younger, historical letters. *Melmoth, Orrery.*
 117 Suetonius, the Roman historian. *Hughes.*
 119 Plutarch of Greece, the biographer. *Dryden, Langhorne.*
 128 Juvenal, the Roman satiric poet. *Dryden.*
 140 Ptolemy, the Egyptian, geographer, mathematician, and astronomer, fl.
 150 Justin, the Roman historian, fl. *Turnbul.*
 161 Arrian, the Roman historian and philosopher, fl. *Rooke.*
 167 Justin, of Samaria, the oldest Christian author after the apostles.
 180 Lucian, the Roman philologer. *Dimfdale, Dryden, Franklin.*
 Marcus Aur. Antoninus, Roman emperor and philosopher. *Collier, Elphinstone.*
 193 Galen, the Greek philosopher and physician.
 200 Diogenes Laertius, the Greek biographer, fl.
 229 Dion Cassius, of Greece, the Roman historian, fl.
 254 Origen, a Christian father of Alexandria.
 Herodian, of Alexandria, the Roman historian, fl. *Hart.*
 258 Cyprian, of Carthage, suffered martyrdom. *Marshall.*
 273 Longinus, the Greek orator, put to death by Aurelian. *Smith.*
 320 Lactantius, a father of the church, fl.
 336 Arius, a priest of Alexandria, founder of the sect of Arians.
 342 Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian and chronologer. *Hanmer.*
 379 Basil, bishop of Cæsaria.
 389 Gregory Nazianzen, bishop of Constantinople.
 397 Ambrose, bishop of Milan.
 415 Macrobius, the Roman grammarian.
 428 Eutropius, the Roman historian.
 524 Boethius, the Roman poet, and Platonic philosopher, *Bellamy, Preston.*
 529 Procopius of Cæsarea, the Roman historian. *Holcroft.*

Here ends the illustrious list of ancient, or, as they are styled, Classic authors, for whom mankind are indebted to Greece and Rome, those two great theatres of human glory: but it will ever be regretted, that a small part only of their writings have come to our hands. This was owing to the barbarous policy of those fierce illiterate pagans, who, in the fifth century, subverted the Roman empire, and in which practices they were joined soon after by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet. Constantinople alone had escaped the ravages of the Barbarians; and to the few literati who sheltered themselves within its walls, is chiefly owing the preservation of those valuable remains of antiquity. To learning, civility, and refinement, succeeded

succeeded worse than Gothic ignorance—the superstition and buffoonery of the church of Rome: Europe therefore produces few names worthy of record during the space of a thousand years; a period which historians, with great propriety, denominate the dark or Gothic ages.

The invention of printing contributed to the revival of learning in the sixteenth century, from which memorable æra a race of men have sprung up in a new soil, France, Germany, and Britain; who, if they do not exceed, at least equal, the greatest geniuses of antiquity. Of these our own countrymen have the reputation of the first rank, with whose names we shall finish our list.

A. C.

- 735 Bede, a priest of Northumberland; History of the Saxons, Scots, &c.
 901 King Alfred; history, philosophy, and poetry.
 1259 Matthew Paris, monk of St. Alban's; History of England.
 1292 Roger Bacon, Somersetshire; natural philosophy.
 1308 John Fordun, a priest of Mearns-thire; History of Scotland.
 1400 Geoffrey Chaucer, London; the father of English poetry.
 1402 John Gower, Wales; the poet.
 1535 Sir Thomas More, London; history, politics, divinity.
 1552 John Leland, London; lives and antiquities.
 1568 Roger Ascham, Yorkshire; philology and polite literature.
 1572 Rev. John Knox, the Scotch reformer; history of the church of Scotland.
 1582 George Buchanan, Dumbartonshire; History of Scotland, Psalms of David, politics, &c.
 1598 Edmund Spenser, London; Fairy Queen, and other poems.
 1615—25 Beaumont and Fletcher; 53 dramatic pieces.
 1616 William Shakespeare, Stratford; 42 tragedies and comedies.
 1622 John Napier, of Marcheston, Scotland; discoverer of logarithms.
 1623 William Camden, London; history and antiquities.
 1626 Lord Chancellor Bacon, London; natural philosophy, literature in general.
 1634 Lord Chief Justice Coke, Norfolk; laws of England.
 1638 Ben Jonson, London; 53 dramatic pieces.
 1641 Sir Henry Spelman, Norfolk; laws and antiquities.
 1654 John Selden, Suffex; antiquities and laws.
 1657 Dr. William Harvey, Kent, discovered the circulation of the blood.
 1667 Abraham Cowley, London; miscellaneous poetry.
 1674 John Milton, London; Paradise Lost, Regained, and various other pieces in verse and prose.
 Hyde, earl of Clarendon, Wiltshire; History of the Civil Wars in England.
 1675 James Gregory, Aberdeen; mathematics, geometry, and optics.
 1677 Reverend Dr. Isaac Barrow, London; natural philosophy, mathematics and sermons.
 1680 Samuel Butler, Worcestershire; Hudibras, a burlesque poem.
 1685 Thomas Otway, London; 10 tragedies and comedies, with other poems.
 1687 Edmund Waller, Bucks; poems, speeches, letters, &c.
 1688 Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Somersetshire; Intellectual System.
 1689 Dr. Thomas Sydenham, Dorsetshire; History of Physic.
 1690 Nathaniel Lee, London; 11 tragedies.
 Robert Barclay, Urie; Apology for the Quakers.
 1691 Hon. Robert Boyle; natural and experimental philosophy and theology.
 Sir George M'Kenzie, Dundee; Antiquities and Laws of Scotland.
 1694 John Tillotson, archbishop of Canterbury, Halifax; 254 sermons.
 1697 Sir William Temple, London; politics and polite literature.
 1701 John Dryden, Northamptonshire; 27 tragedies and comedies, satiric poems, Virgil.
 1704 John Locke, Somersetshire; philosophy, government, and theology.
 1705 John Ray, Essex; botany, natural philosophy, and divinity.
 1707 George Farquhar, Londonderry; eight comedies.
 1713 Ant. Ash. Cowper, earl of Shaftesbury; Characteristics.
 1714 Gilbert Burnet, Edinburgh, bishop of Salisbury; history, biography, divinity, &c.
 1718 Nicholas

- 1718 Nicholas Rowe, Devonshire; 7 tragedies, translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*.
 1719 Reverend John Flamsteed, Derbyshire; mathematics and astronomy.
 Joseph Addison, Wiltshire; *Spectator*, *Guardian*, poems, politics.
 Dr. John Keil, Edinburgh; mathematics and astronomy.
 1721 Matthew Prior, London; poems and politics.
 1724 William Wollaston, Staffordshire; Religion of Nature delineated.
 1727 Sir Isaac Newton, Lincolnshire; mathematics, geometry, astronomy, optics.
 1729 Reverend Dr. Samuel Clarke, Norwich; mathematics, divinity, &c.
 Sir Richard Steele, Dublin; four comedies, papers in *Tatler*, &c.
 William Congreve, Staffordshire; seven dramatic pieces.
 1732 John Gay, Exeter; poems, fables, and eleven dramatic pieces.
 1734 Dr. John Arbuthnot, Mearns-shire; medicine, coins, politics.
 1742 Dr. Edmund Halley; natural philosophy, astronomy, navigation.
 Dr. Richard Bentley, Yorkshire; classical learning, criticism.
 1744 Alexander Pope, London; poems, letters, translation of Homer.
 1745 Reverend Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dublin; poems, politics, and letters.
 1746 Colin McLaurin, Argyleshire; Algebra, View of Newton's Philosophy.
 1748 James Thomson, Roxburghshire; Seasons, and other poems, five tragedies.
 Reverend Dr. Isaac Watts, Southampton; logic, philosophy, psalms, hymns, sermons, &c.
 Dr. Francis Hutcheson, Airshire; System of Moral Philosophy.
 1750 Reverend Dr. Conyers, Middleton, Yorkshire; life of Cicero, &c.
 Andrew Baxter, Old Aberdeen; metaphysics, and natural philosophy.
 1751 Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, Surrey; philosophy, metaphysics, and politics.
 Dr. Alexander Monro, Edinburgh; Anatomy of the Human Body.
 Dr. Richard Mead, London, on poisons, plague, small-pox, medicine, precepts.
 1754 Henry Fielding, Somersetshire; *Tom Jones*, *Joseph Andrews*, &c.
 1757 Colley Cibber, London; 25 tragedies and comedies.
 1761 Thomas Sherlock, bishop of London; 69 sermons, &c.
 Benjamin Hoadley, bishop of Winchester; sermons and controversy.
 Samuel Richardson, London; *Grandison*, *Clarissa*, *Pamela*.
 Reverend Dr. John Leland, Lancashire; Answer to Deistical Writers.
 1765 Reverend Dr. Edward Young; *Night Thoughts*, and other poems, three tragedies.
 Robert Simson, Glasgow; Conic Sections, Euclid, Apollonius.
 1768 Reverend Lawrence Sterne; 45 sermons, *Sentimental Journey*, *Tristram Shandy*.
 1769 Robert Smith, Lincolnshire; harmonics and optics.
 1770 Reverend Dr. Jortin; Life of Erasmus, Ecclesiastical History, and sermons.
 Dr. Mark Akenfide, Newcastle upon Tyne; poems.
 Dr. Tobias Smollet, Dumbartonshire; History of England, novels, translations.
 1771 Thomas Gray, Professor of Modern History, Cambridge; poems.
 1773 Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield; letters.
 George Lord Lyttelton, Worcestershire; History of England.
 1774 Oliver Goldsmith; poems, essays, and other pieces.
 Zachary Pearce, bishop of Rochester; Annotations on the New Testament, &c.
 1775 Dr. John Hawkefworth; essays.
 1776 David Hume, Merse; History of England, and essays.
 James Ferguson, Aberdeenshire; astronomy.
 1777 Samuel Foote, Cornwall; plays.
 1779 David Garrick, Hereford; plays, &c.
 William Warburton, bishop of Gloucester; Divine Legation of Moses, and various other works.
 1780 Sir William Blackstone, Judge of the court of Common Pleas, London; Commentaries on the Laws of England.
 Dr. John Fothergill, Yorkshire; philosophy and medicine.
 James Harris; *Hermes*, Philological Inquiries, and Philosophical Arrangements.
 1782 Thomas Newton, bishop of Bristol, Litchfield; Discourses on the Prophecies, and other works.

- 1782 **Sir John Pringle**, Bart. Roxburghshire; Diseases of the Army.
Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, Scotland; Elements of Criticism, Sketches of the History of Man.
- 1783 **Dr. William Hunter**, Lanerkshire; anatomy.
Dr. Benjamin Kennicott; Hebrew Version of the Bible, theological tracts.
- 1784 **Dr. Thomas Morell**; Editor of Ainsworth's Dictionary, Hedericus's Lexicon, and some Greek tragedies.
Dr. Samuel Johnson, Litchfield; English Dictionary, biography, essays, poetry.—Died December 13, aged 71.
- 1785 **William Whitehead**, Poet Laureat; poems and plays. Died April 14.
Reverend Richard Burn, LL.D. author of the Justice of Peace, Ecclesiastical Laws, &c. Died Nov. 20.
Richard Glover, Esq; Leonidas, Meda, &c. Died Nov. 25.
- 1786 **Jonas Hanway**, Esq; travels, miscellaneous. Died Sept. 5, aged 74.
- 1787 **Dr. Robert Lowth**, bishop of London; criticism, divinity, grammar. Died Nov. 3.
Soame Jenyns, Esq; Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion, and other pieces. Died Dec. 18.
- 1788 **James Stuart**, Esq; celebrated by the name of "Athenian Stuart." Died Feb. 1.
Thomas Gainsborough, Esq; the celebrated painter. Died Aug. 2.
Thomas Sheridan, Esq; English Dictionary, works on education, elocution, &c. Died Aug. 14.
William Julius Mickle, Esq; translator of the Lusiad. Died Oct. 25.
- 1789 **Dr. William Cullen**; Practice of Physic, Materia Medica, &c. Died Feb. 5.
- 1790 **Benjamin Franklin**, Esq. Boston, New England; electricity, natural philosophy, miscellanies. Died April 17.
Rev. Thomas Warton, B. D. Poet Laureat; History of English Poetry, poems. Died April 21.
Dr. Adam Smith, Scotland; Moral Sentiments, Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations.
John Howard, Esq. Middlesex; Account of Prisons and Lazarettos, &c.
- 1791 **Rev. Dr. Richard Price**, Glamorganhire; on Morals, Providence, Civil Liberty, Annuities, Reversionary Payments, Sermons, &c. Died Feb. 19, aged 68.
Dr. Thomas Blacklock, Annandale; Poems, Consolations from natural and revealed Religion. Died July, aged 70.
- 1792 **Sir Joshua Reynolds**, Devonshire; President of the Royal Academy of Painting; Discourses on Painting delivered before the Academy. Died Feb. 23, aged 68.
John Smeaton, Yorkshire; Civil Engineer; Mechanics, Edystone Lighthouse, Ramsgate Harbour, and other public works of utility.
- 1793 **Rev. Dr. William Robertson**, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Historiographer to his Majesty for Scotland; History of Scotland, of the Reign of Charles V. History of America, and Historical Disquisition concerning India. Died June 11, aged 72.
John Hunter, Esq. Surgeon Extraordinary to the King, and Surveyor General to the Army; Anatomy. Died Aug. 16.
- 1794 **Edward Gibbon**, Esq. History of the Roman Empire, &c. Died Jan. 16.
James Bruce, Esq. of Kinnaird; Travels into Abyssinia.

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